

ALL



# HUMOR

## COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
10

OCTOBER  
No.16

10¢

YA SEE, KELLY?  
I TOLD YA  
HE WAS  
A FOX HOUND!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN  
\$2.95



**COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...**

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE



THE MYSTERY HALF-WIT SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?

BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN

SATAN  
\$2.95



MICKEY MOUSE  
\$3.95

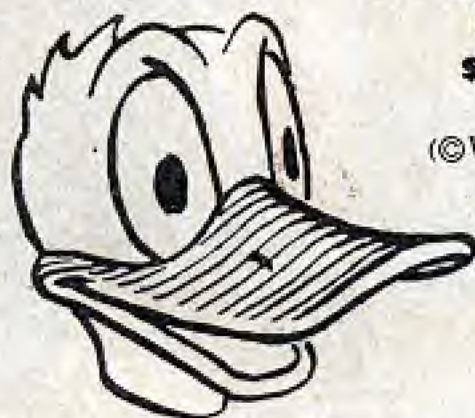
(©Walt Disney Prod.)

Minstrel (Black Face)  
\$2.95



DONALD DUCK  
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney Prod.)



## MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER  
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES  
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE  
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE

DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

**SEND NO MONEY!**

**RUSH COUPON NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.**

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

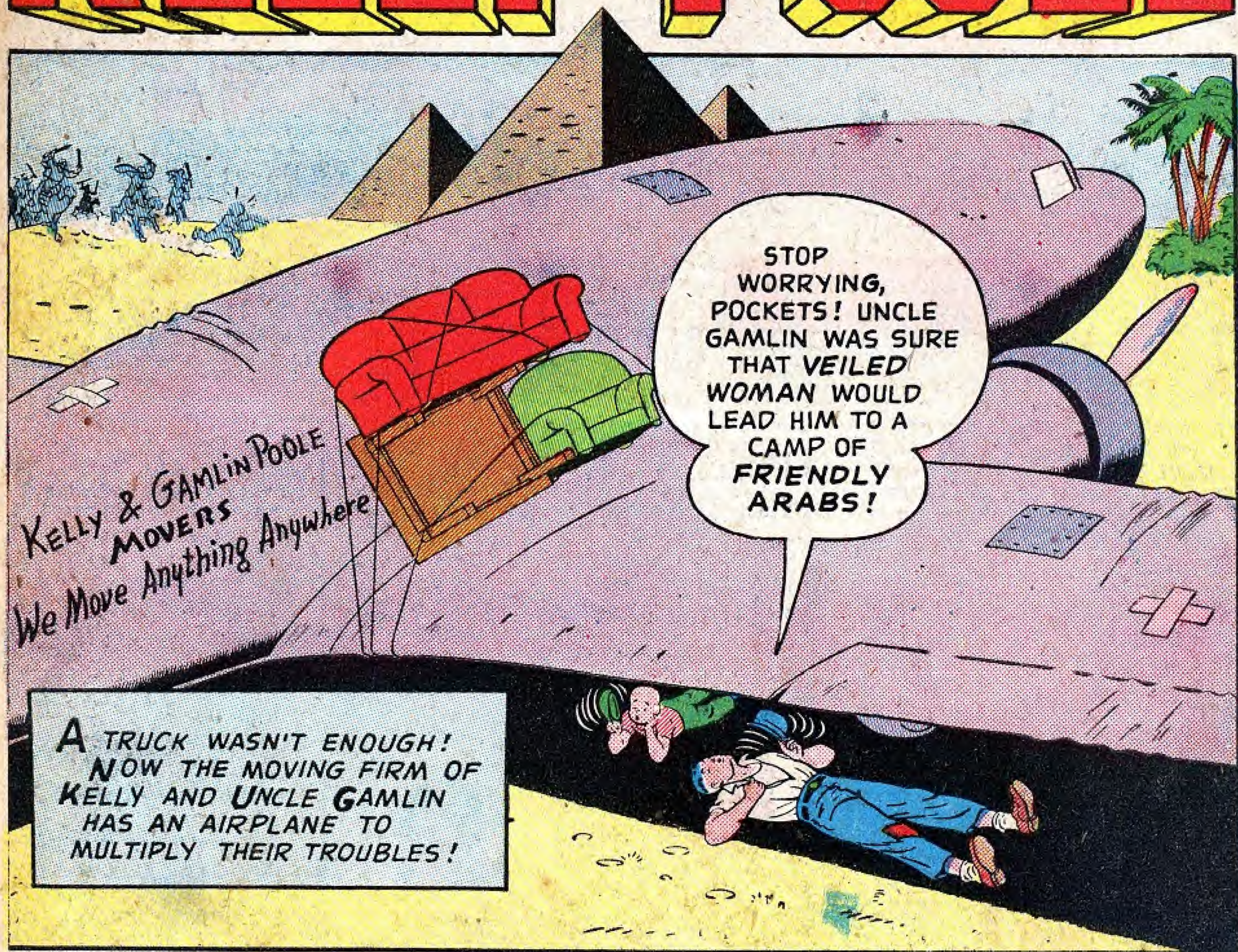
- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer  
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady  
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan  
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man  
☐ Sophisticated Lady  
☐ Mickey Mouse  
☐ Minnie Mouse  
☐ Donald Duck  
☐ Santa Claus.

- ( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage  
( ) Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Plainly)  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# KELLY POOLE



A TRUCK WASN'T ENOUGH!  
NOW THE MOVING FIRM OF  
KELLY AND UNCLE GAMLIN  
HAS AN AIRPLANE TO  
MULTIPLY THEIR TROUBLES!

THERE, THERE,  
AUNT FANNY...  
I'M SURE UNCLE  
GAMLIN'S ALL  
RIGHT! HE'S  
PROBABLY TIED  
UP IN A BIG...ER  
...BUSINESS  
DEAL!

BOO-HOO-HOO!  
H-HASN'T BEEN  
HOME FOR  
T-TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS!  
I JUST KNOW  
SOMETHING  
AWFUL'S  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM!

KELLY & GAMLIN  
MOVERS

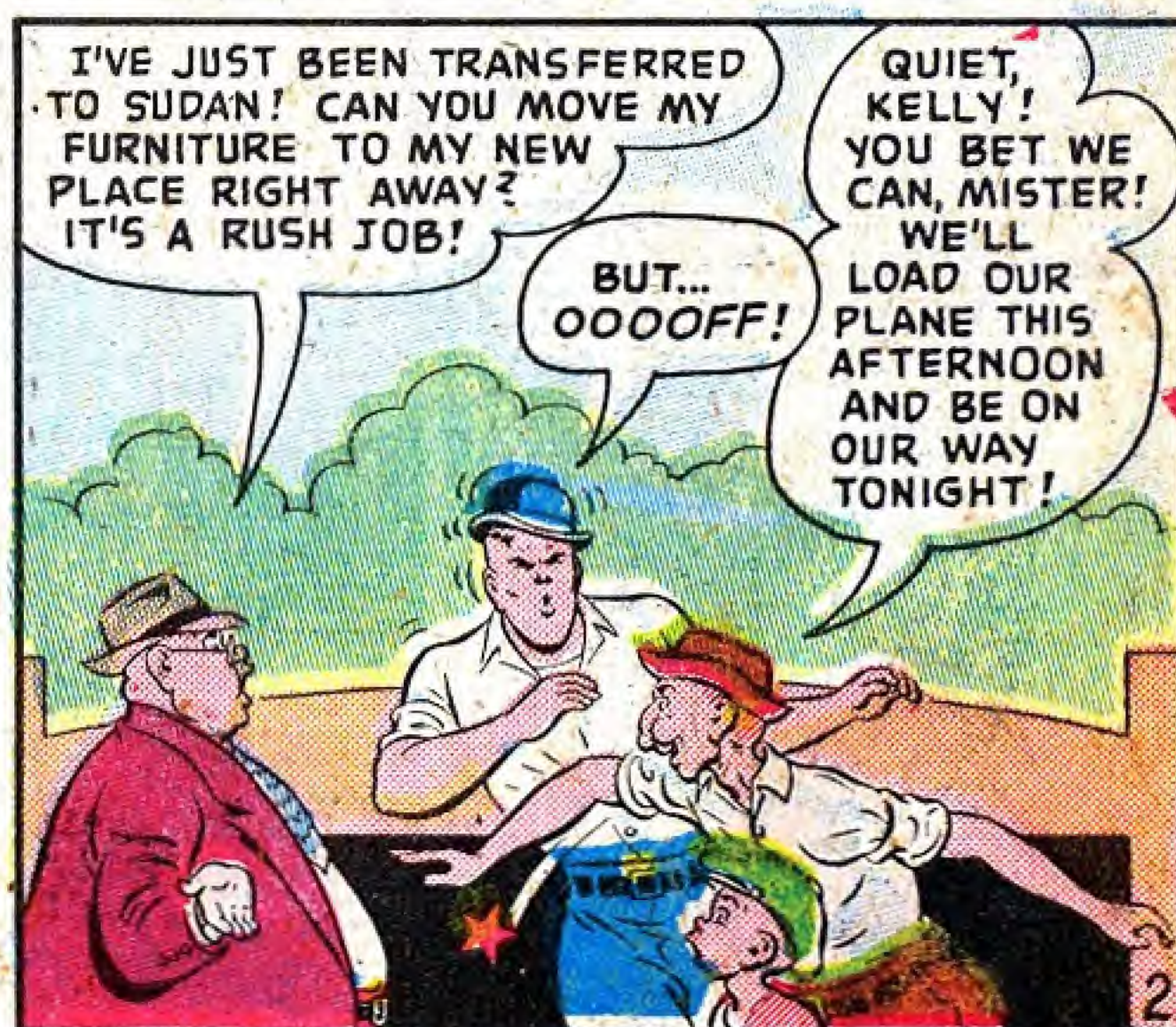
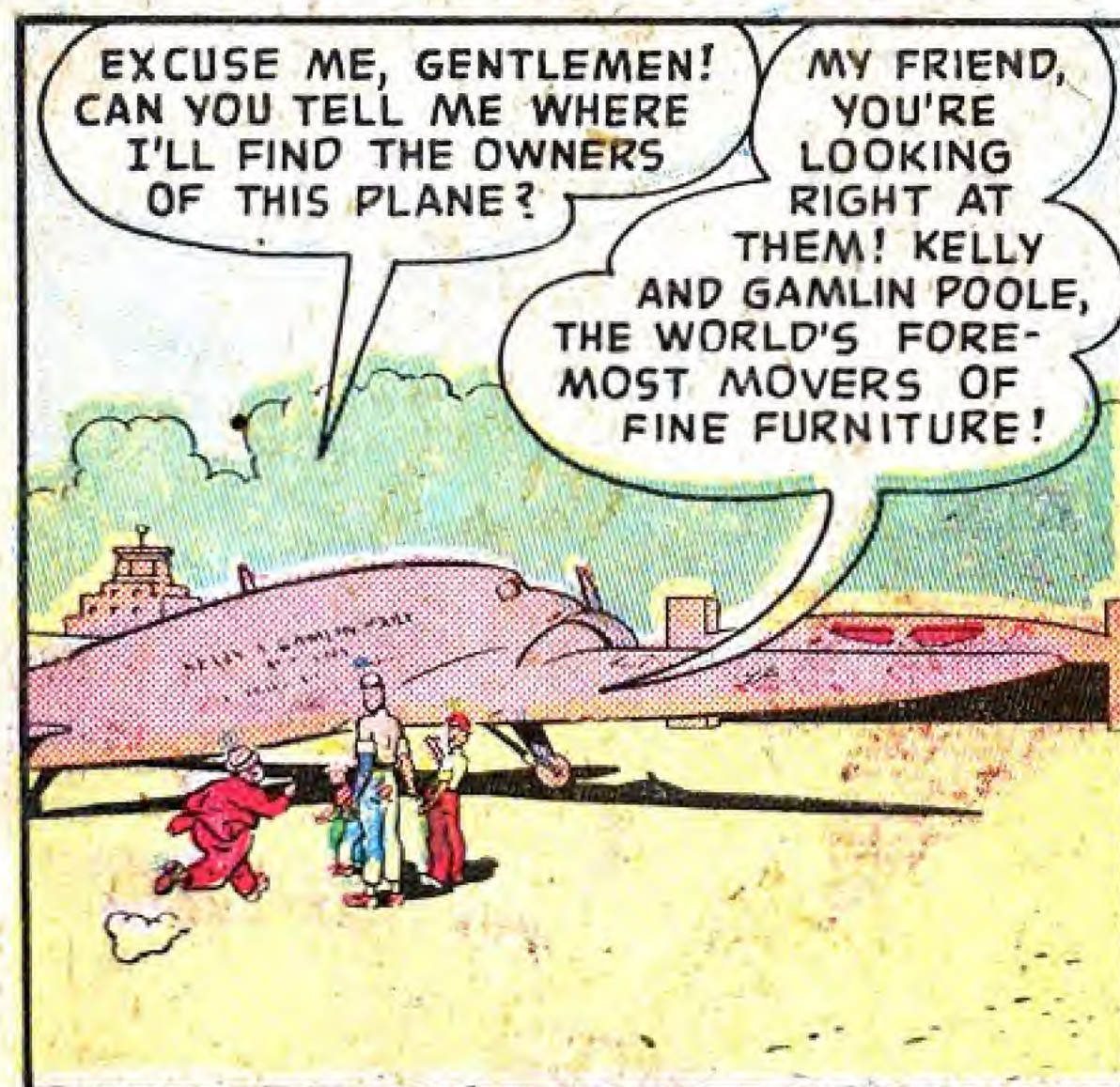
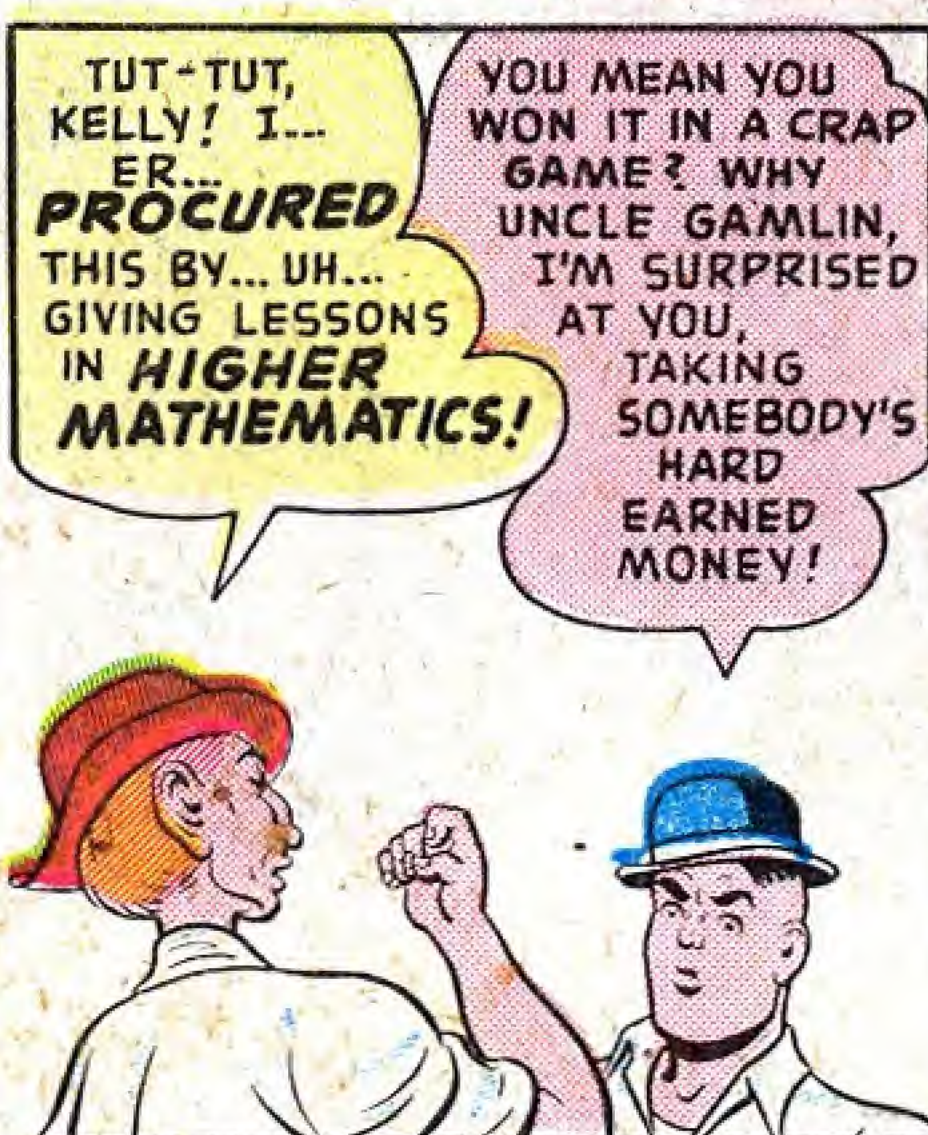
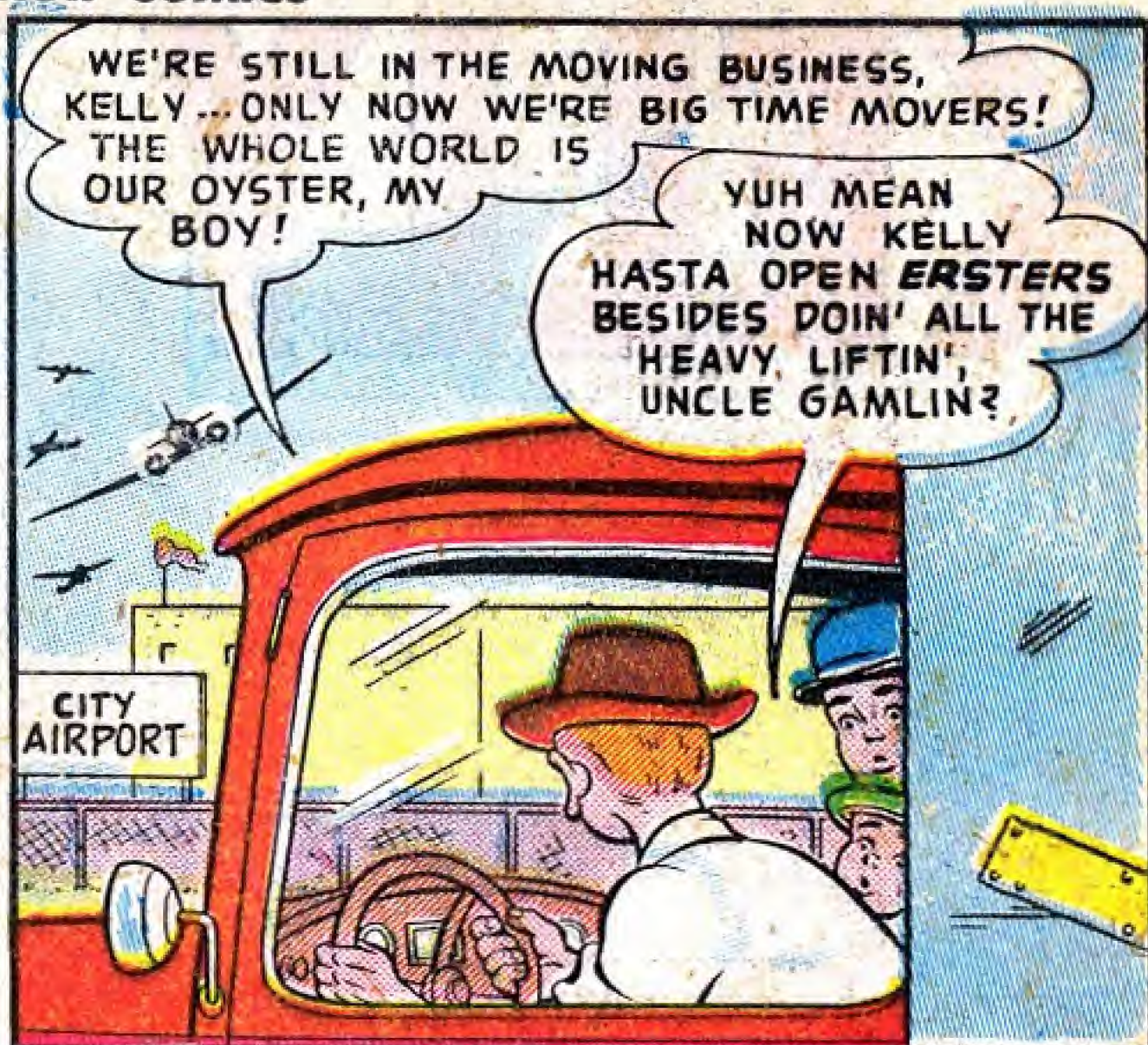
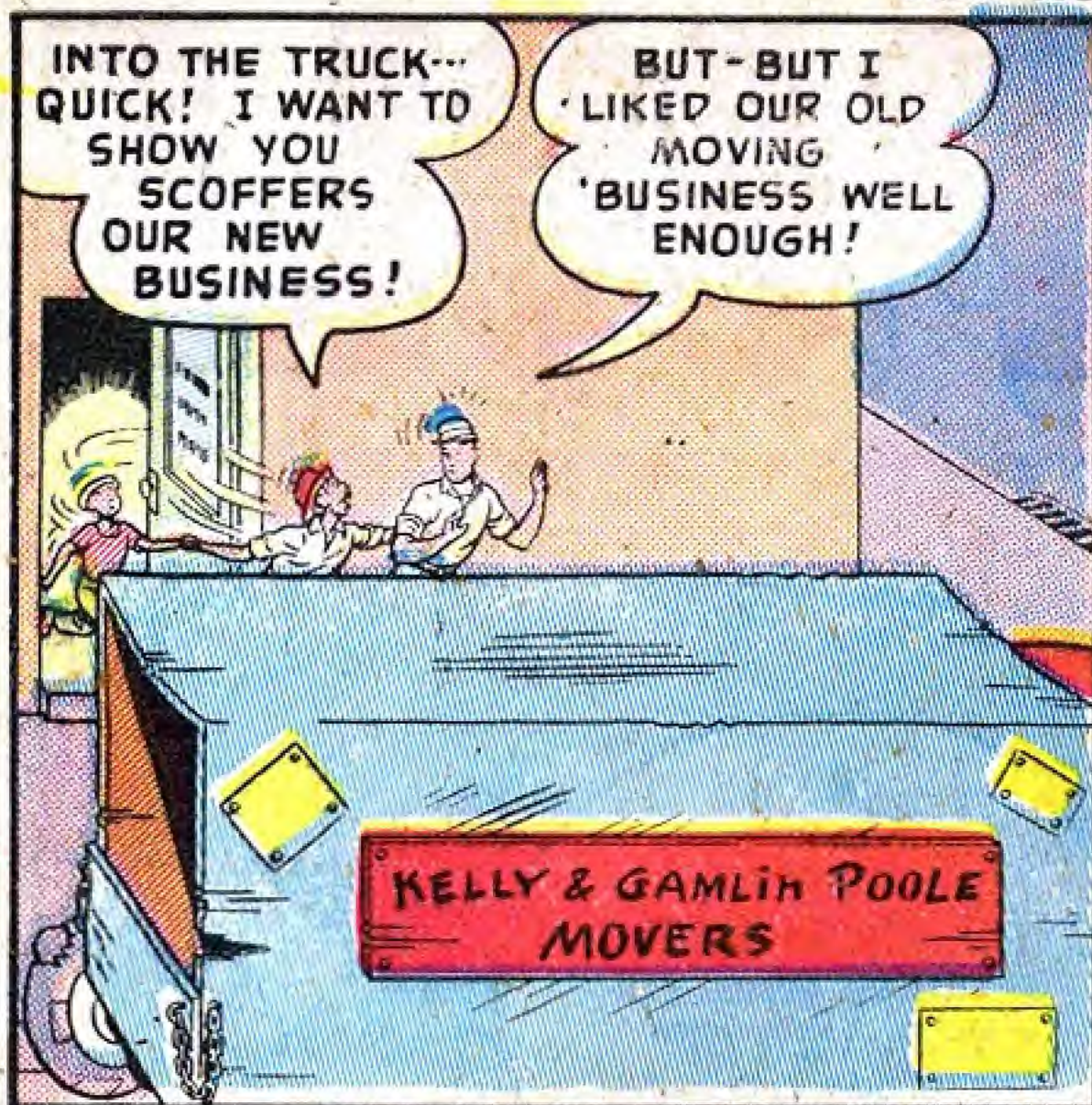
YOU GO HOME AND REST,  
AUNT FANNY! I'LL LET  
YOU KNOW THE MOMENT  
HE SHOWS UP!

SOB! POOR,  
DEAR  
GAMLIN!

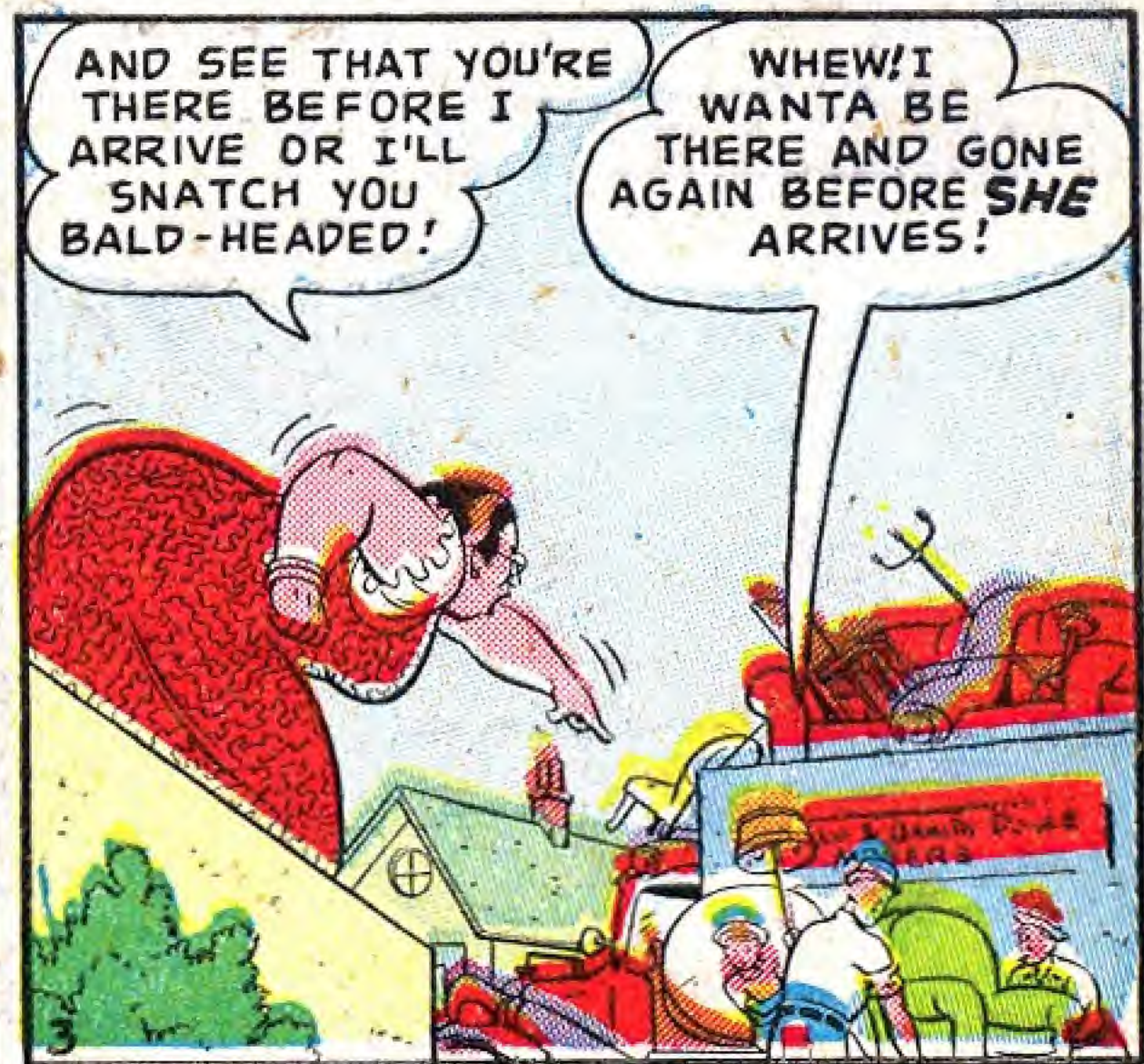
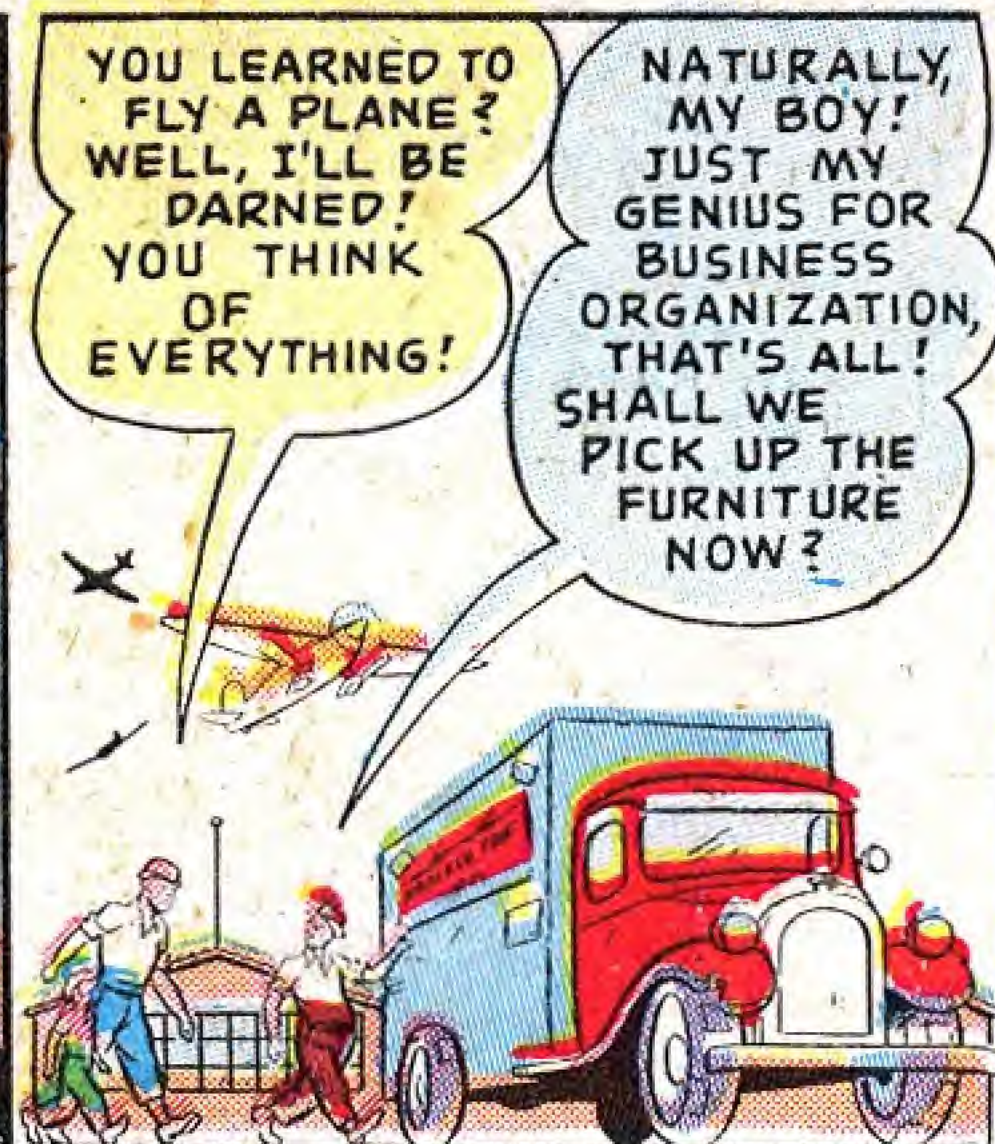
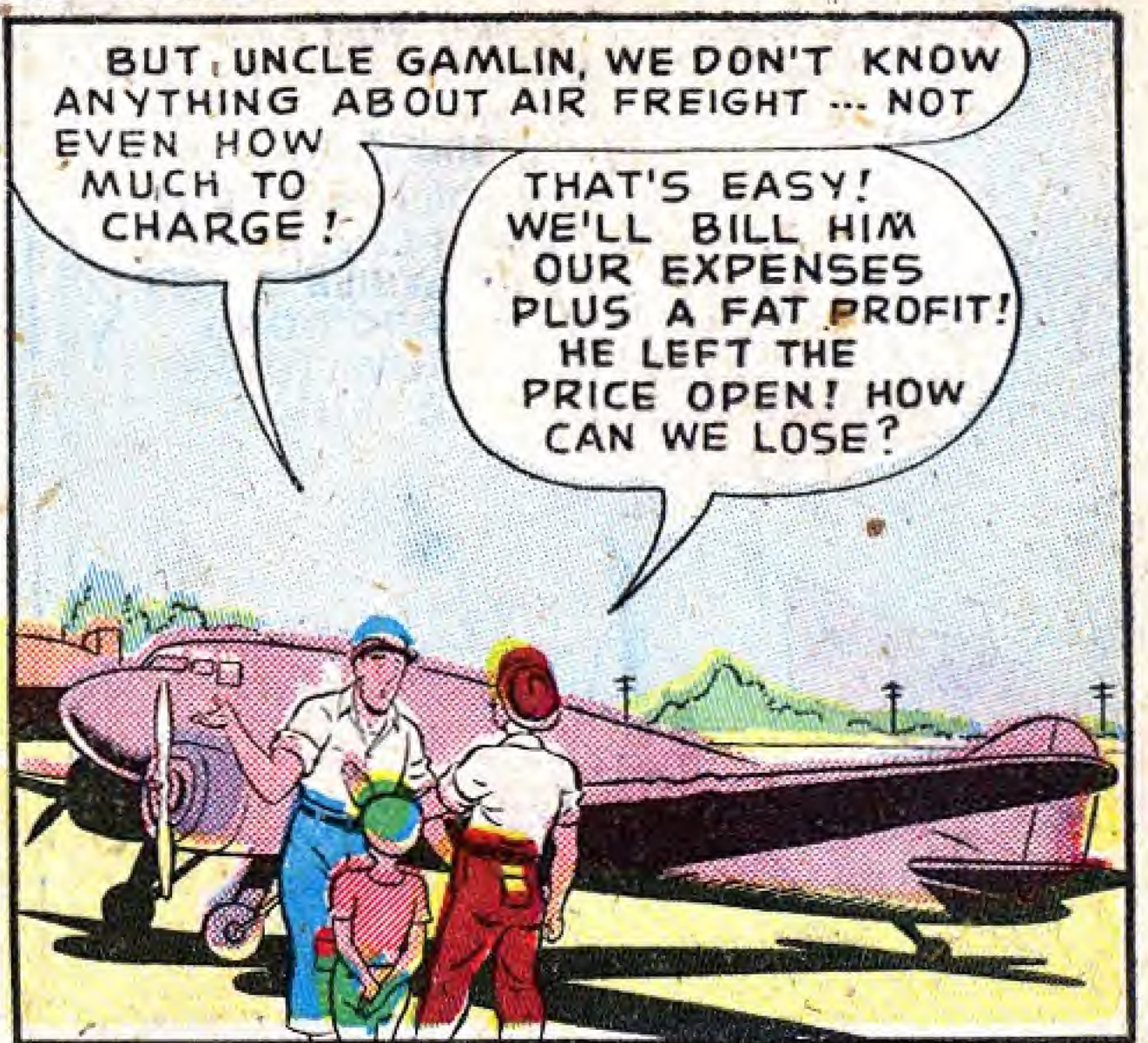
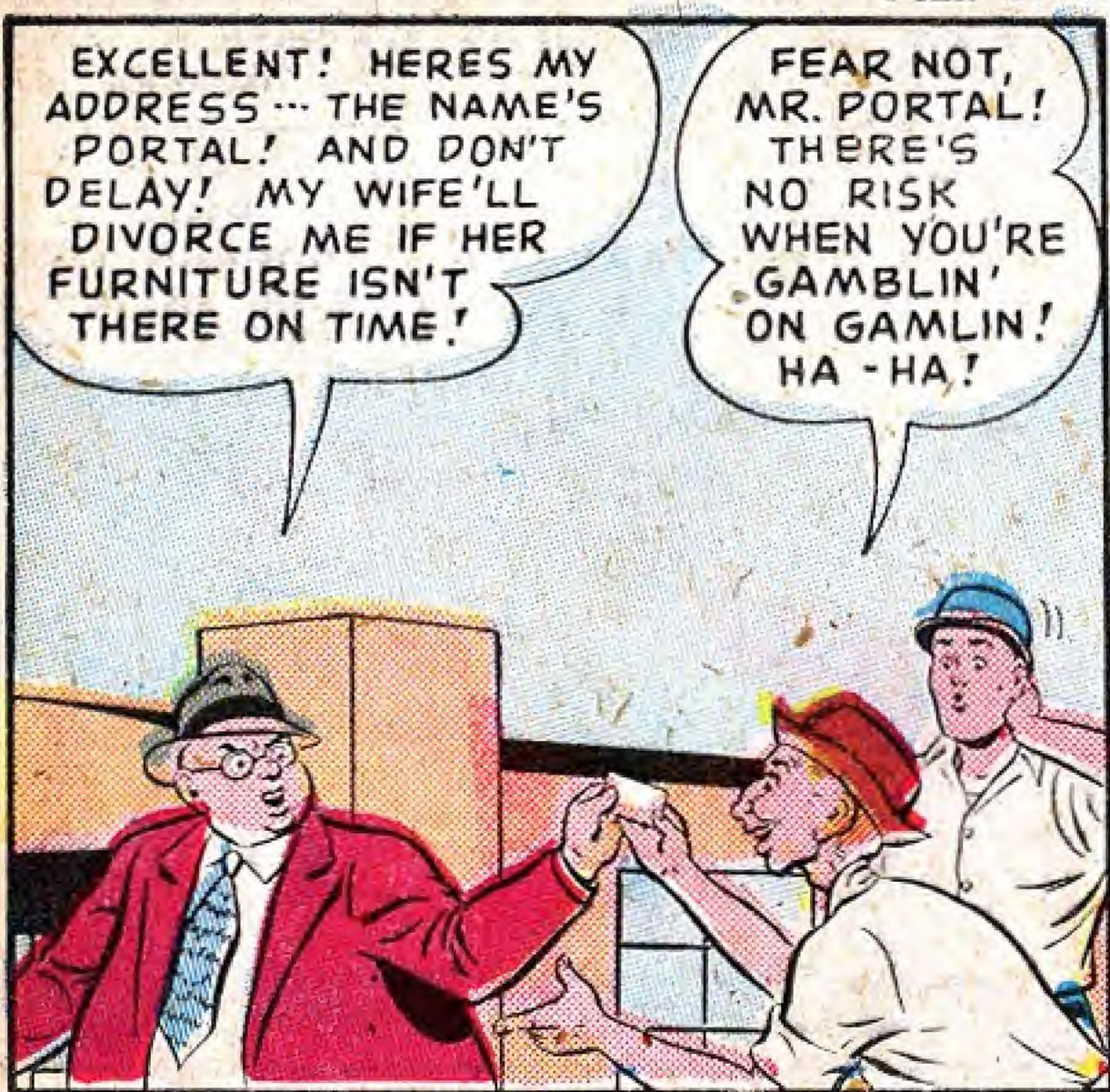
UNCLE GAMLIN!  
YOU'D BETTER  
CALL AUNT  
FANNY RIGHT  
AWAY!

NUTS TO  
FANNY,  
KELLY! I  
HAVEN'T  
TIME TO  
THINK UP A  
GOOD...ER...I  
MEAN I HAVEN'T  
TIME TO EXPLAIN  
WHERE I'VE  
BEEN!

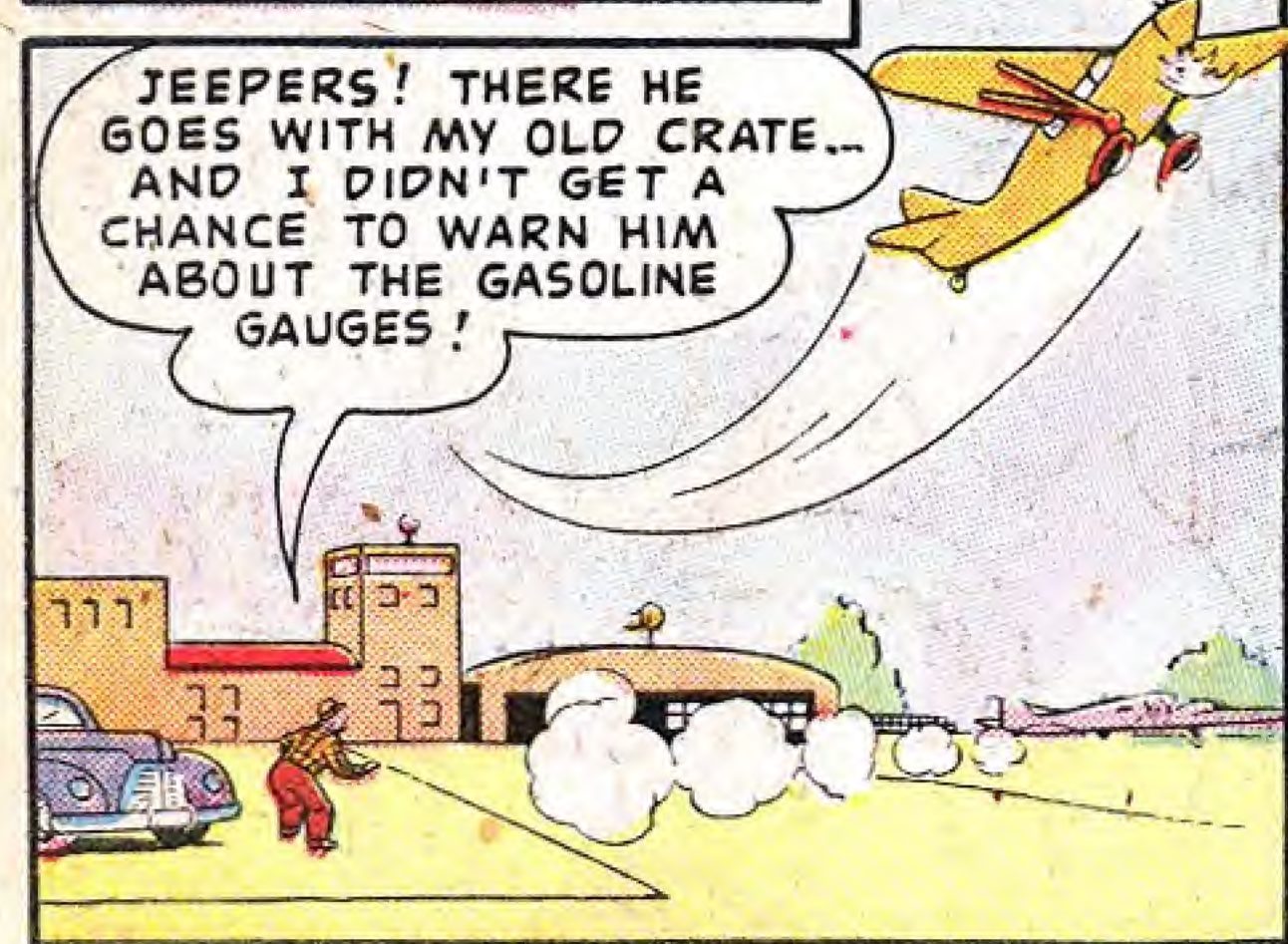
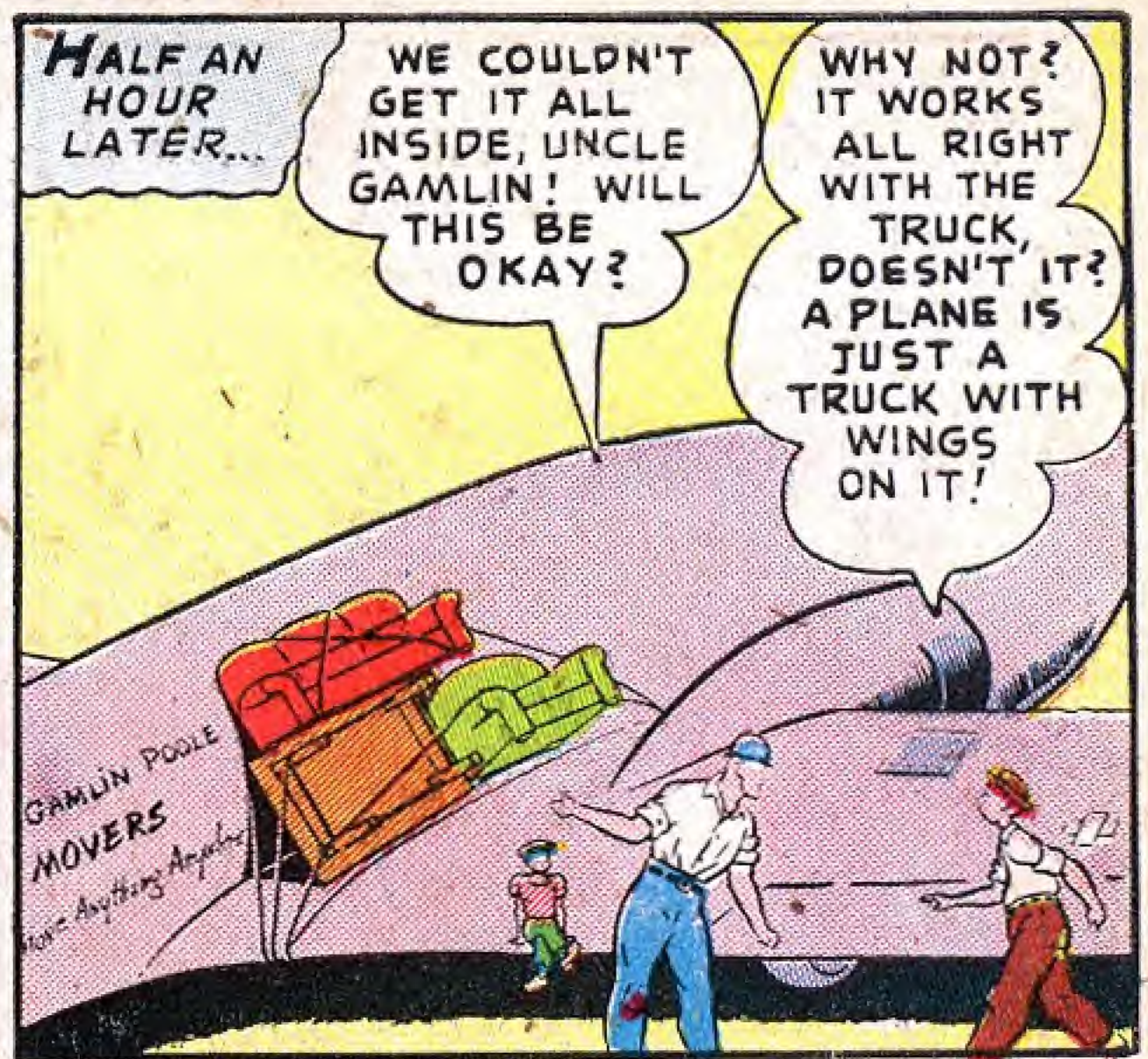
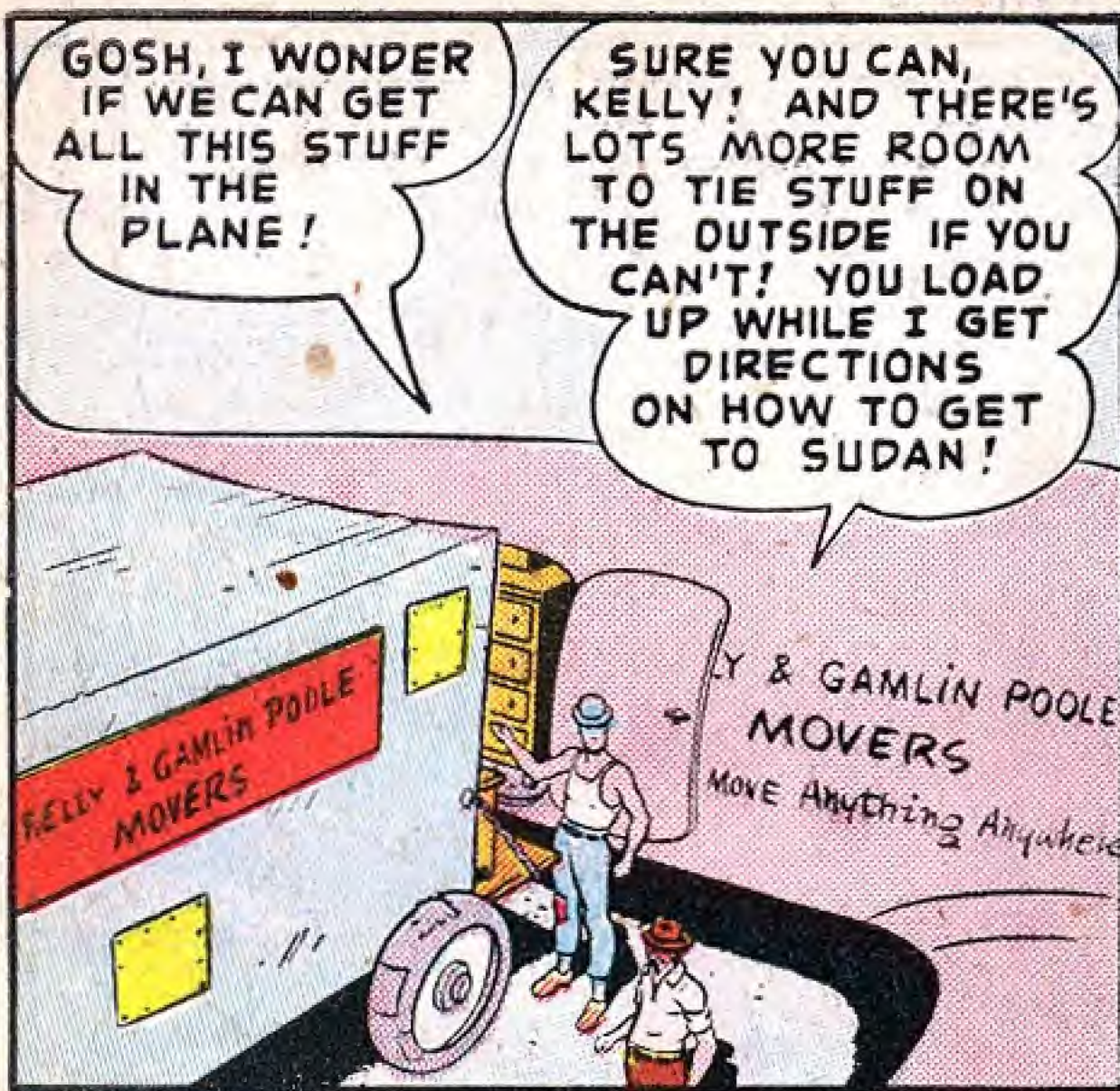




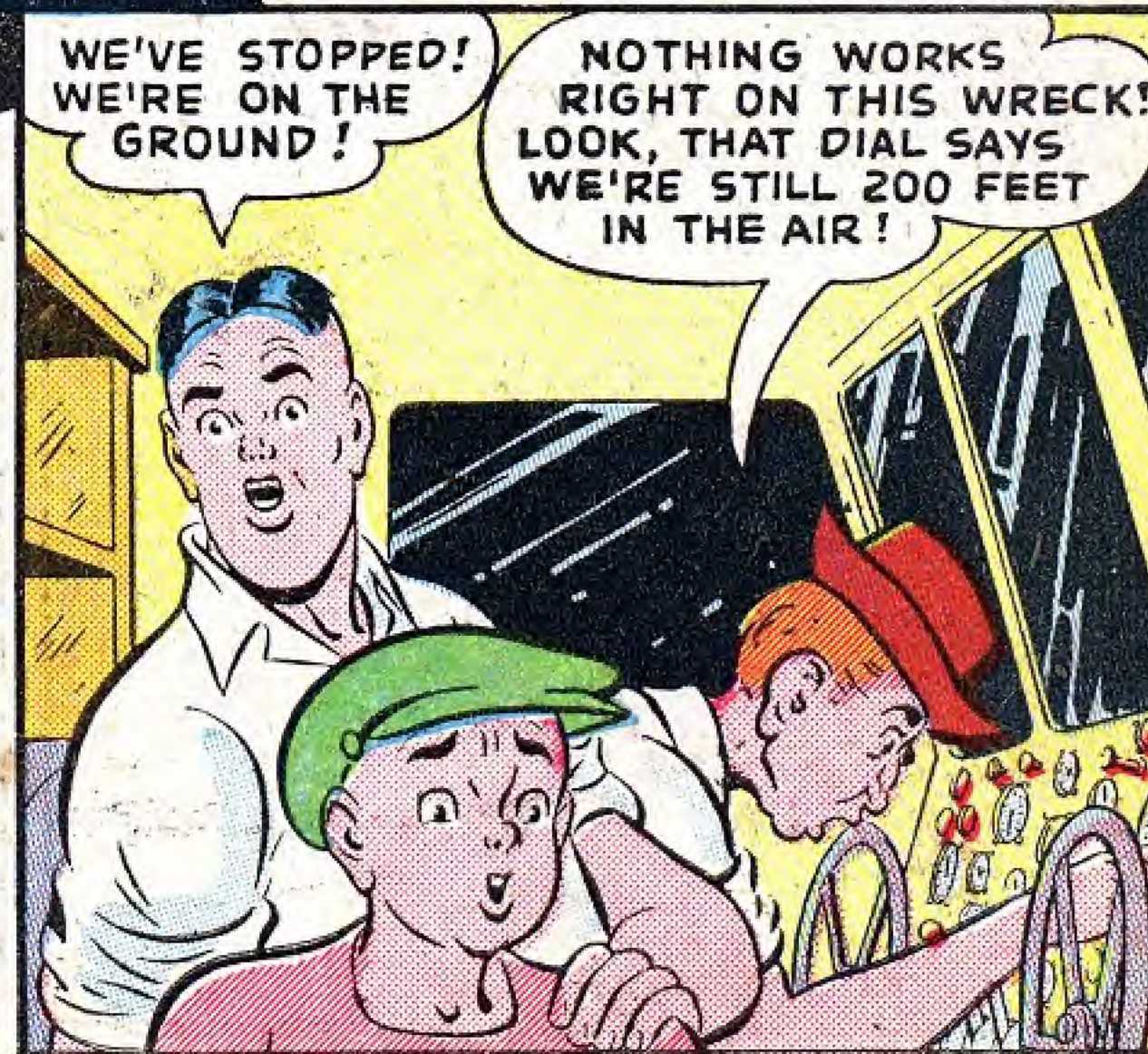
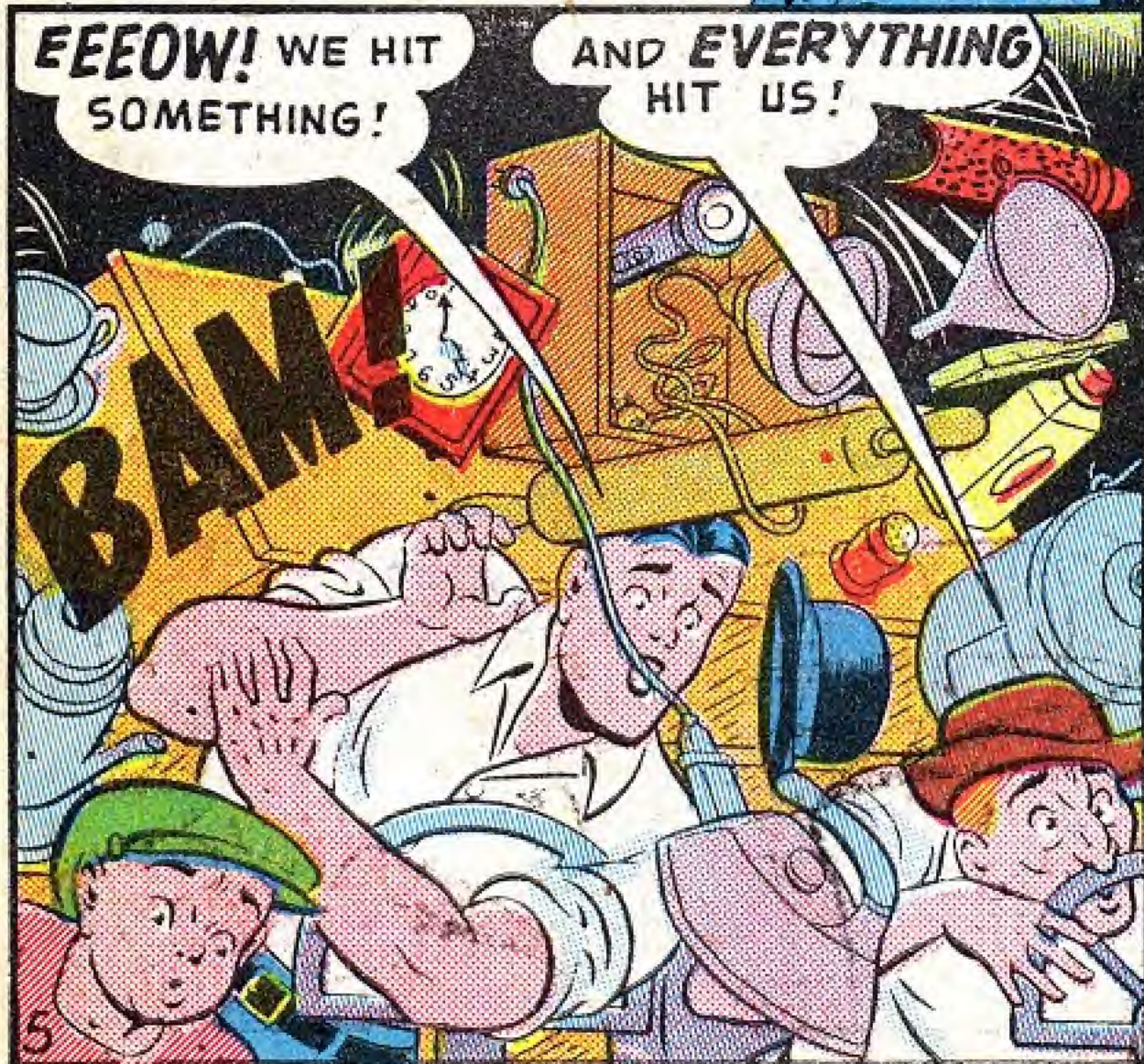
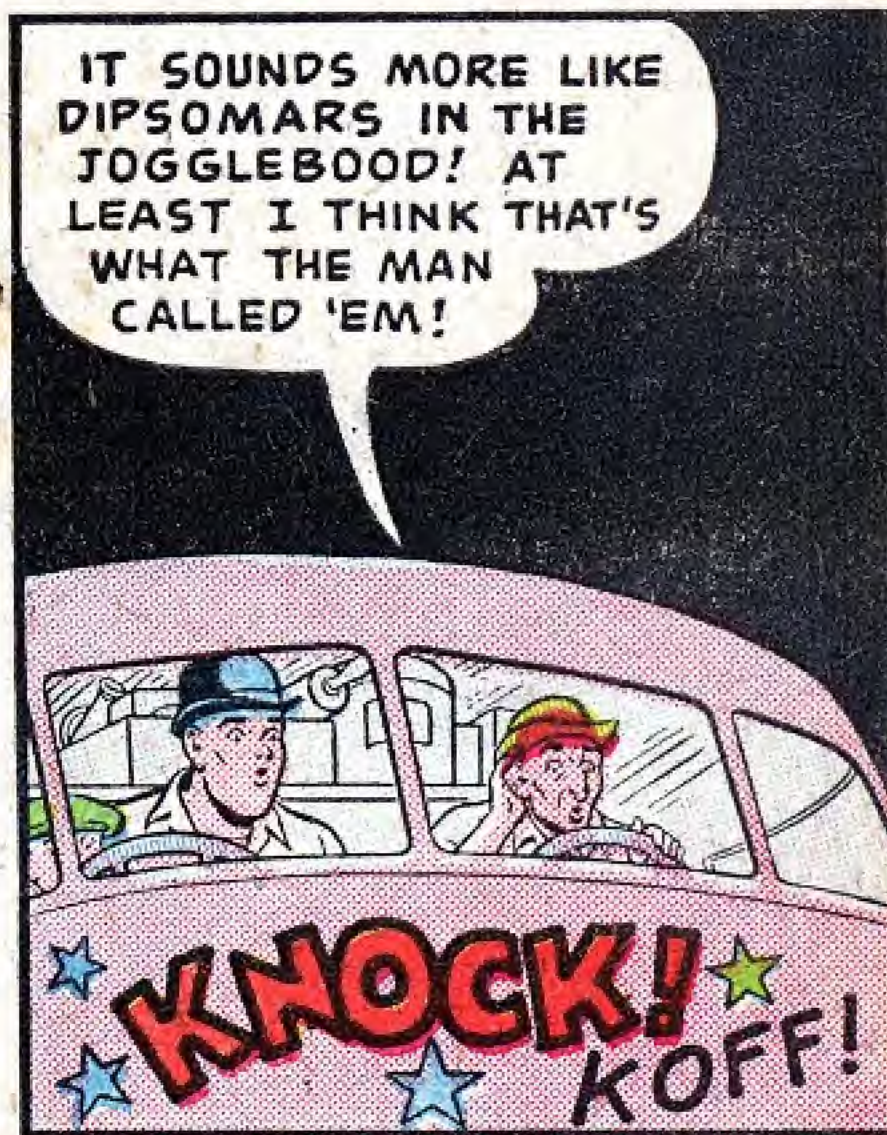
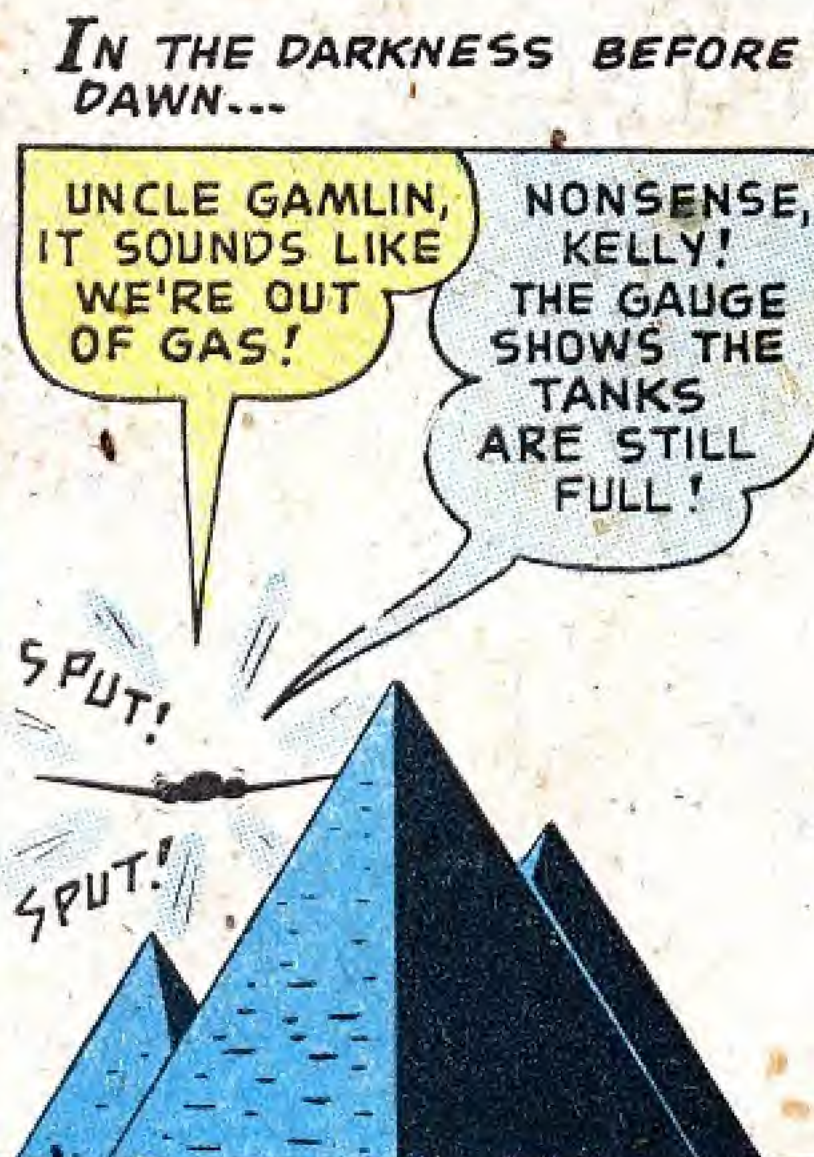
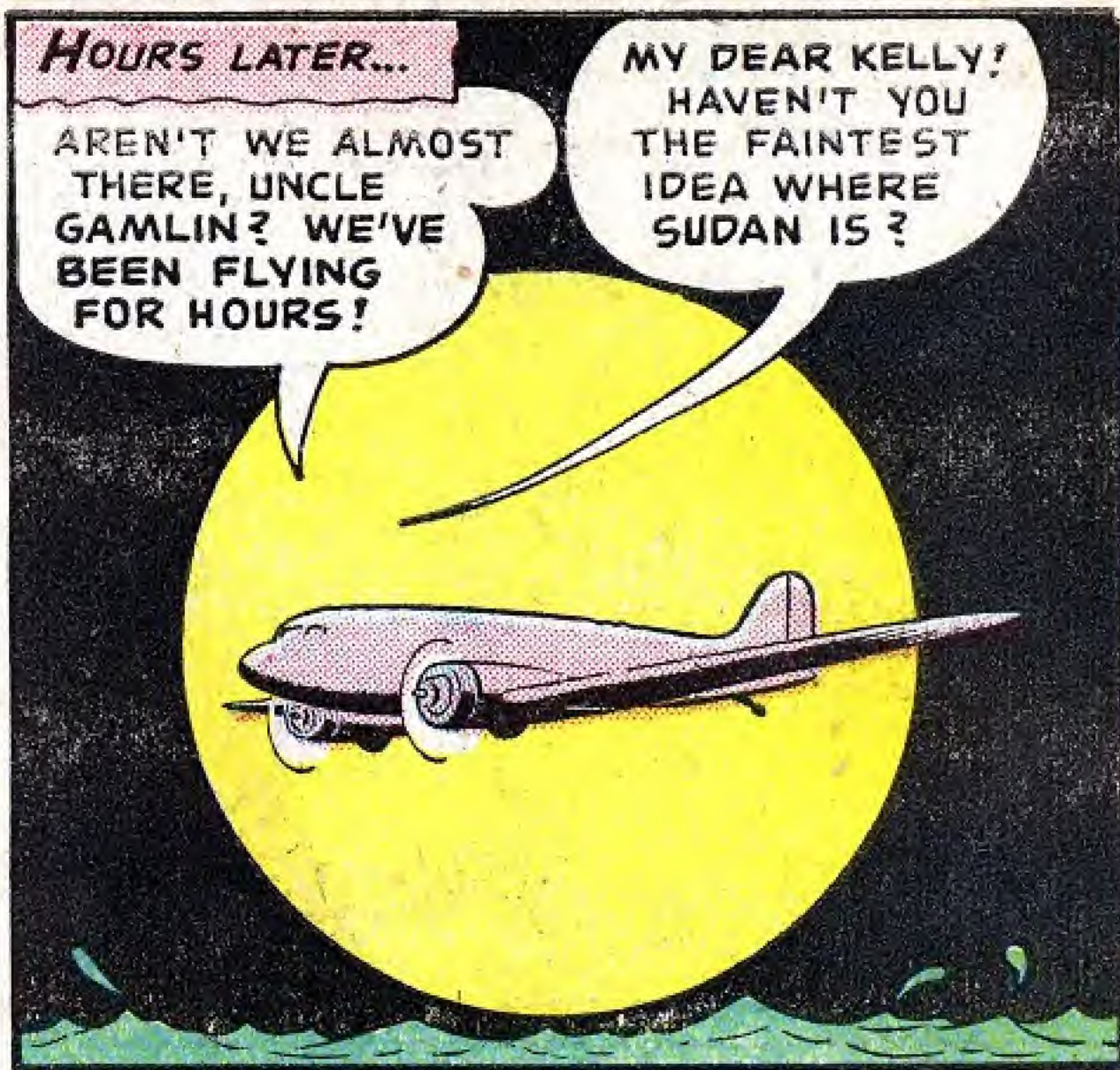




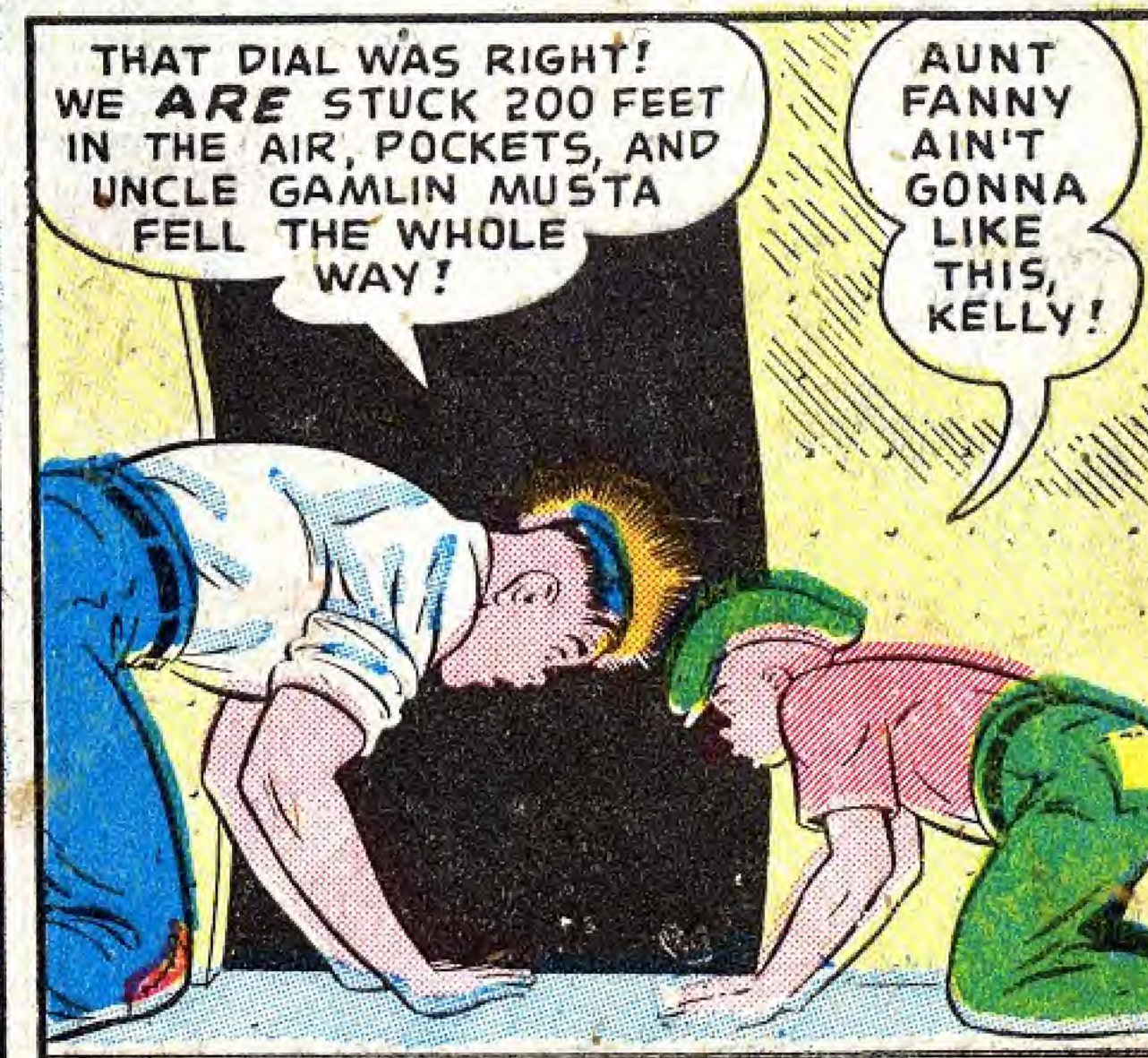
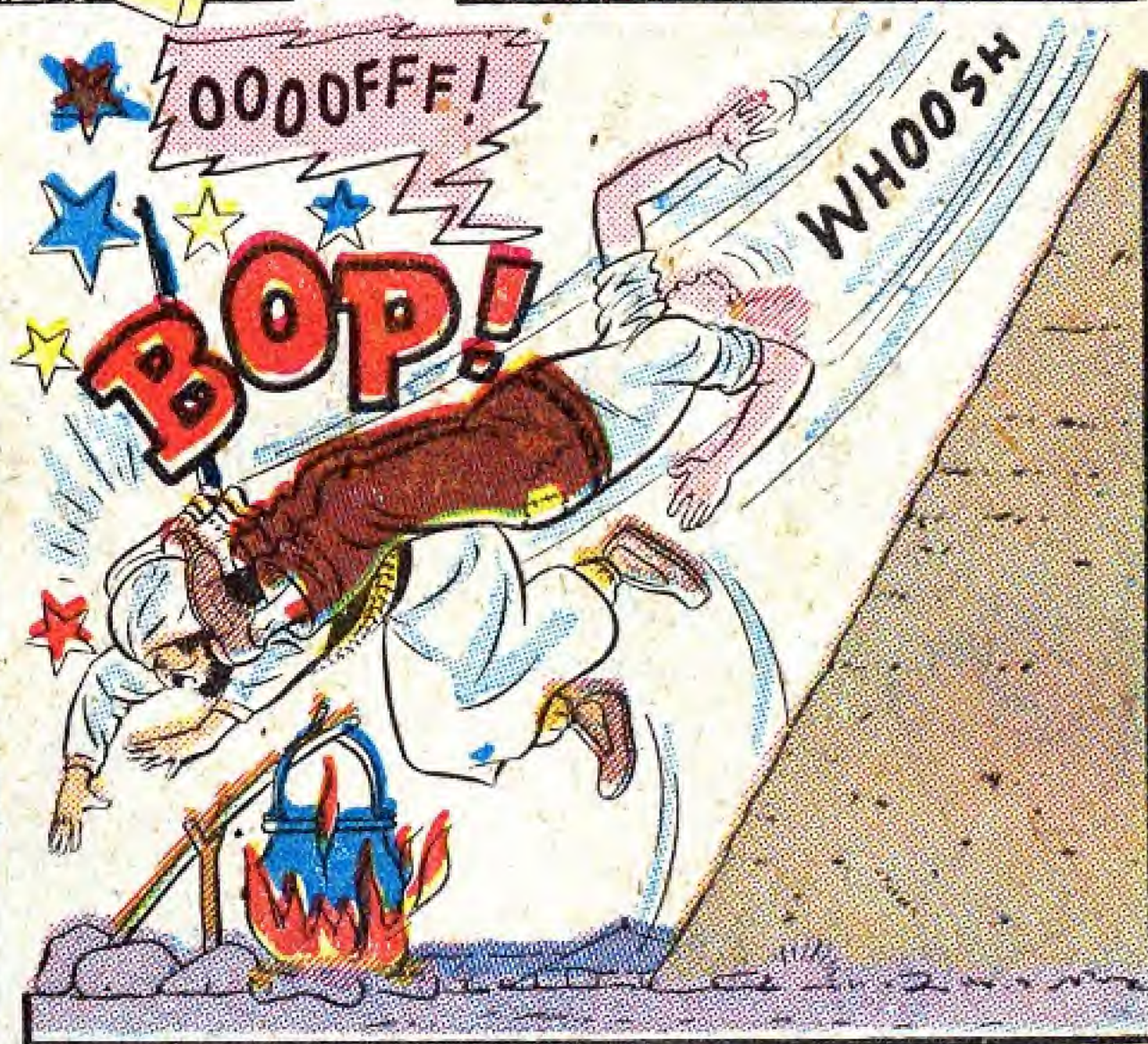
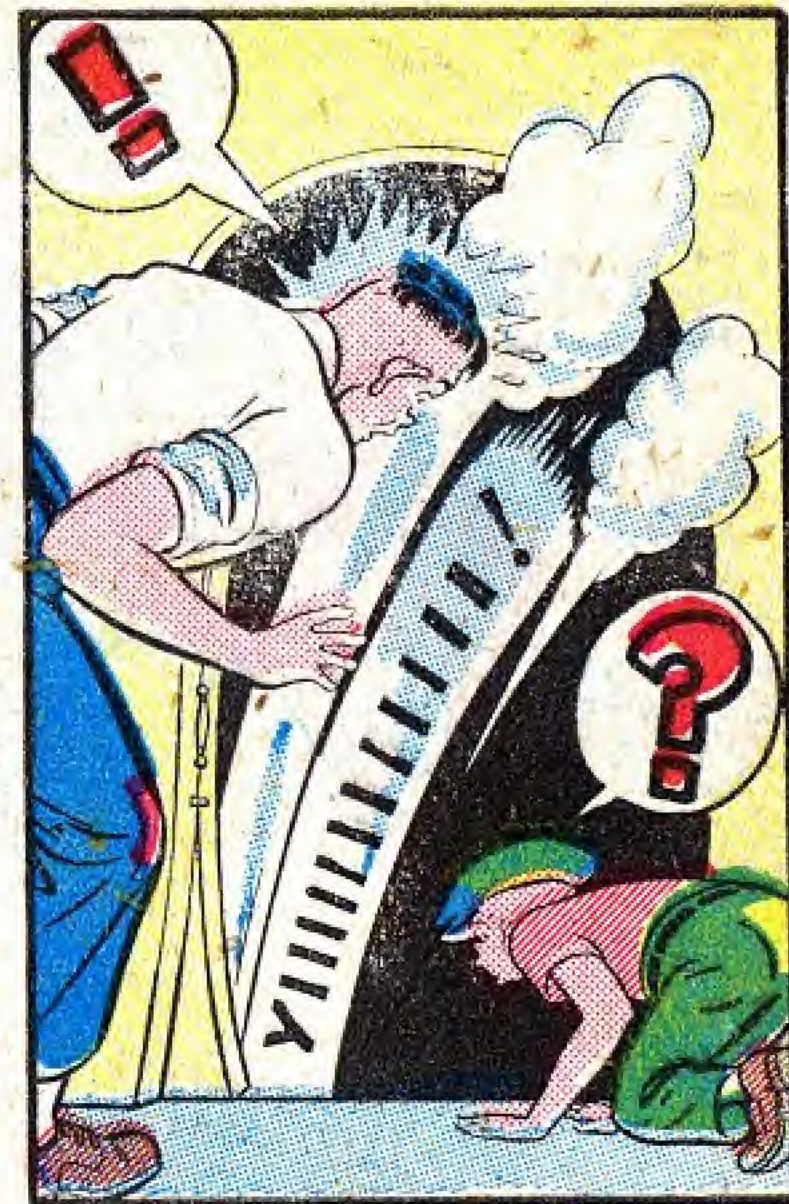






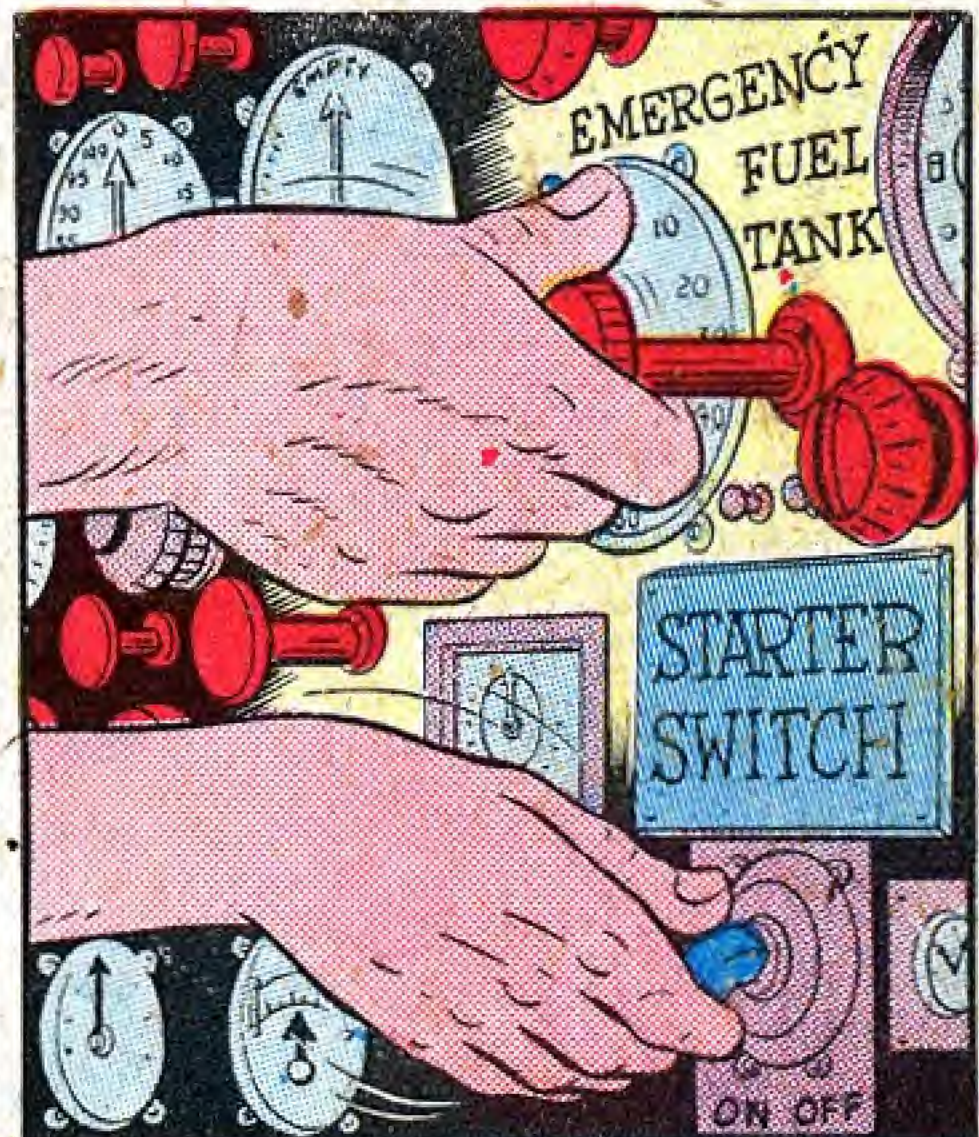
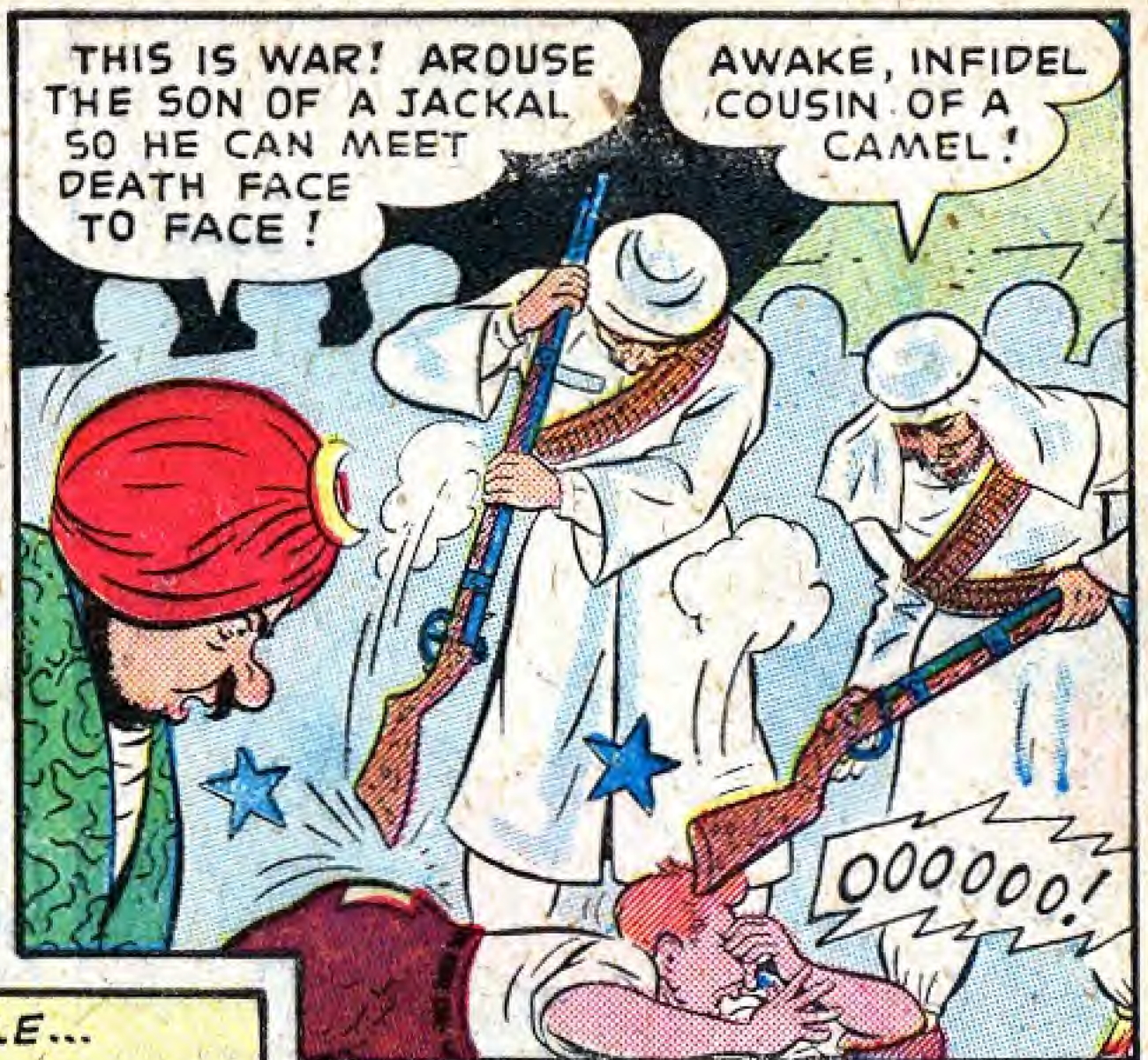




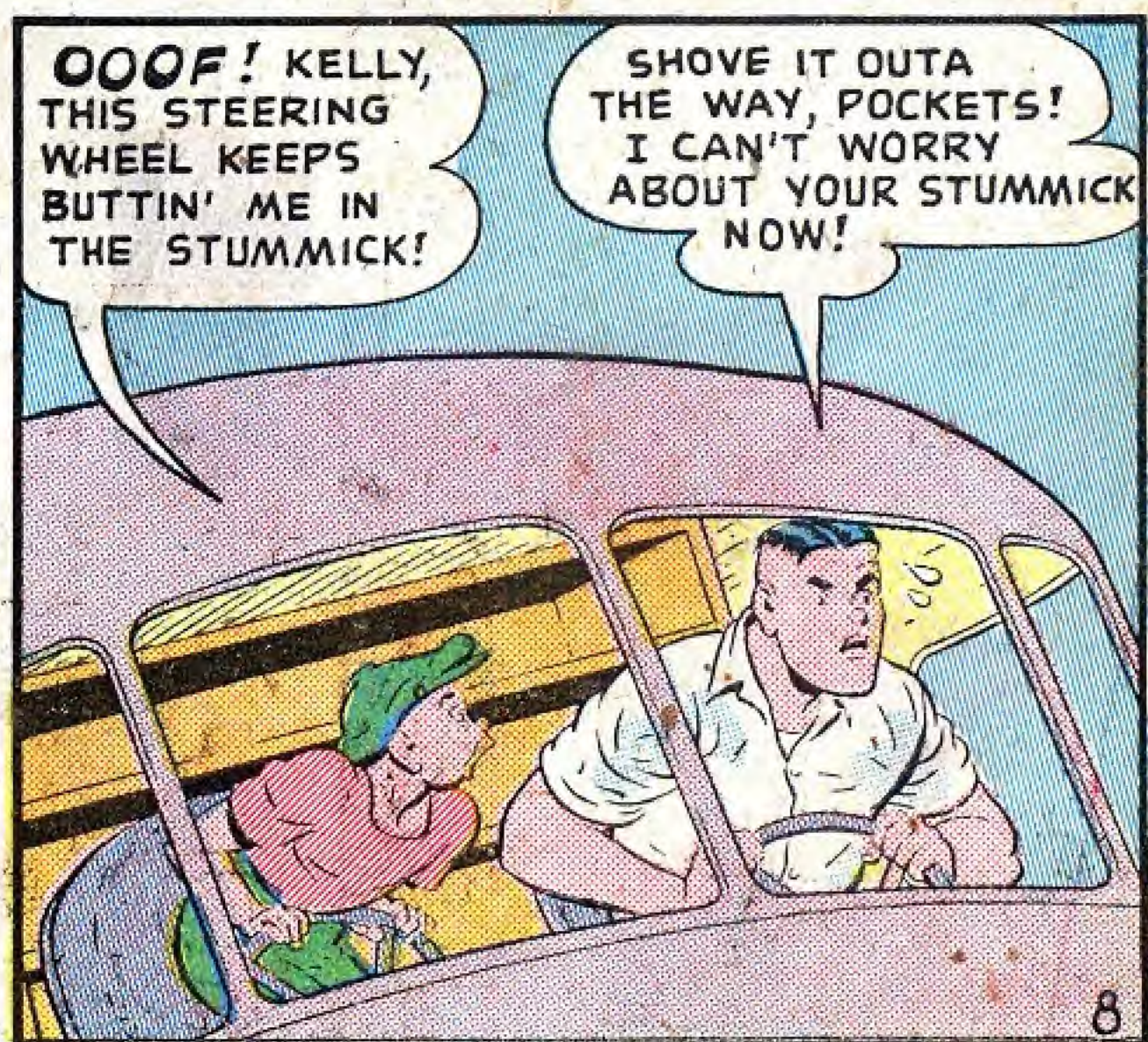
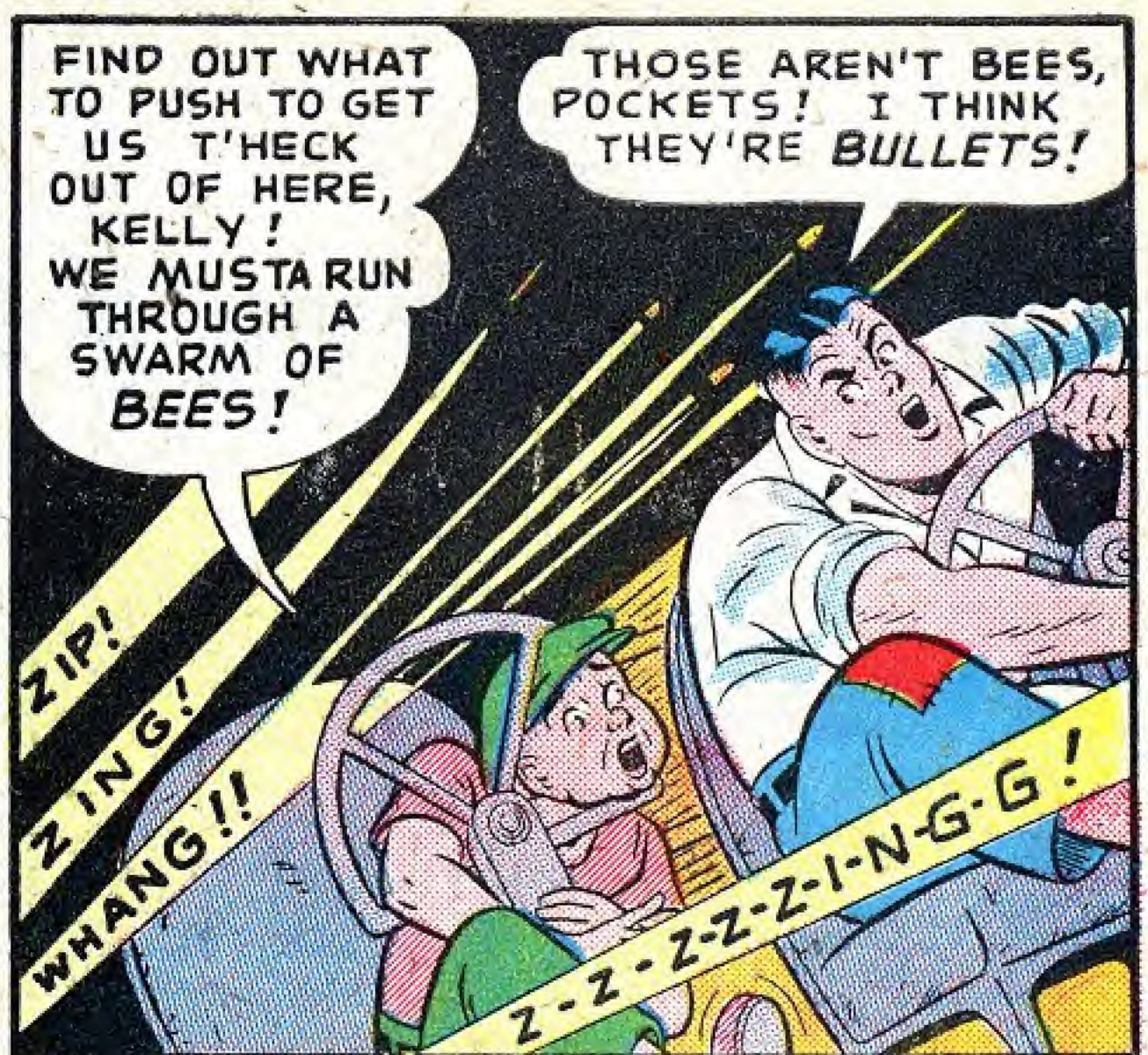


AUNT FANNY AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS, KELLY!

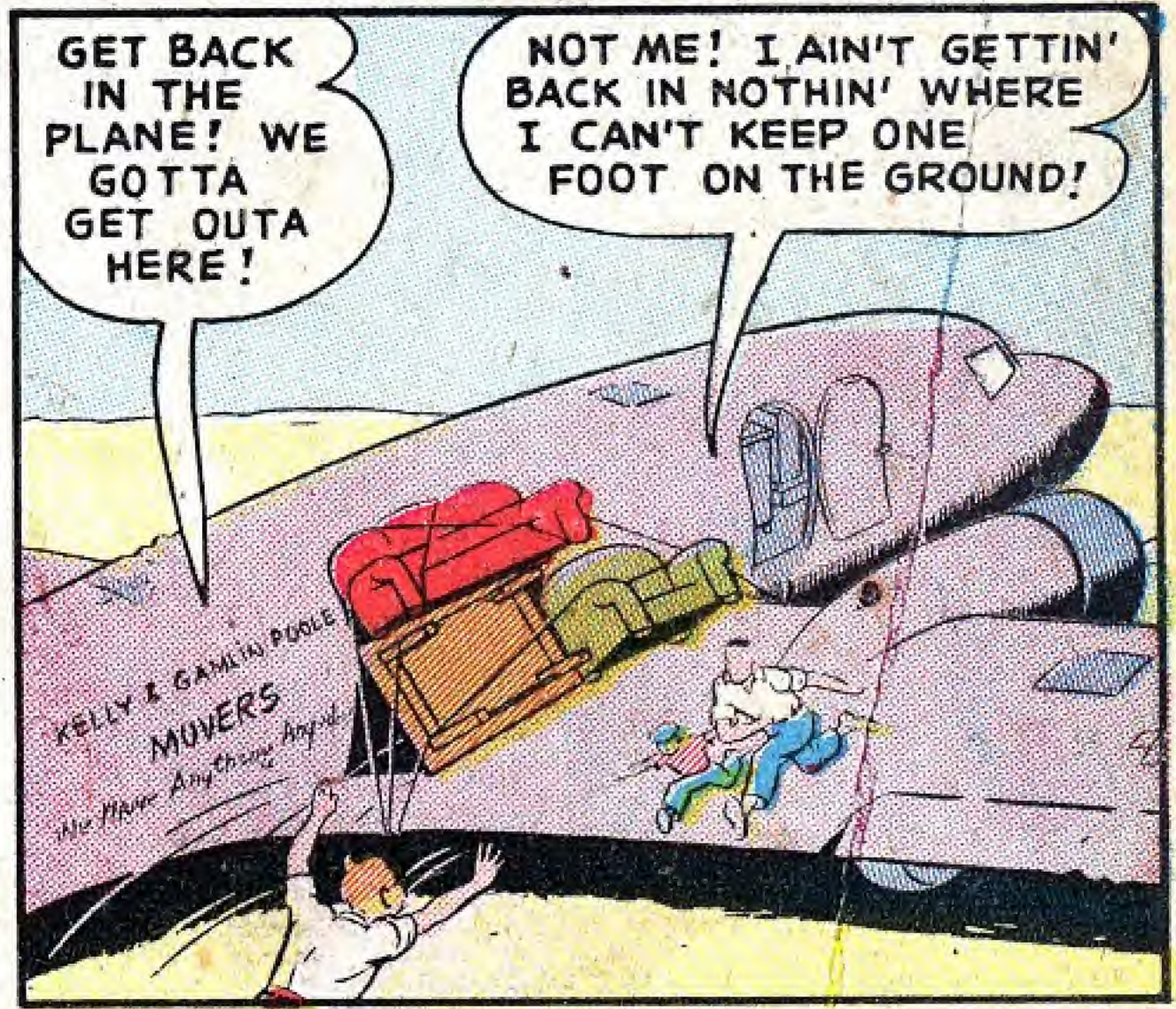
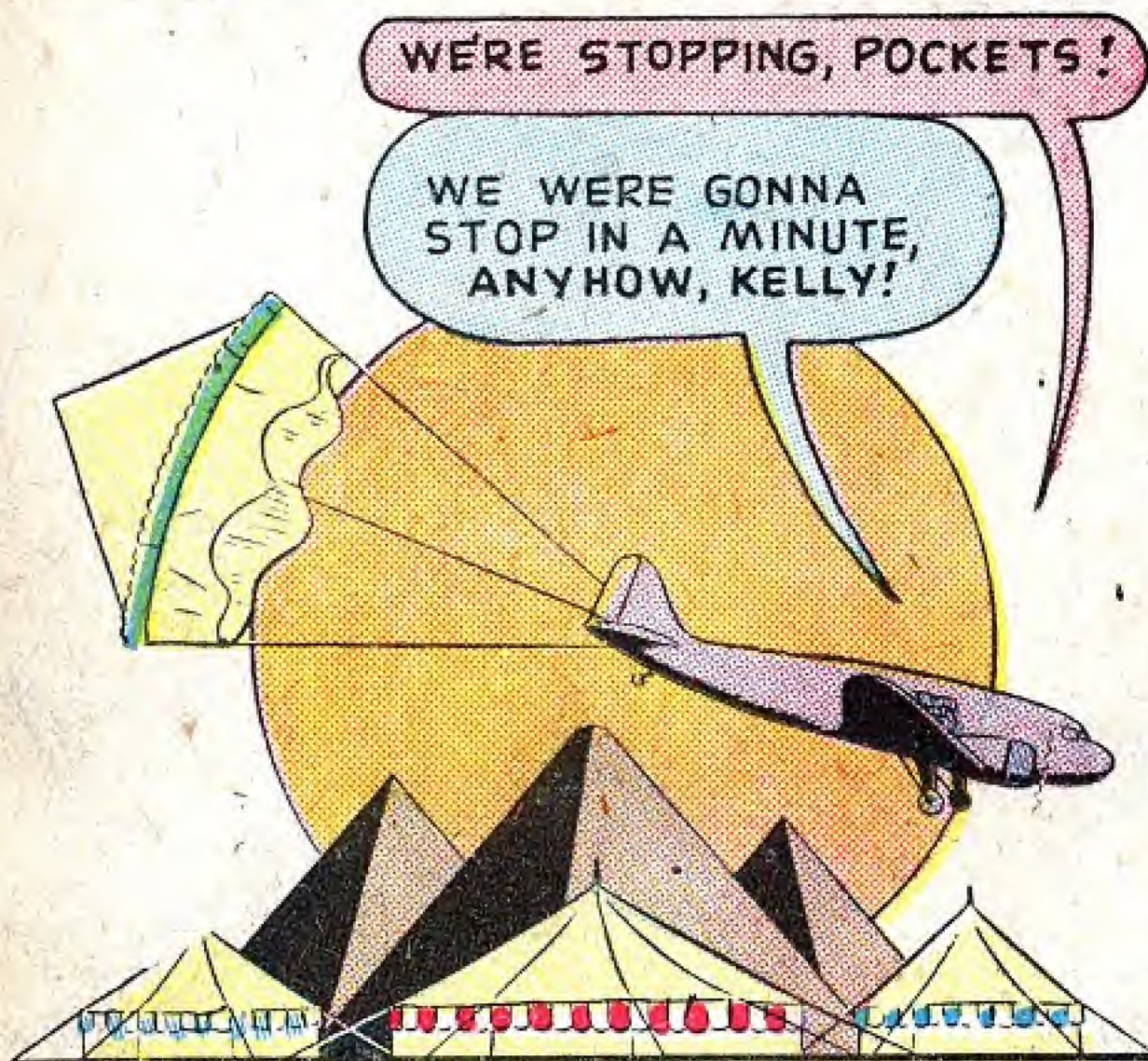
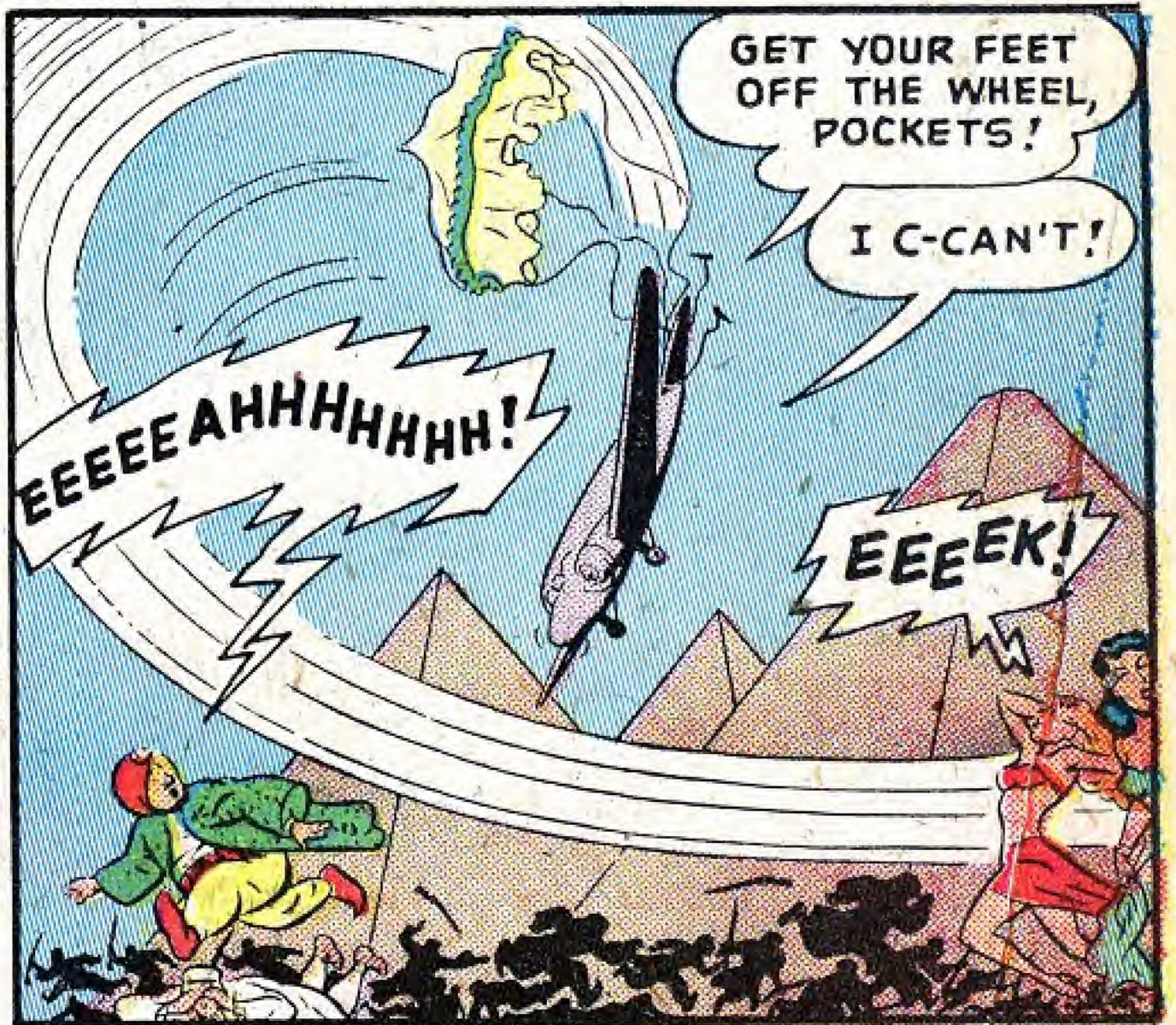
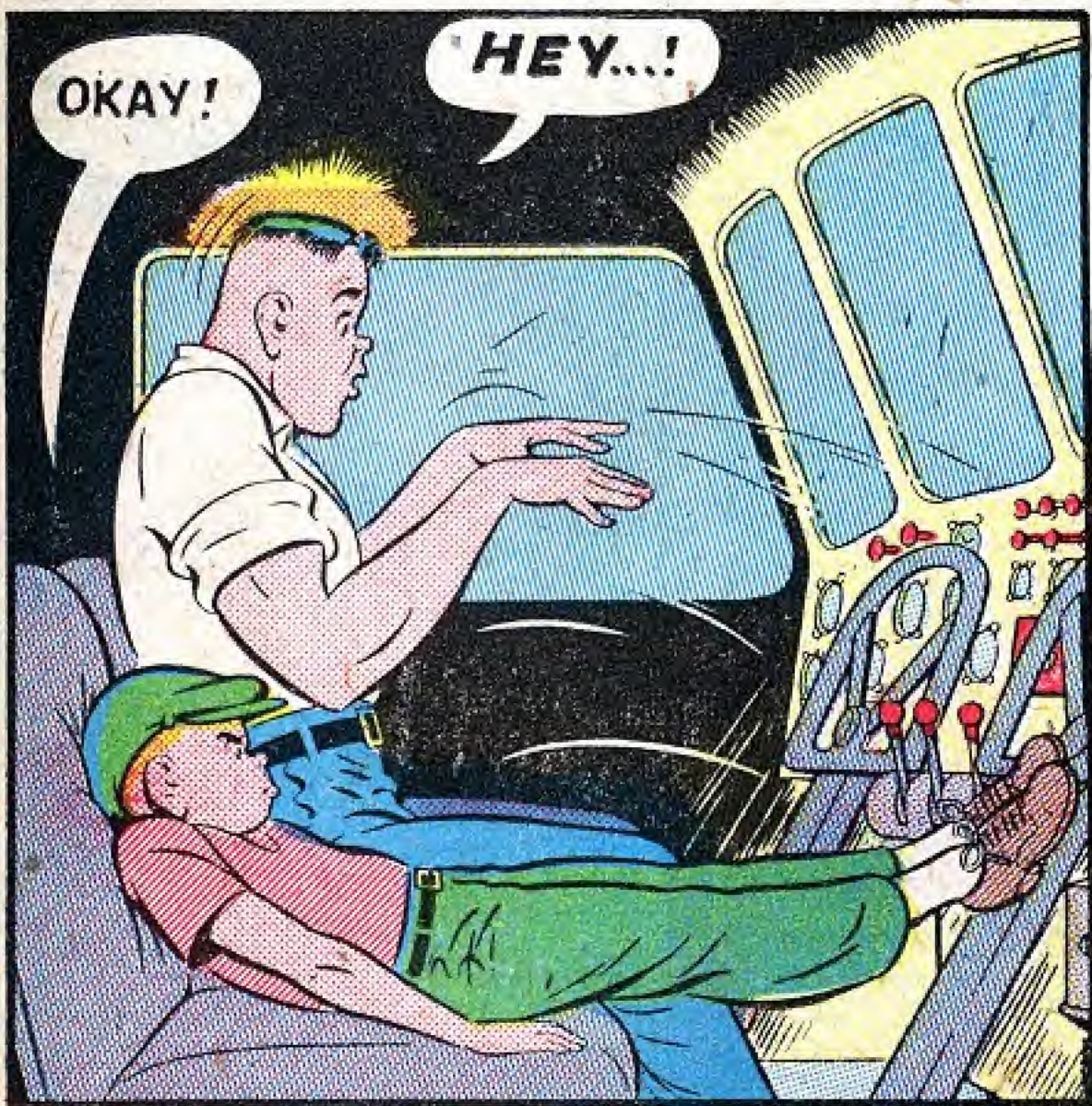




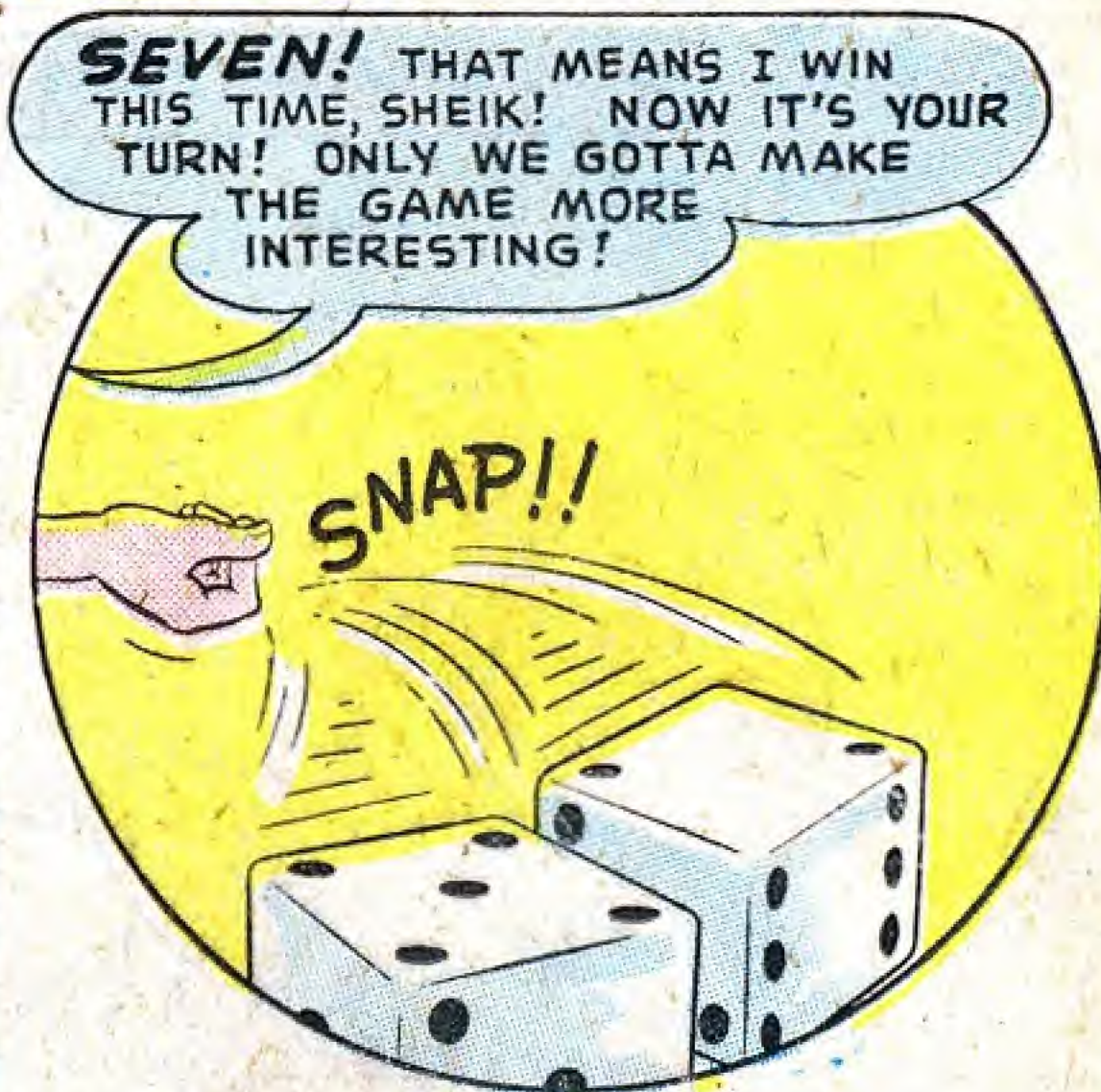




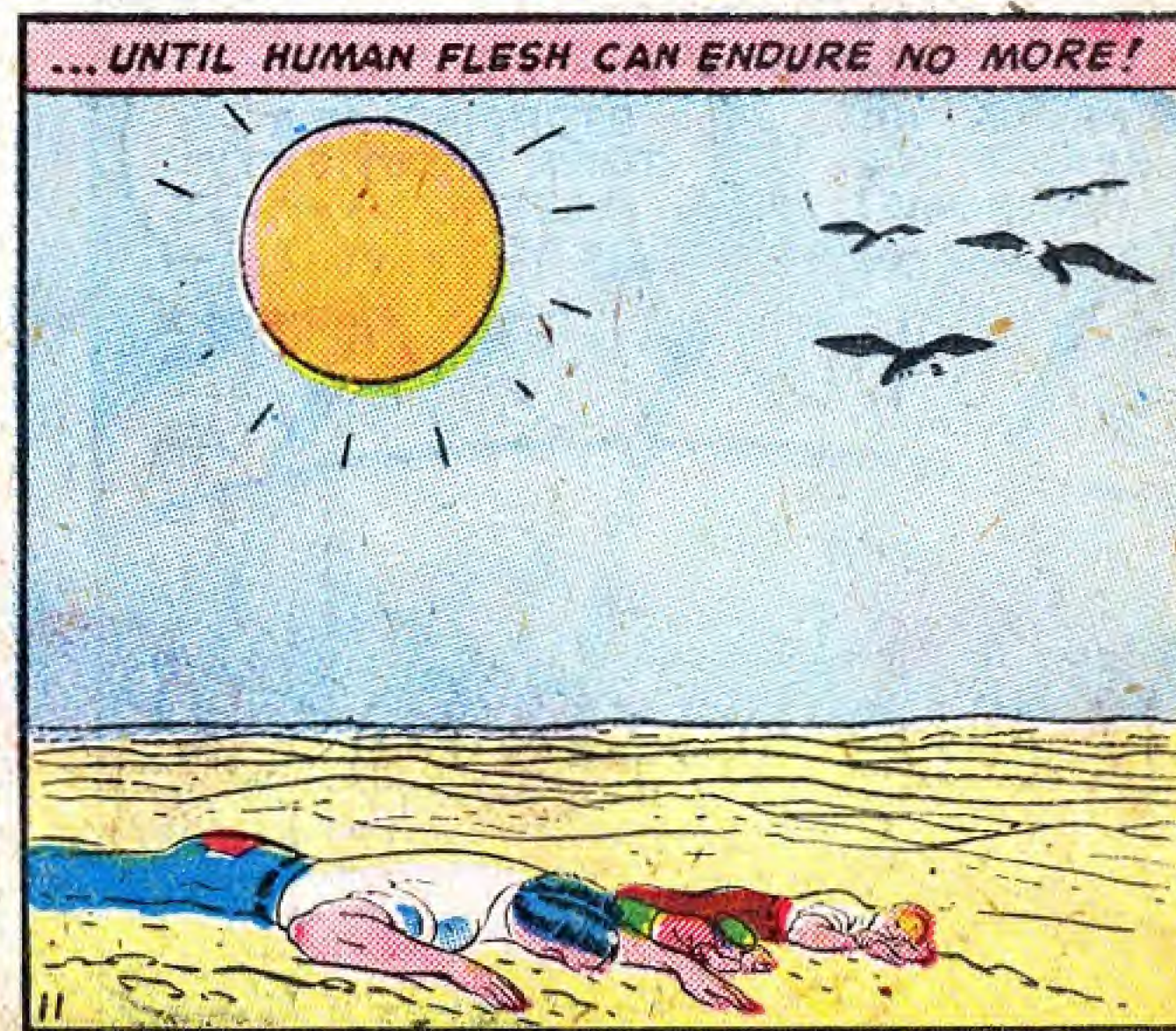
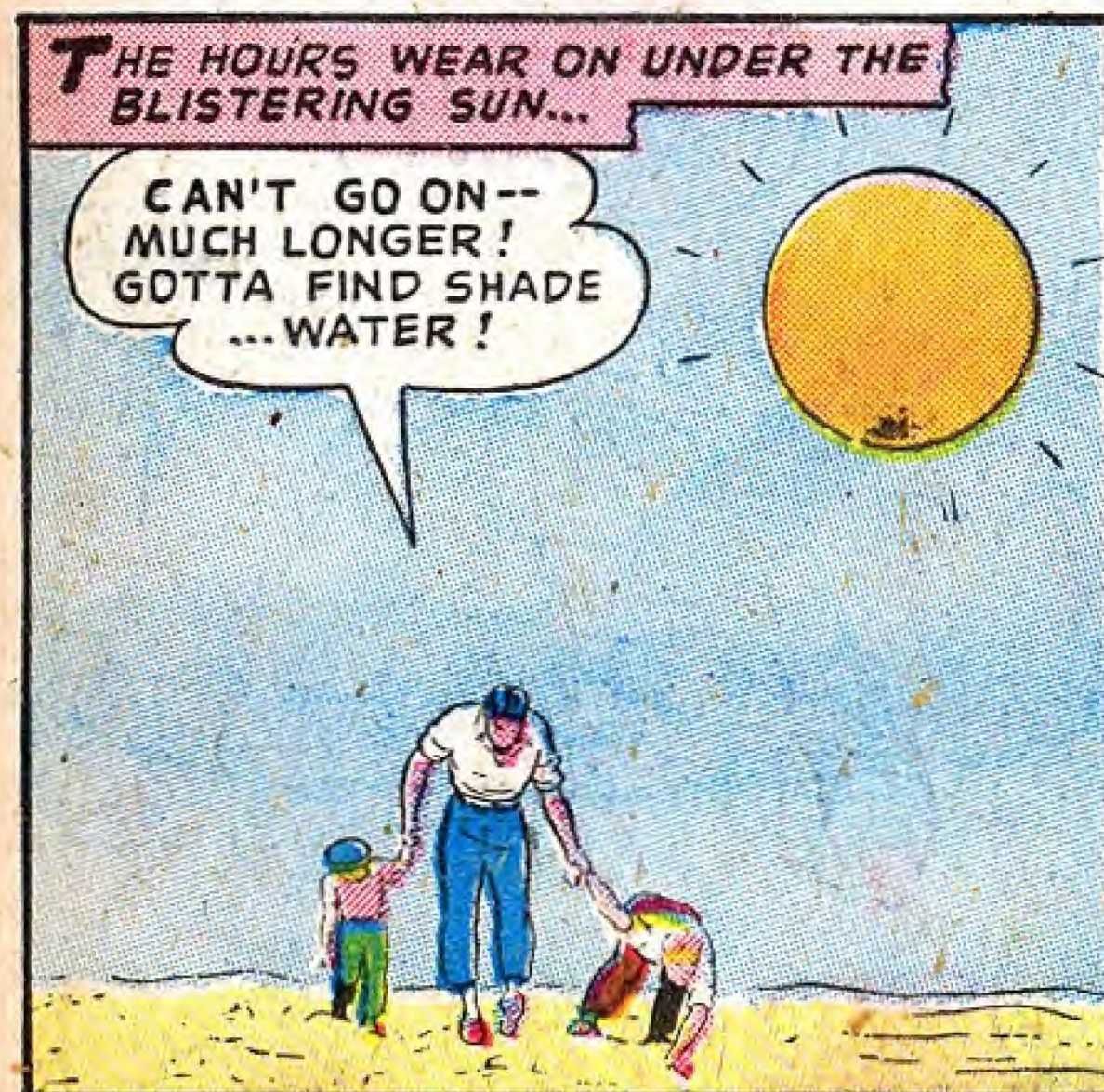
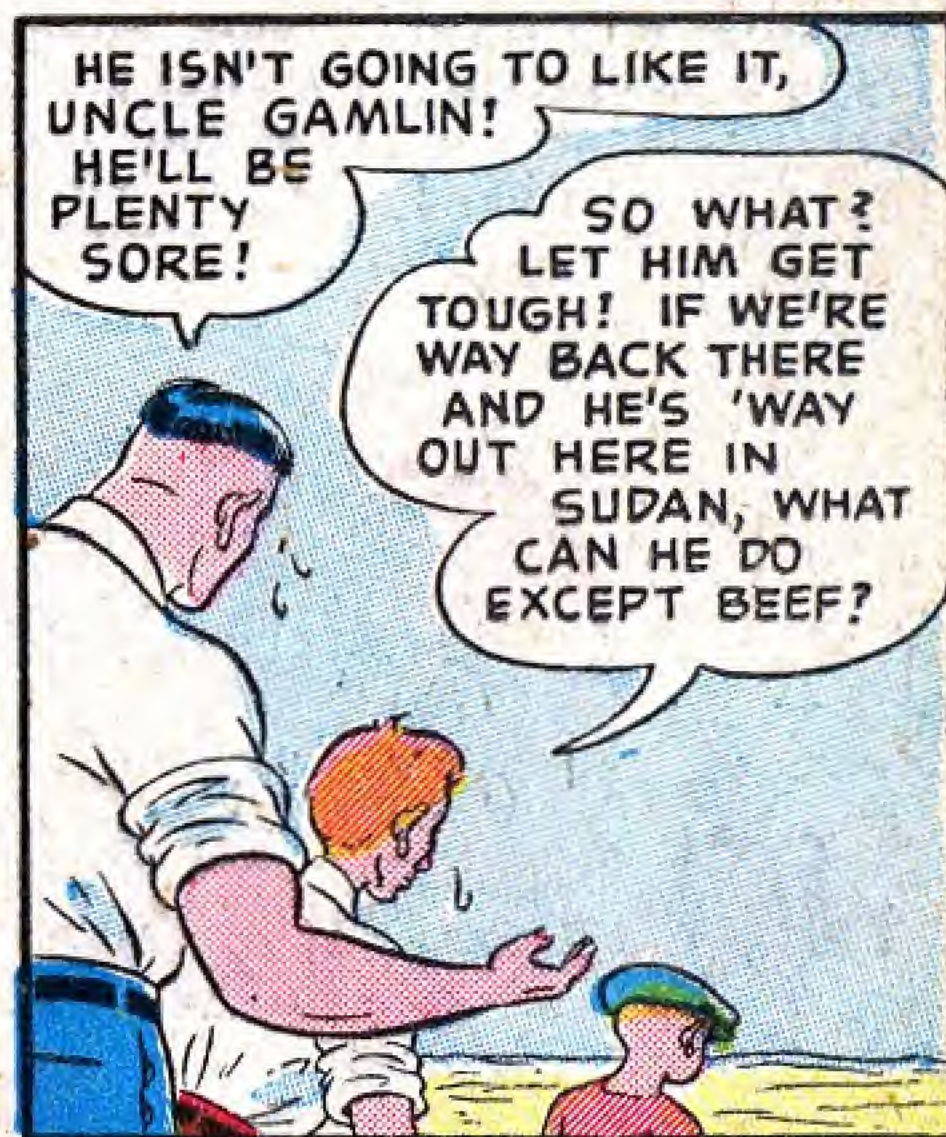
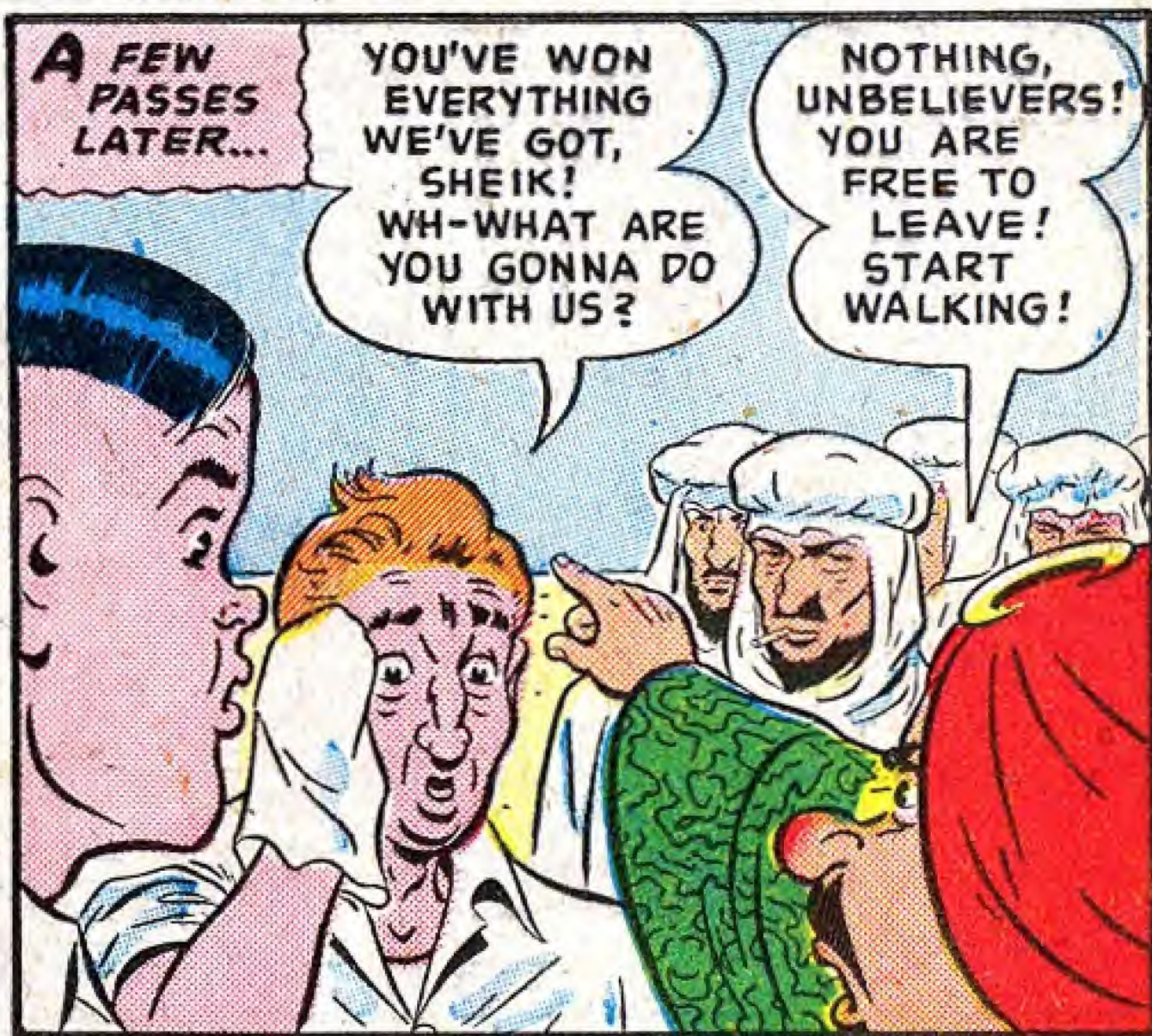




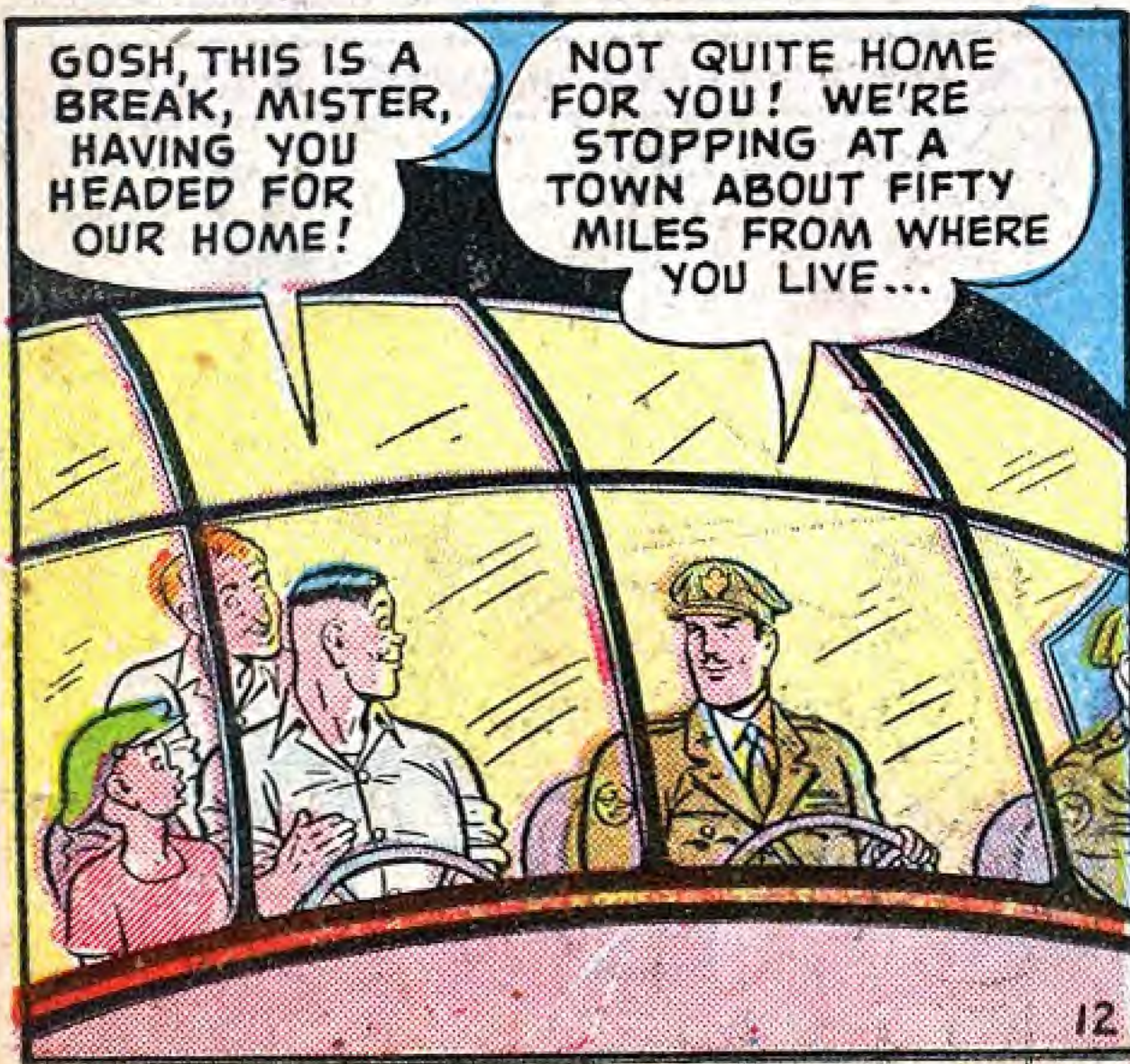
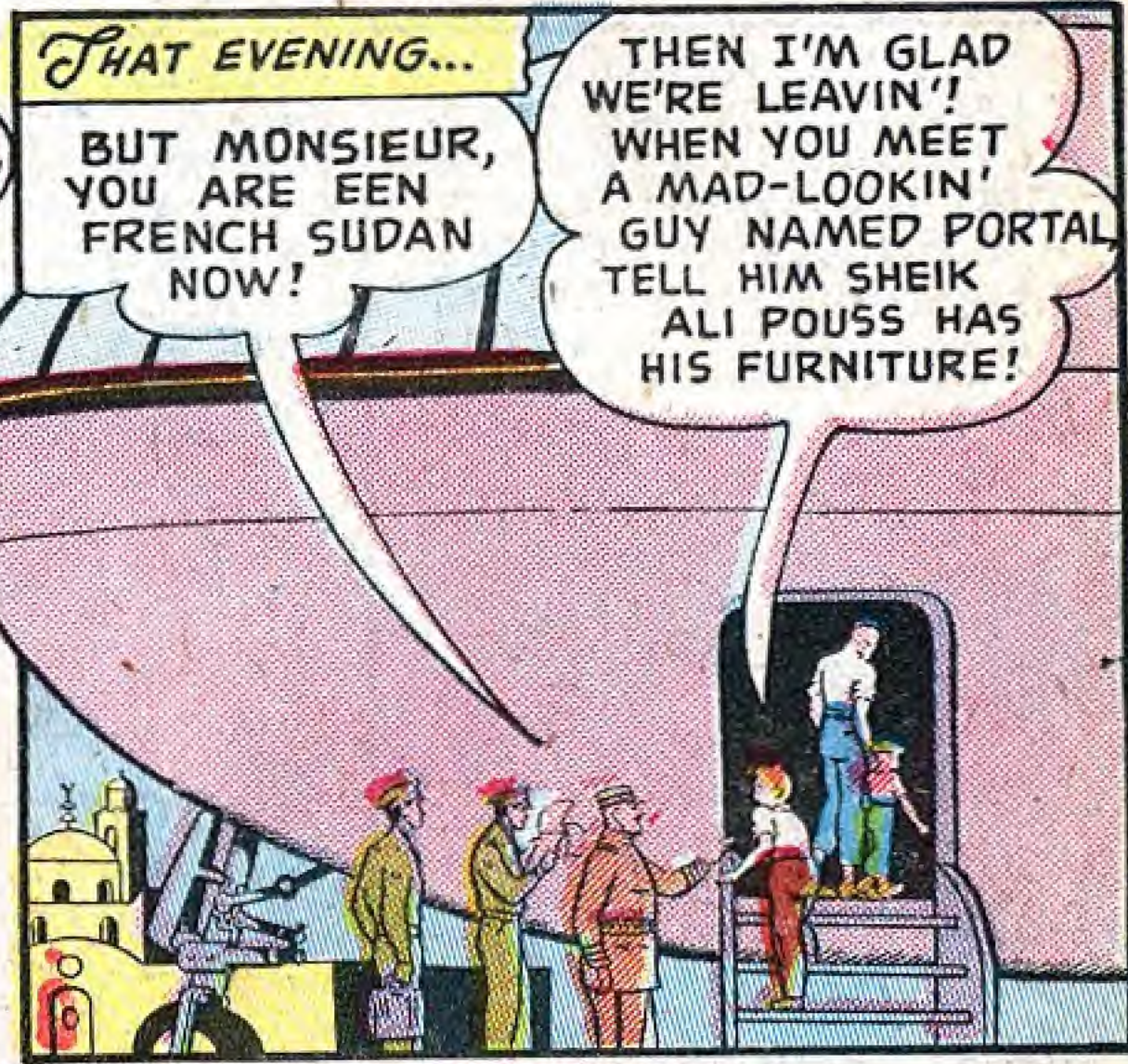
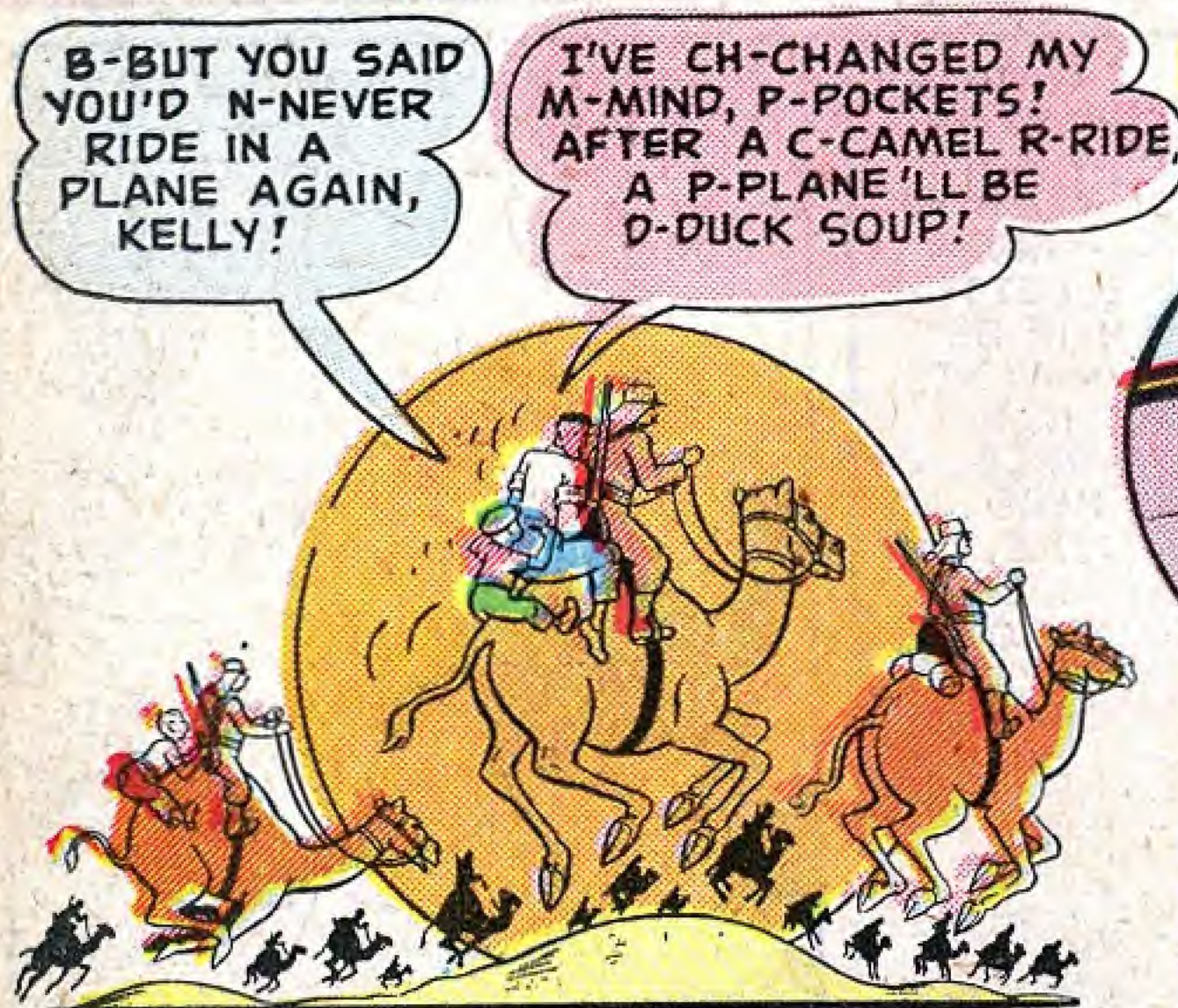










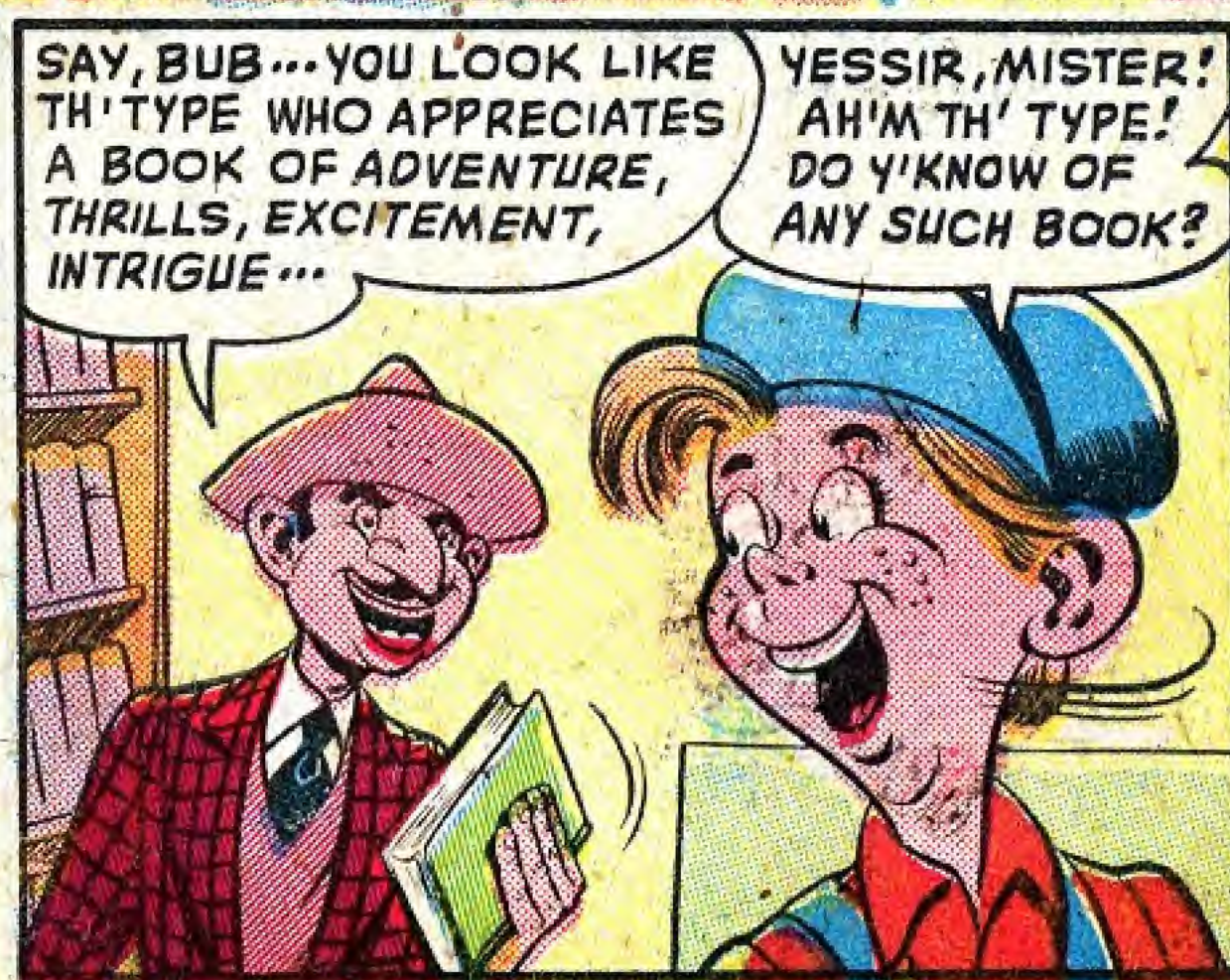
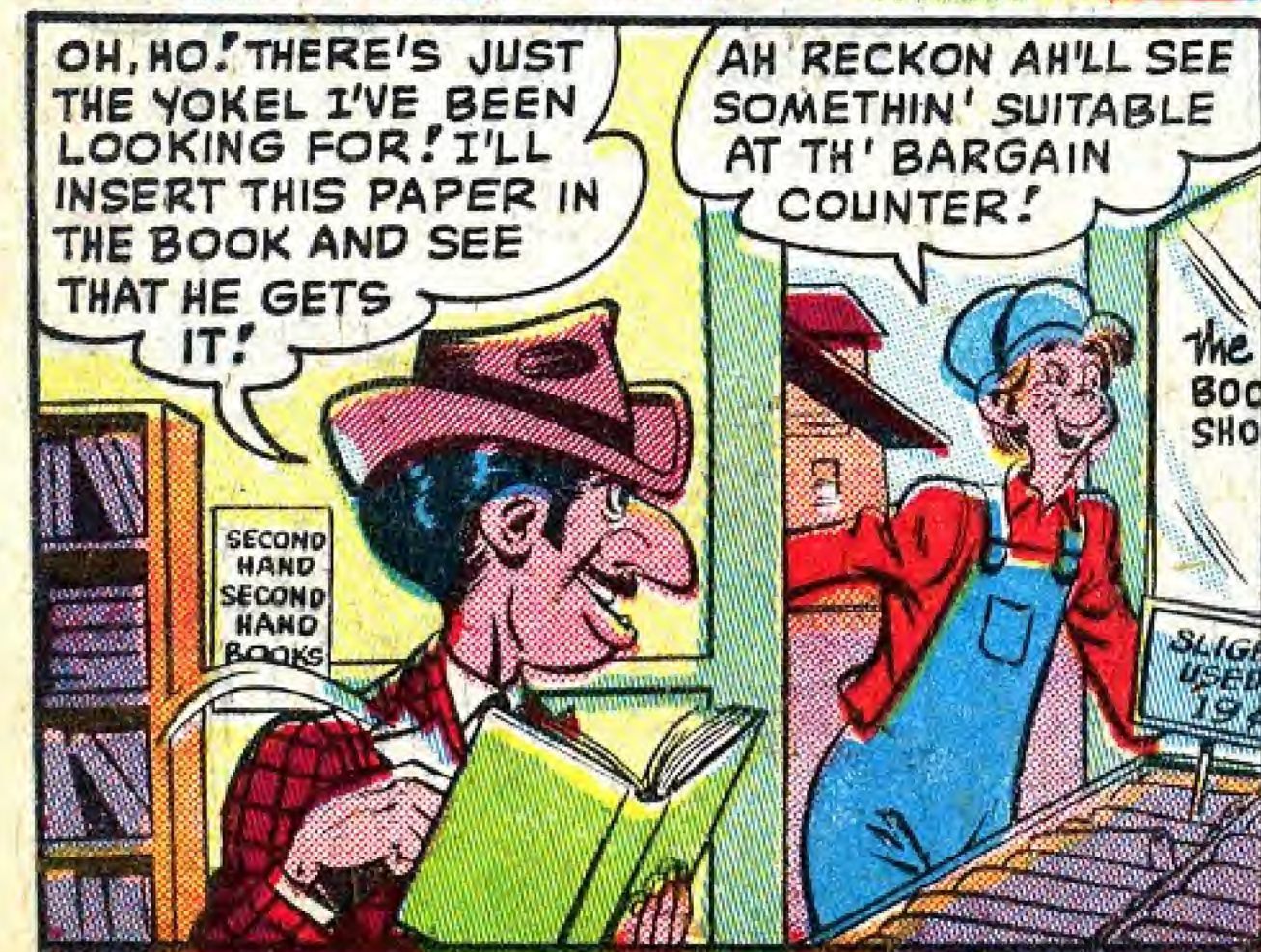
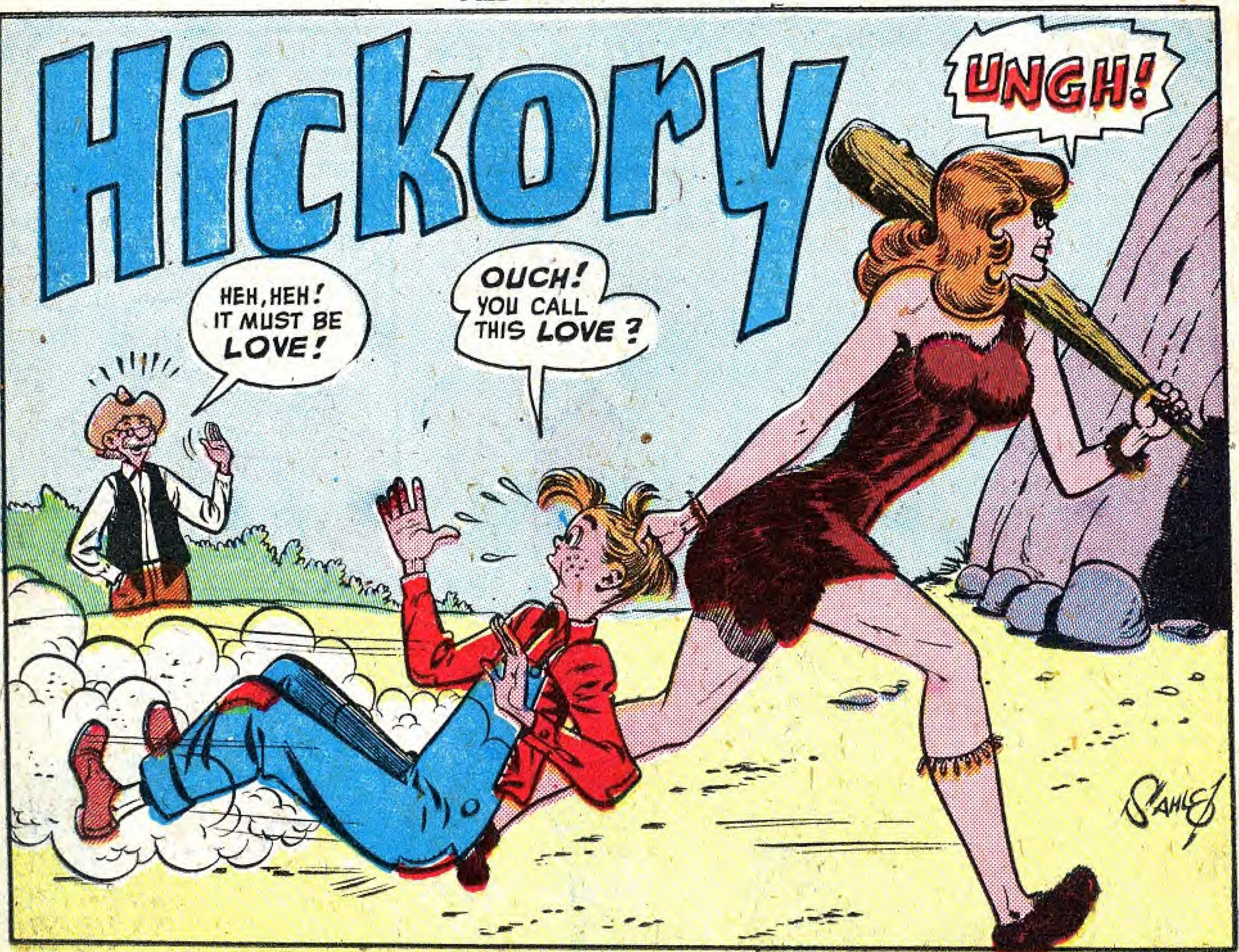




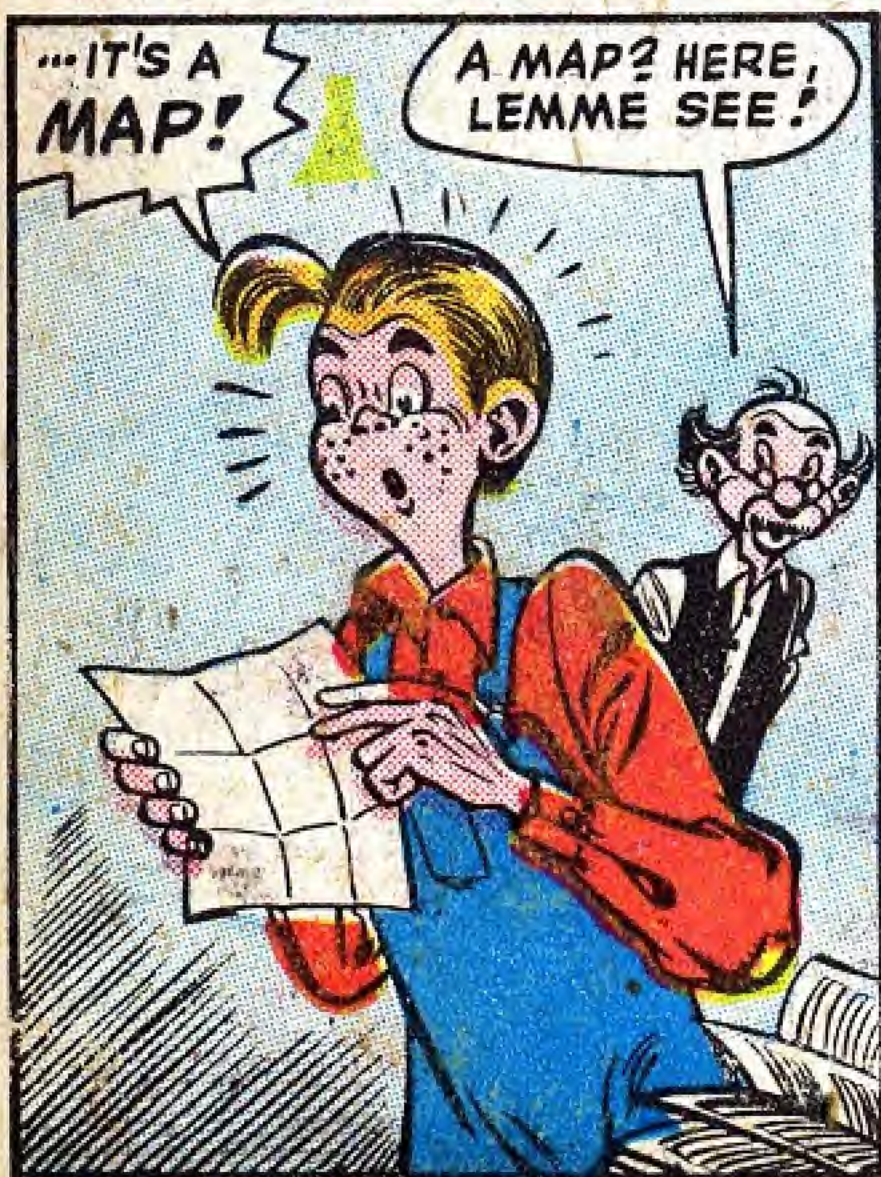
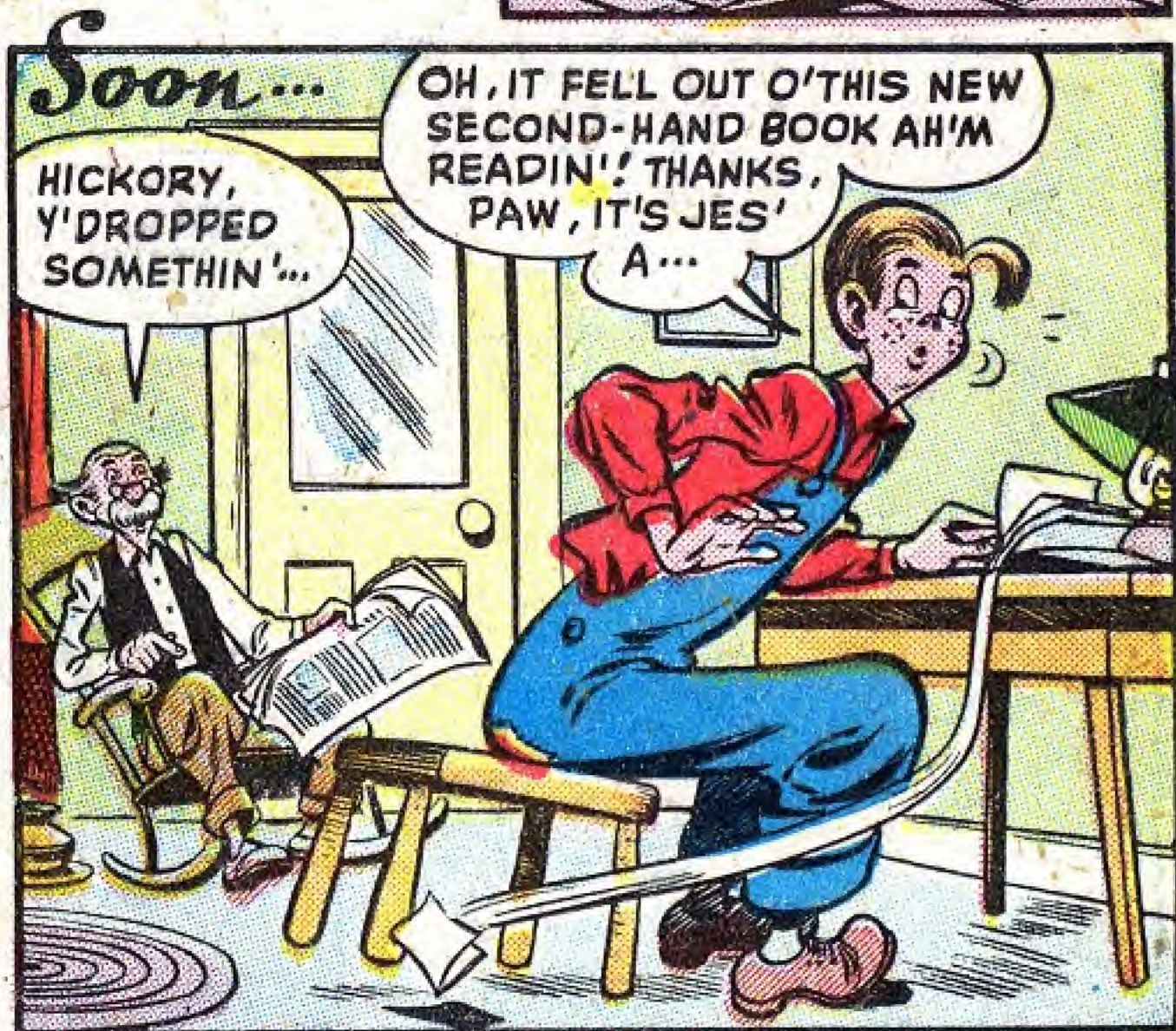
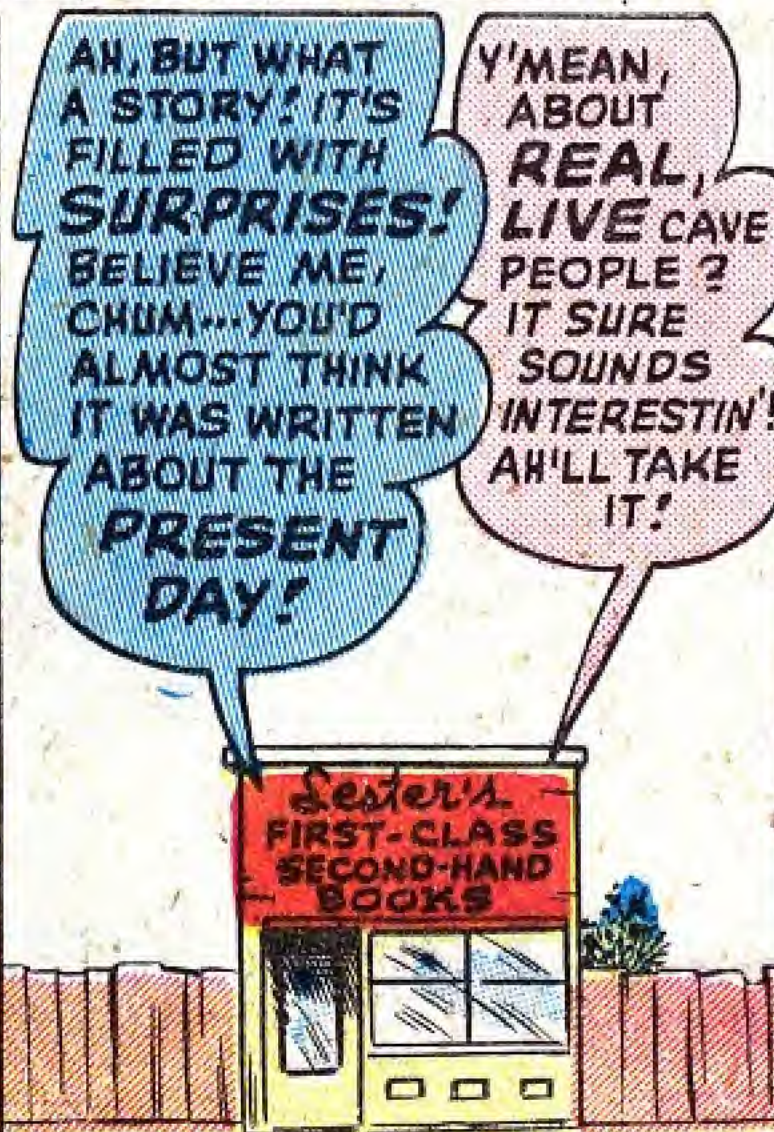
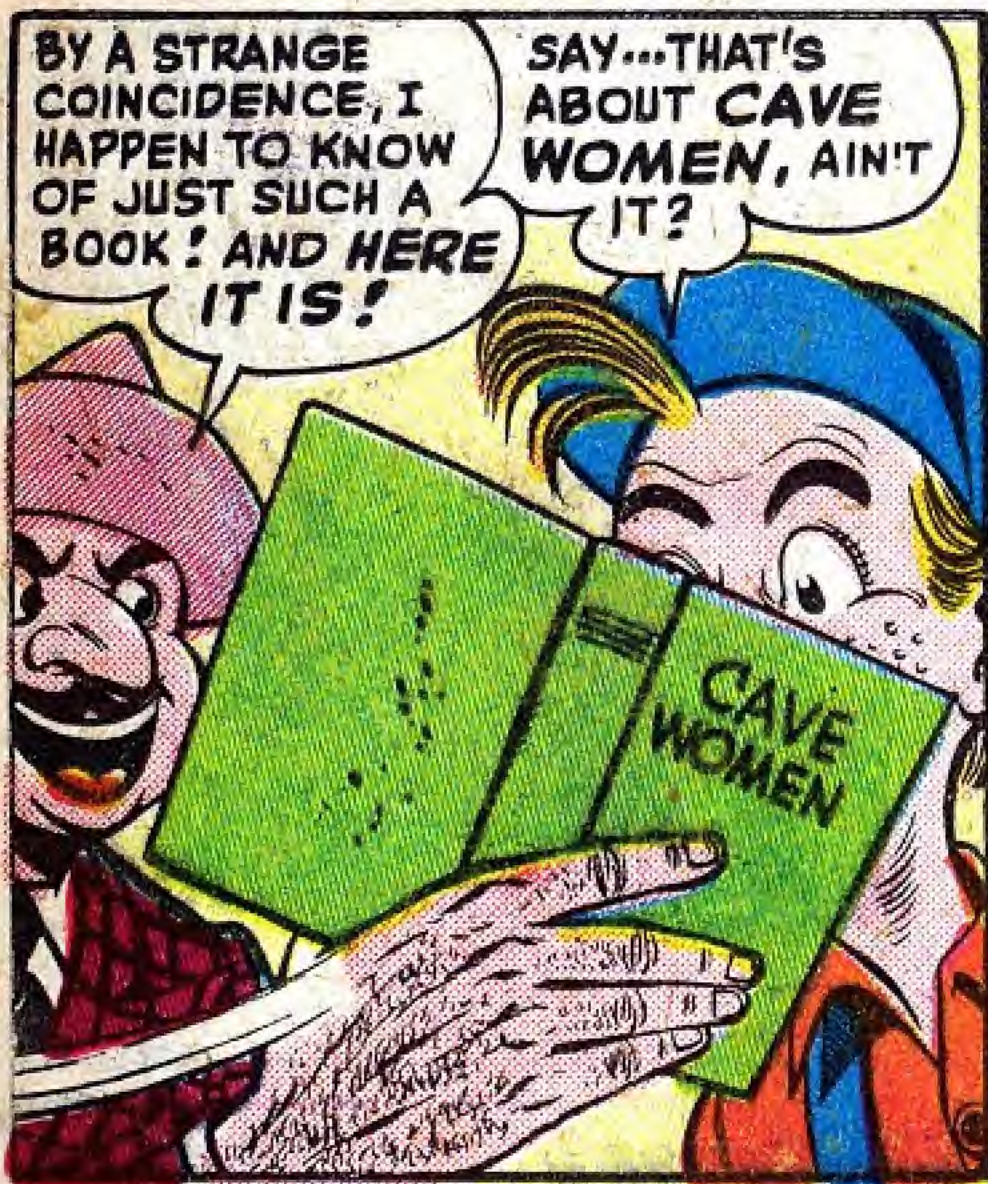




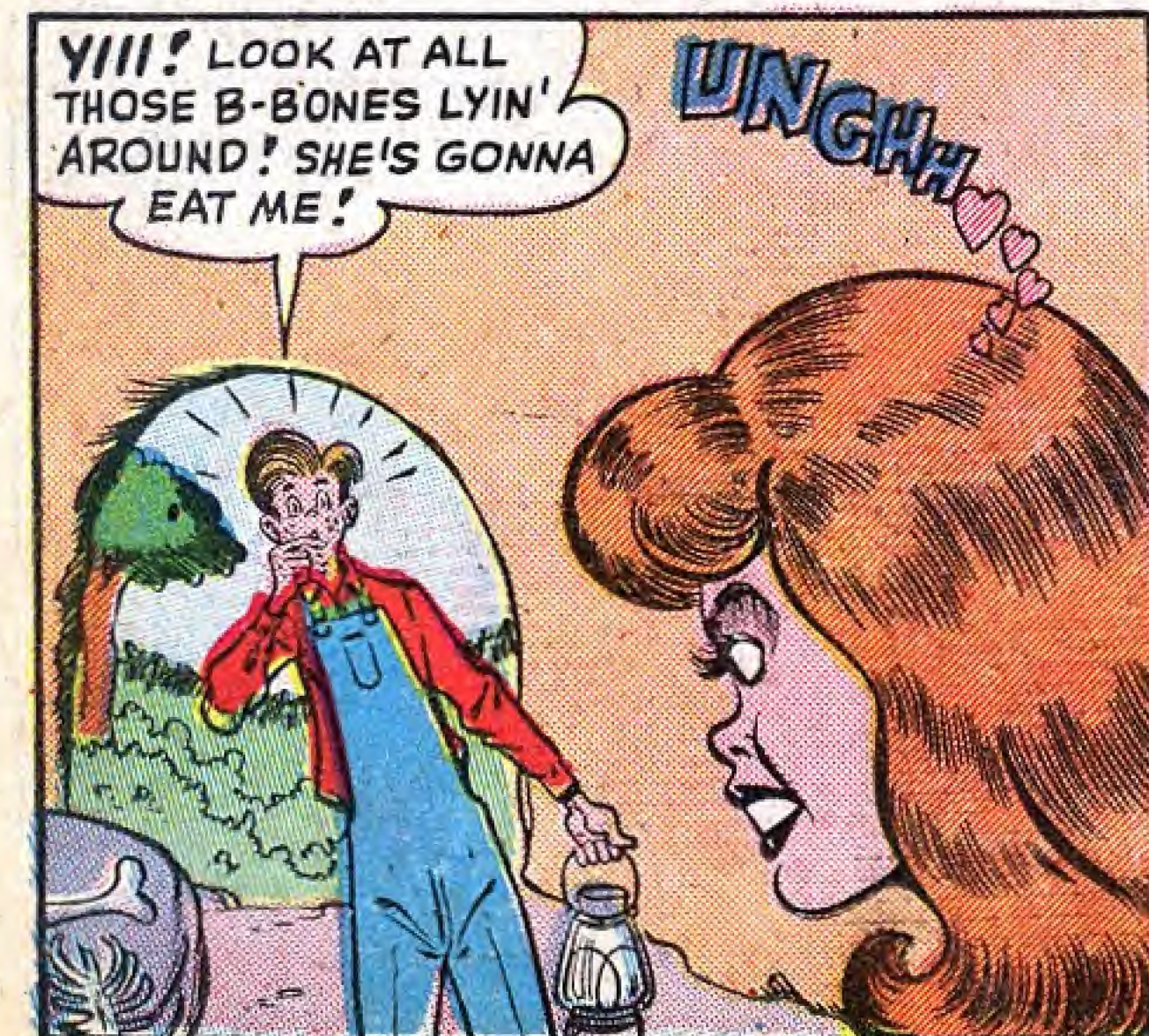
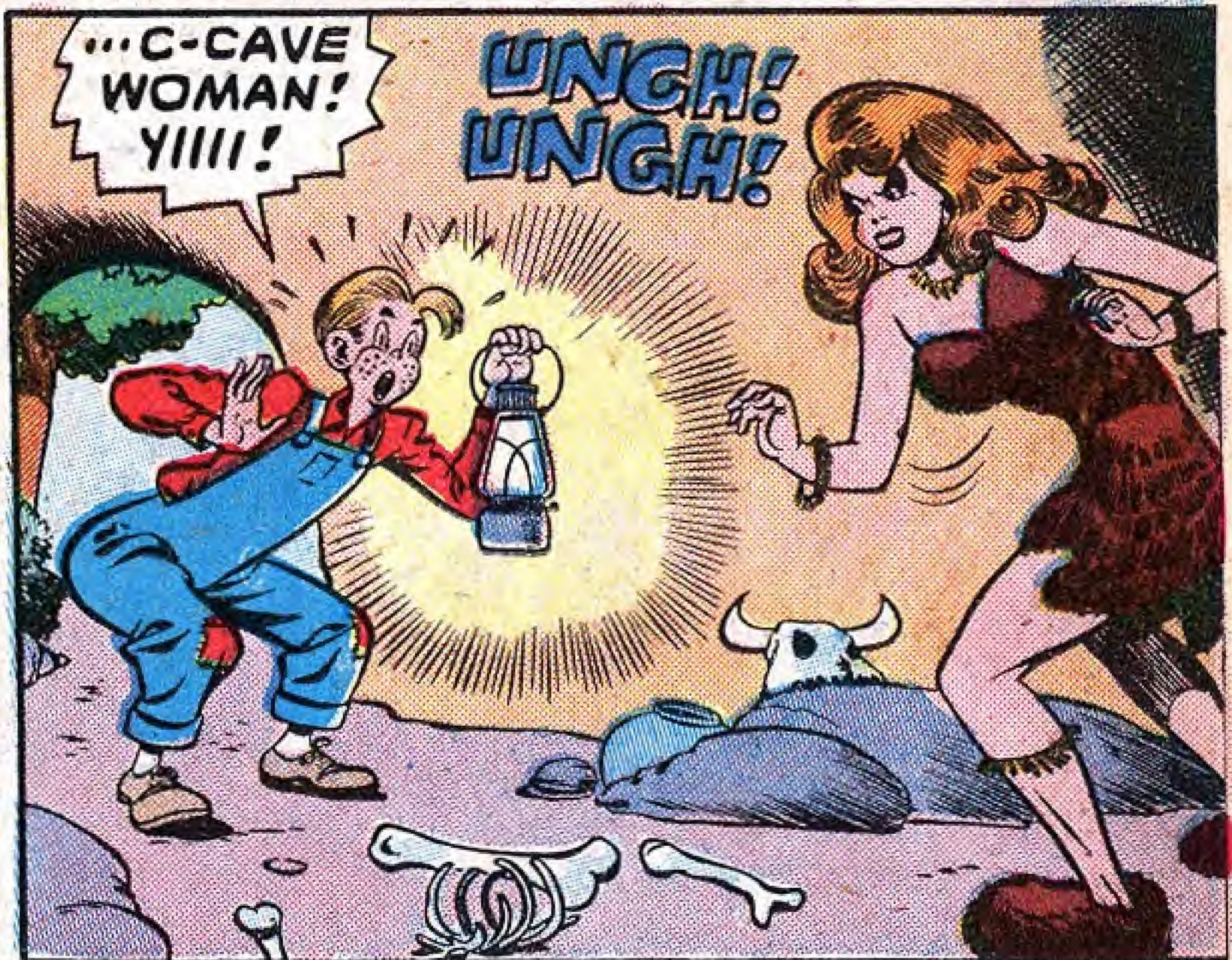
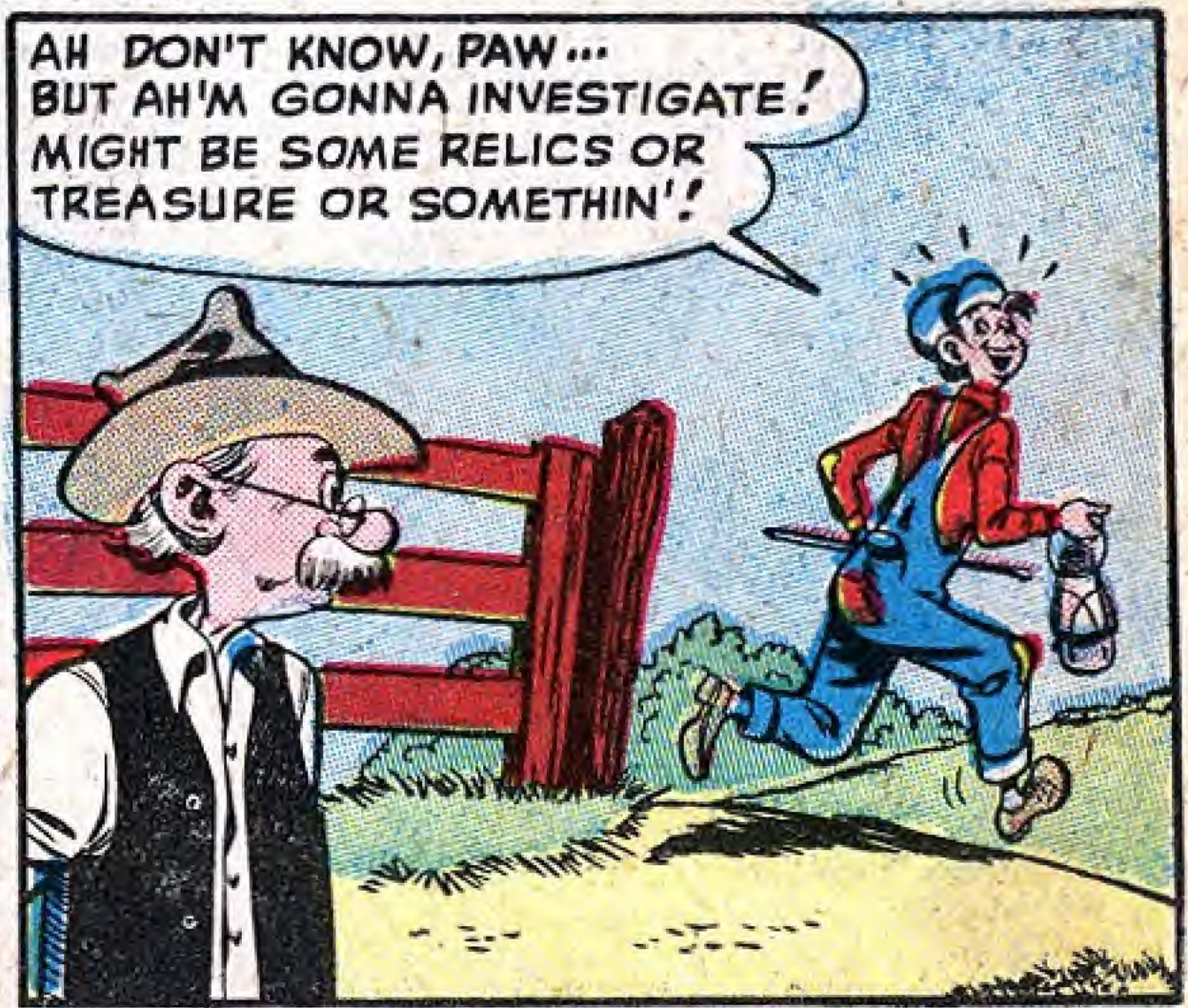
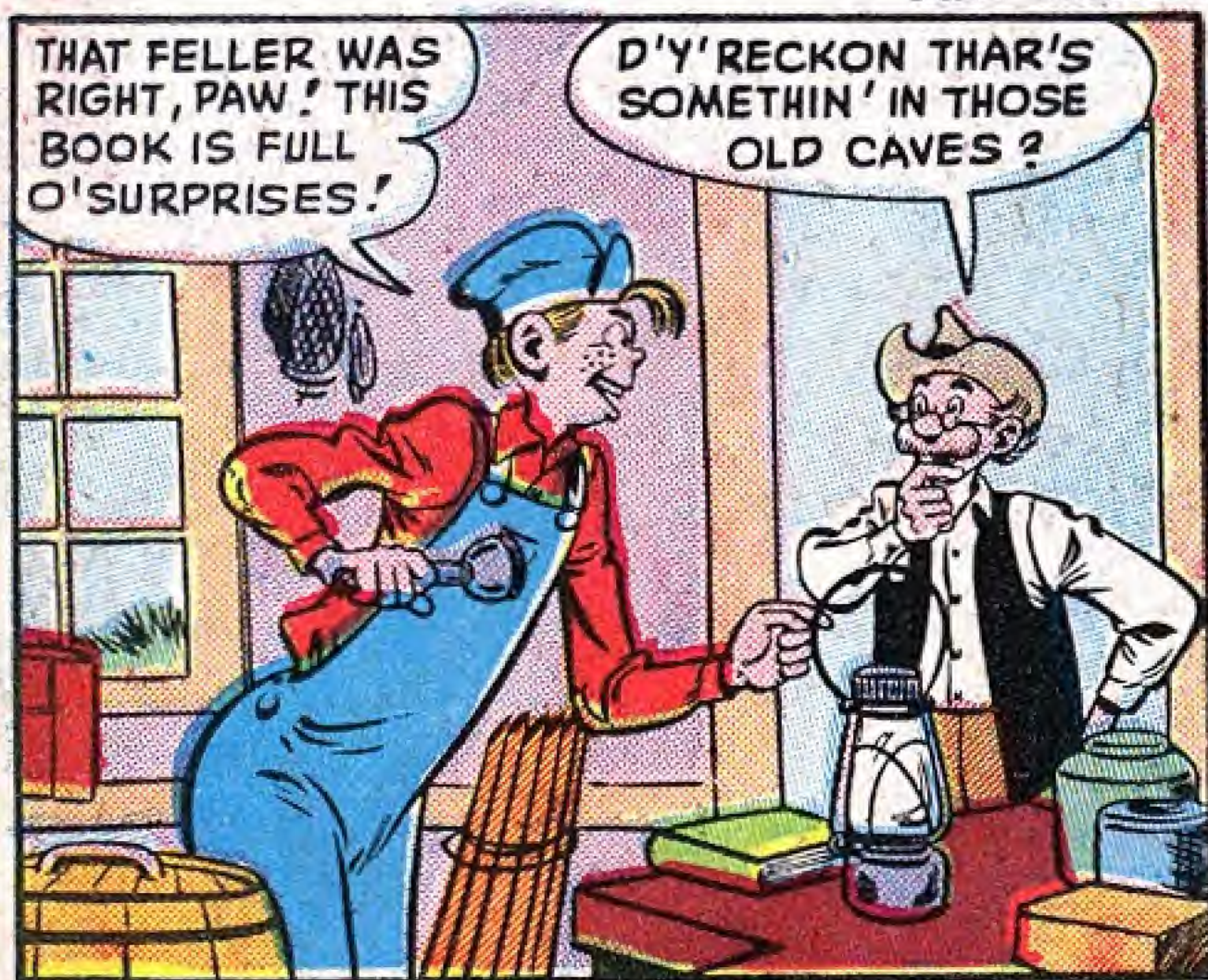
# Hickory



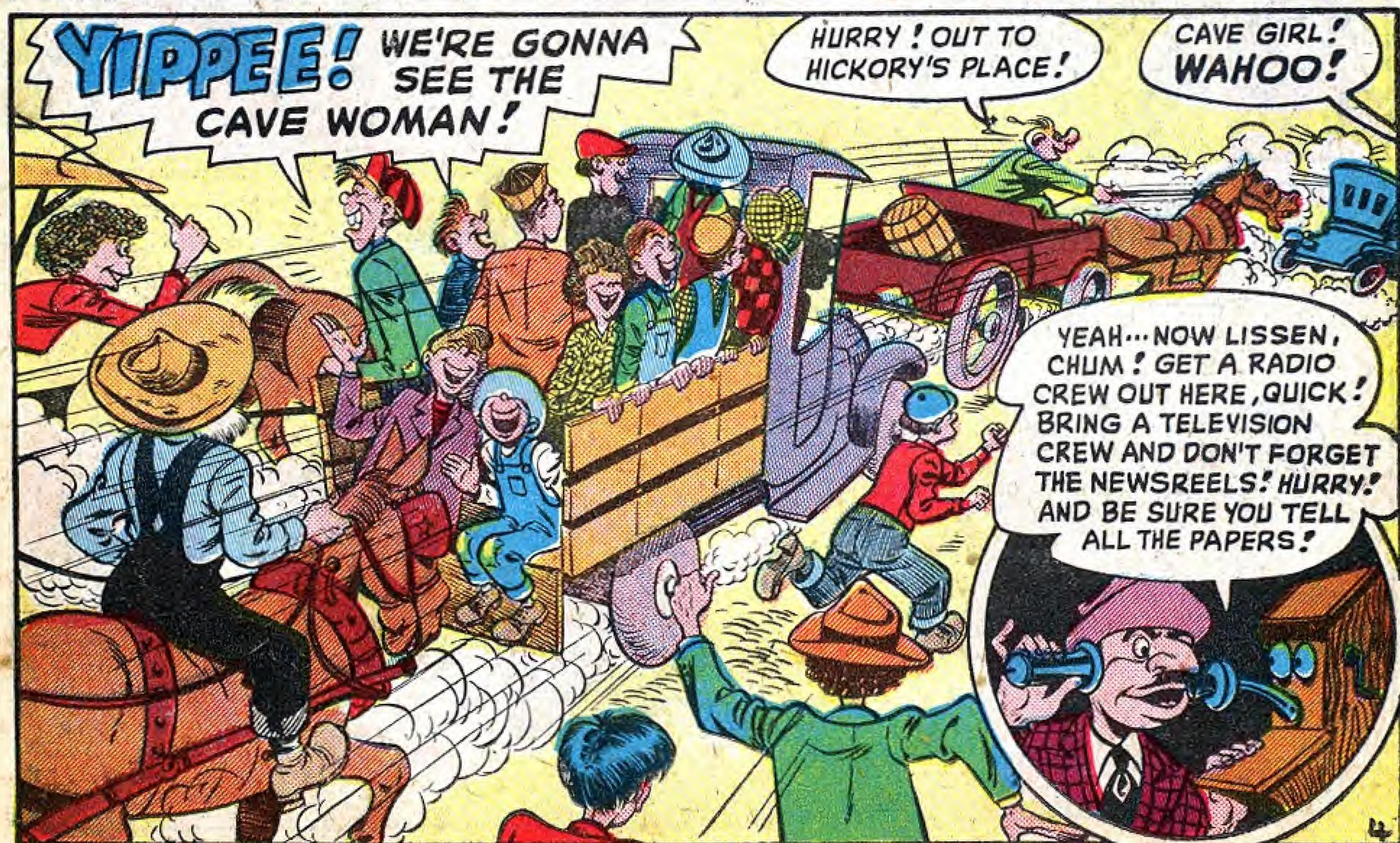
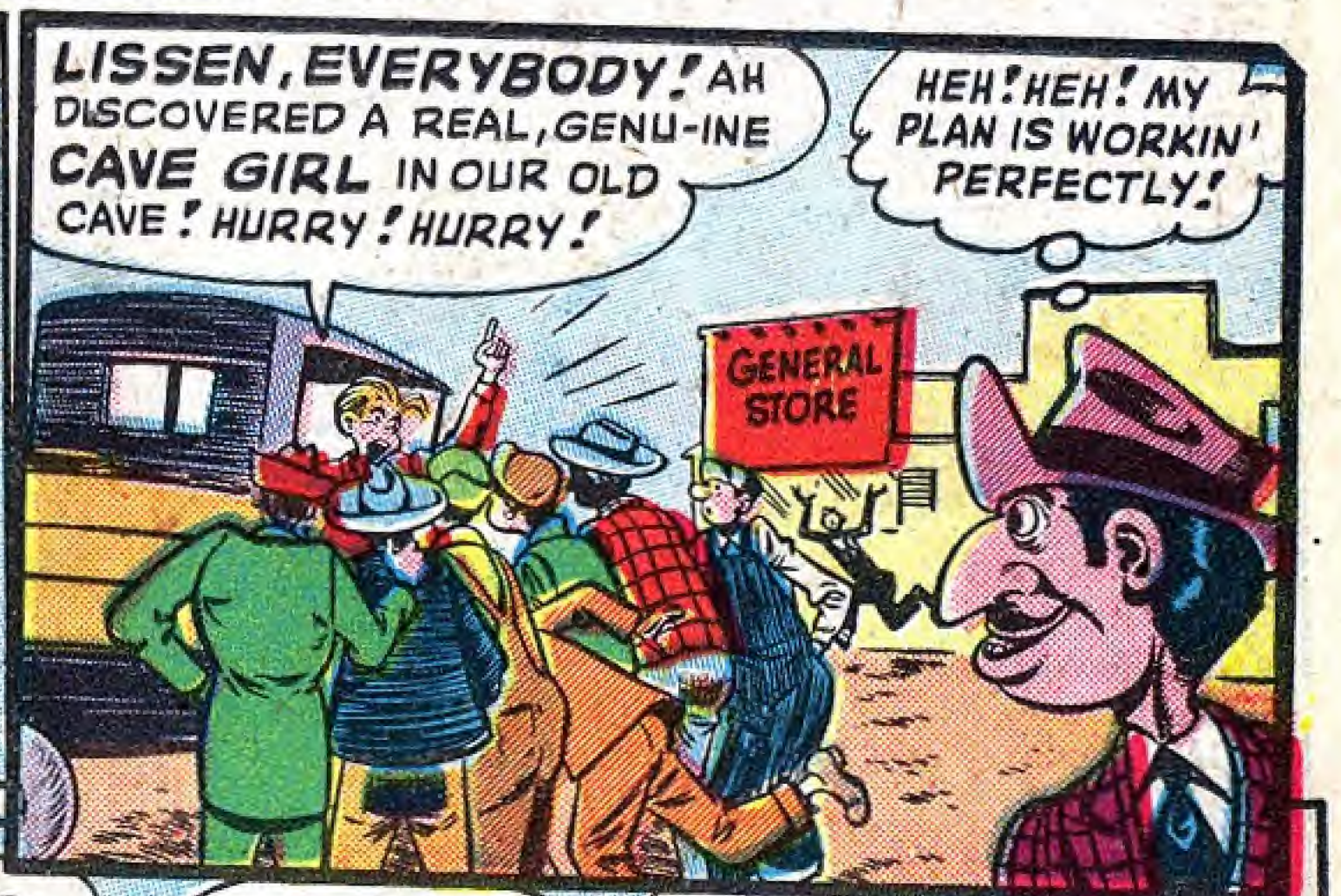
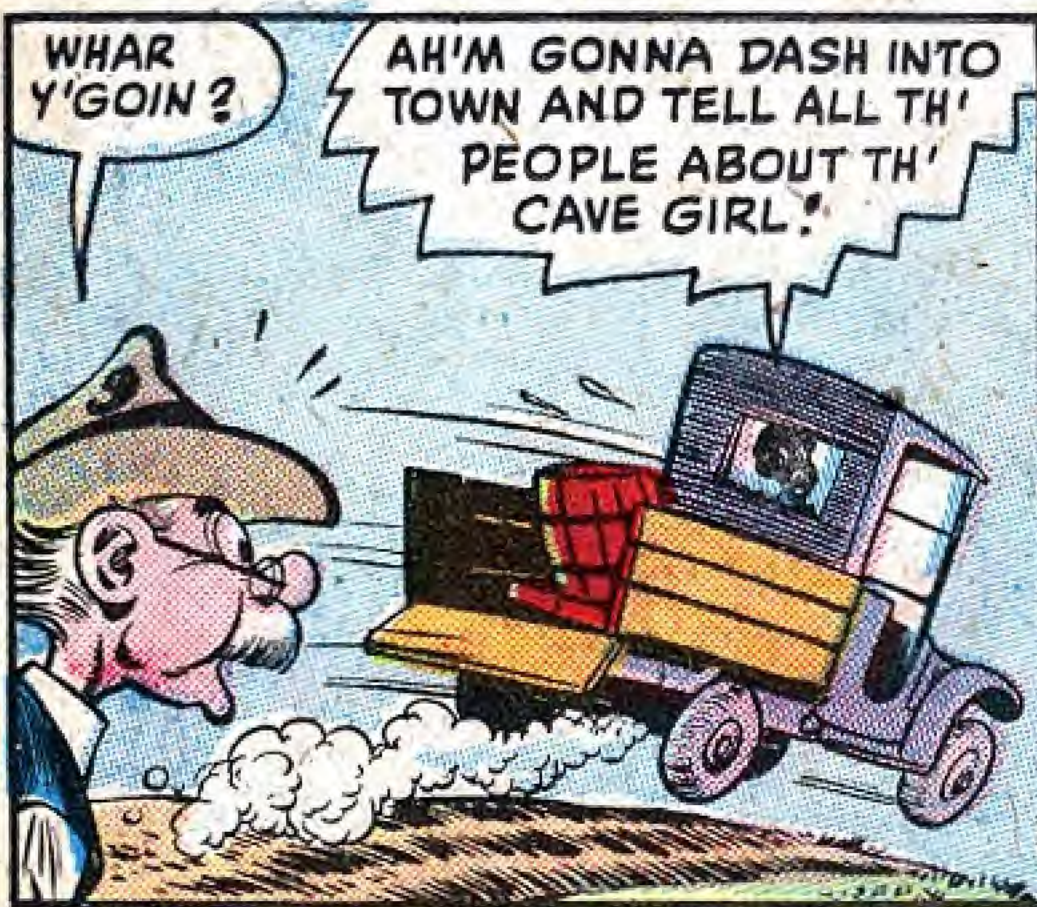




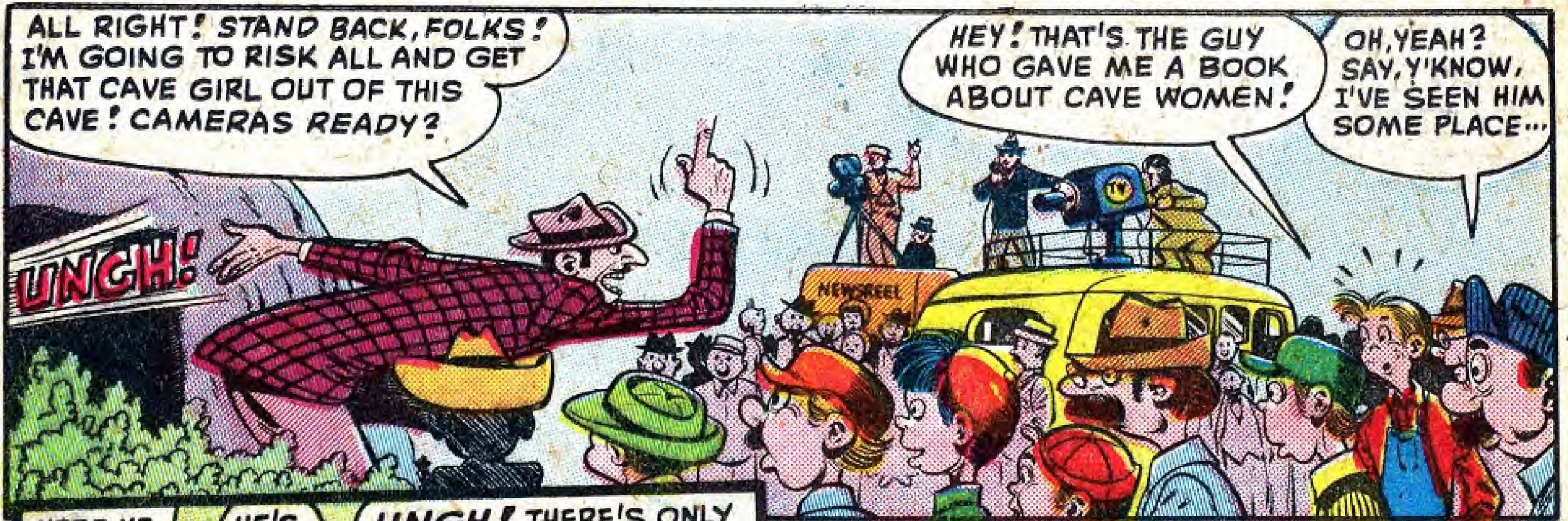












ALL RIGHT! STAND BACK, FOLKS! I'M GOING TO RISK ALL AND GET THAT CAVE GIRL OUT OF THIS CAVE! CAMERAS READY?

HEY! THAT'S THE GUY WHO GAVE ME A BOOK ABOUT CAVE WOMEN!

OH, YEAH? SAY, Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN HIM SOME PLACE...



HERE HE COMES! 'RAY! 'RAY!

HE'S GOT HER!

UNGH! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY T'HANDLE A CAVE WOMAN!

HEY! LEGGO, Y'BIG LUMMOX! THAT HAIR-PULLIN' IS NOT PART OF OUR DEAL! I WASN'T HIRED TO TAKE THAT KIND OF TREATMENT!

SHH... PIPE DOWN! DO YOU WANT TO QUEER EVERY-THING? QUIET!



NOW I GET IT! HE'S ACE MARTIN, THE PRESS AGENT! THIS IS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT!

THE WHOLE THING IS A FAKE!

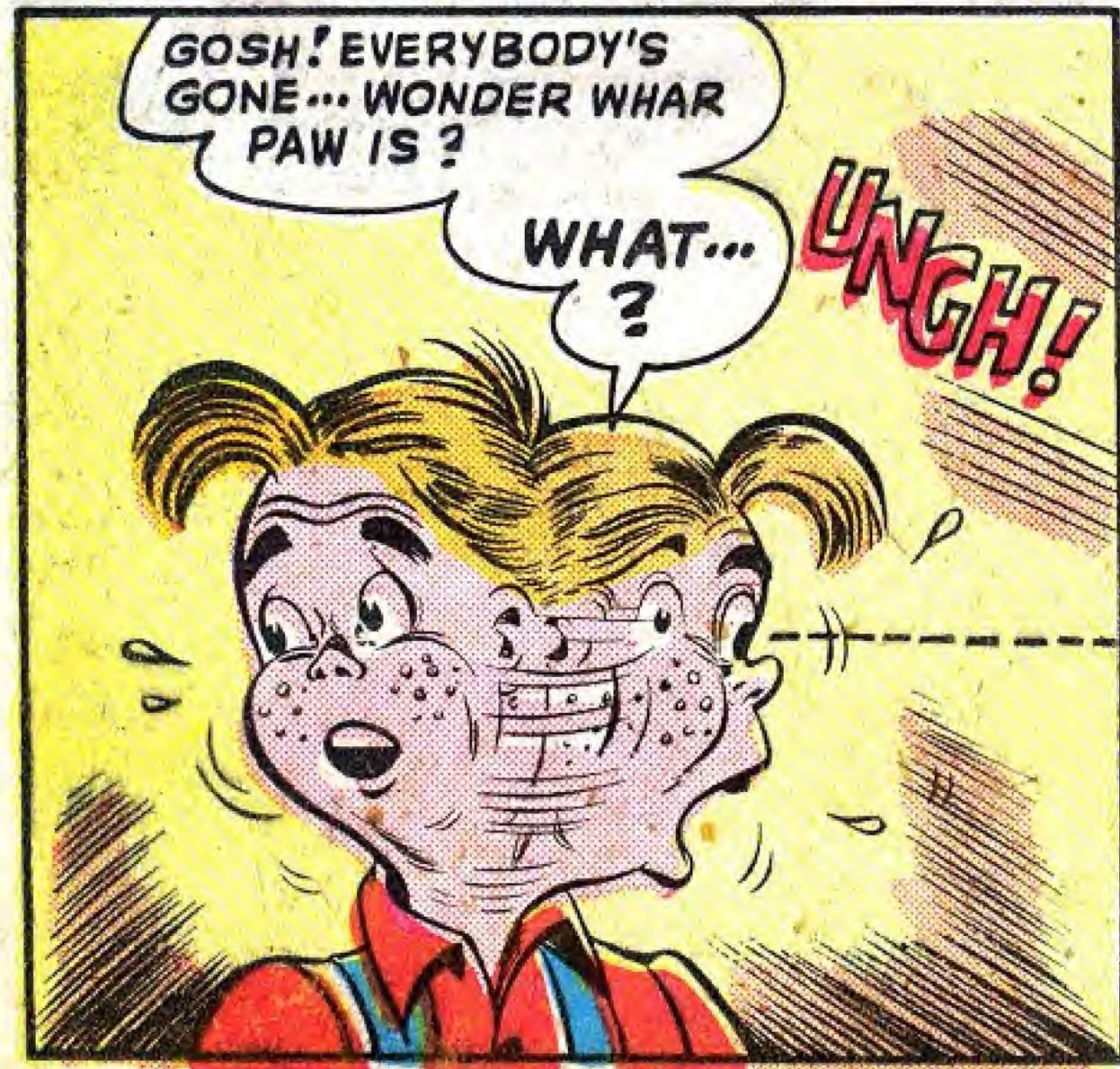
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

PHONY!

BAH! FAKE!

PHOOEY!

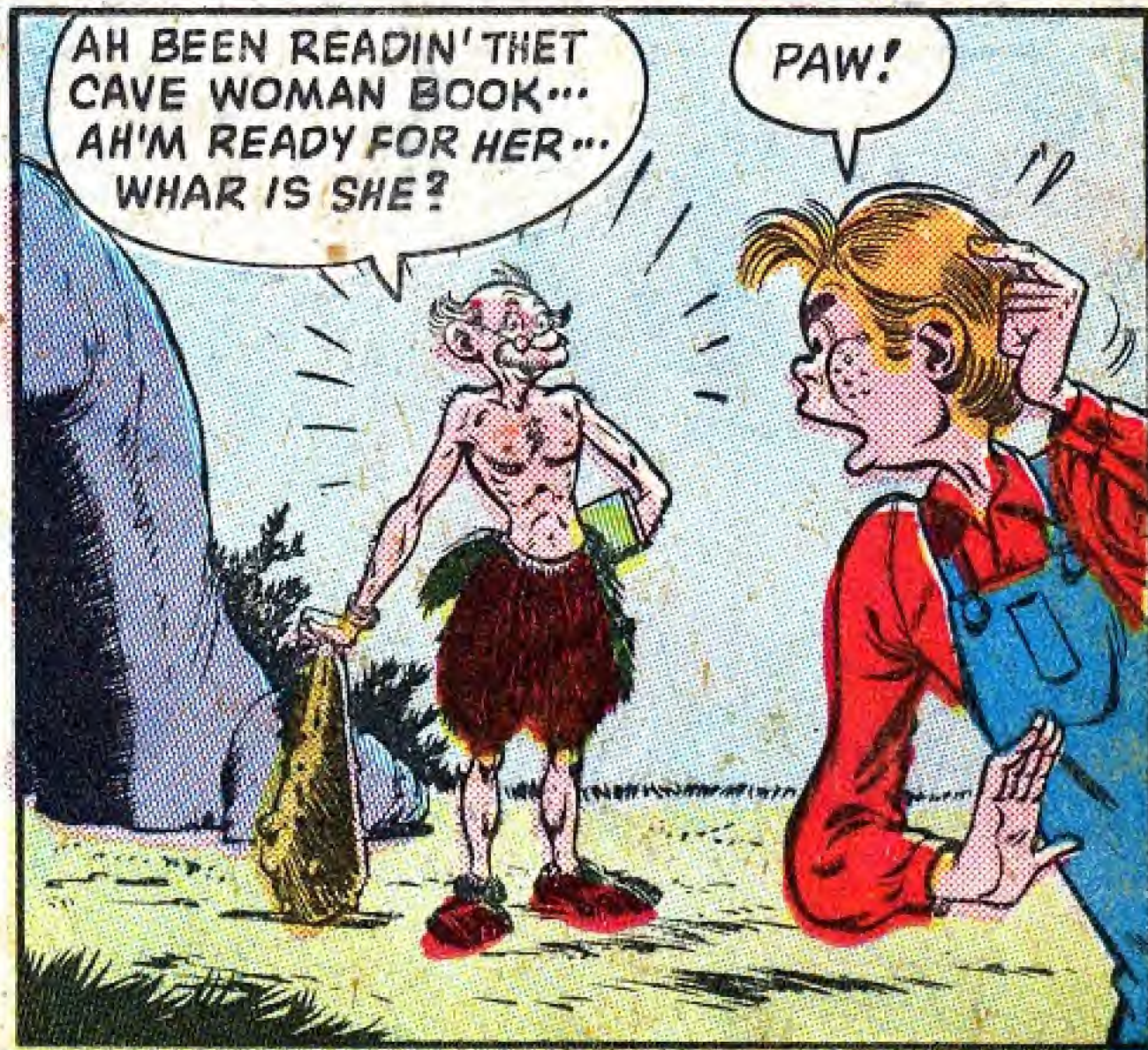
GULP! AN' AH THOUGHT HE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN!



GOSH! EVERYBODY'S GONE... WONDER WHAR PAW IS?

WHAT...?

UNGH!



AH BEEN READIN' THET CAVE WOMAN BOOK... AH'M READY FOR HER... WHAR IS SHE?

PAW!

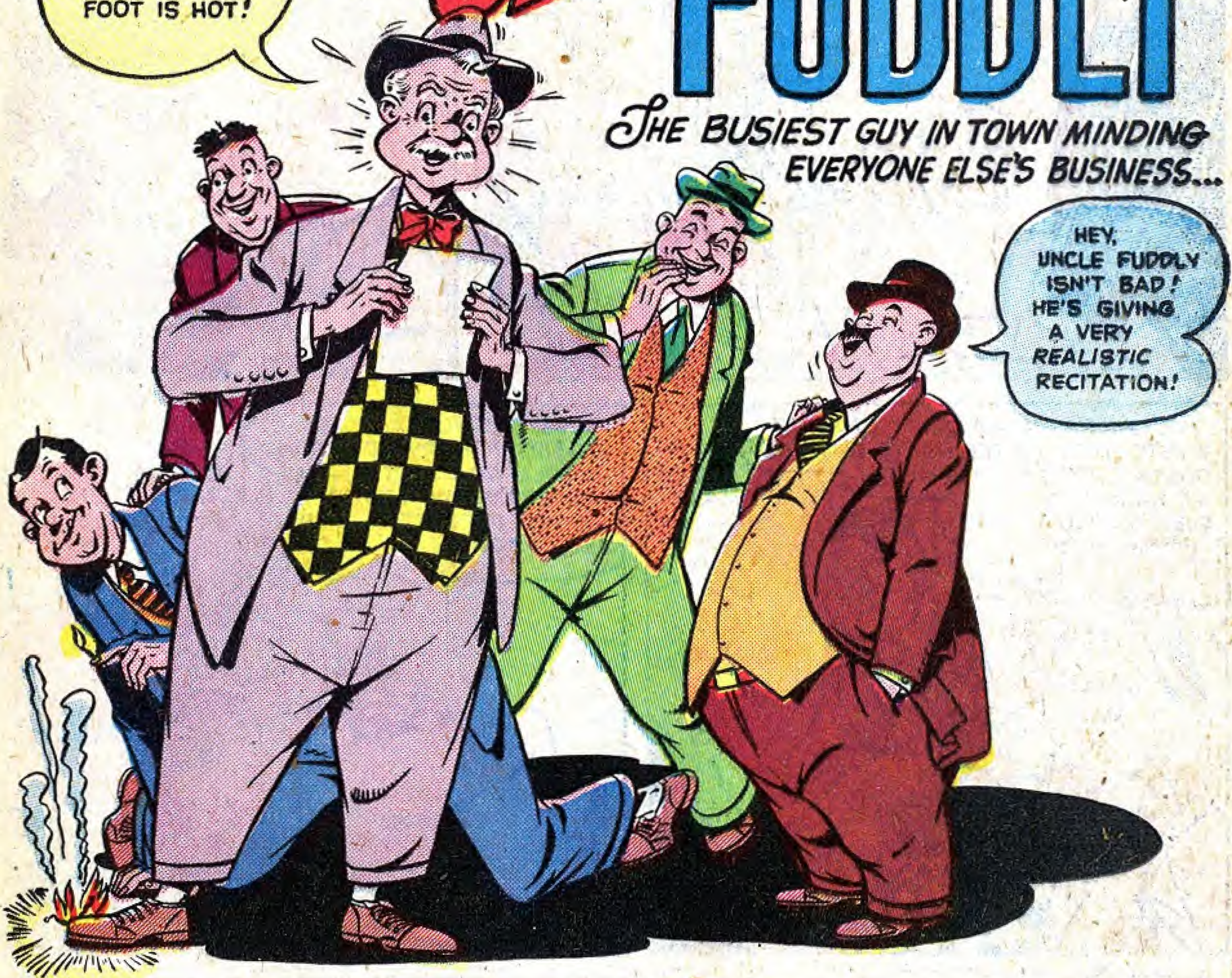


# Uncle FUDDLY

*THE BUSIEST GUY IN TOWN MINDING  
EVERYONE ELSE'S BUSINESS...*

THE BOY  
STOOD ON THE  
BURNING DECK  
...OUCH! MY  
FOOT IS HOT!

HEY,  
UNCLE FUDDLY  
ISN'T BAD!  
HE'S GIVING  
A VERY  
REALISTIC  
RECITATION!

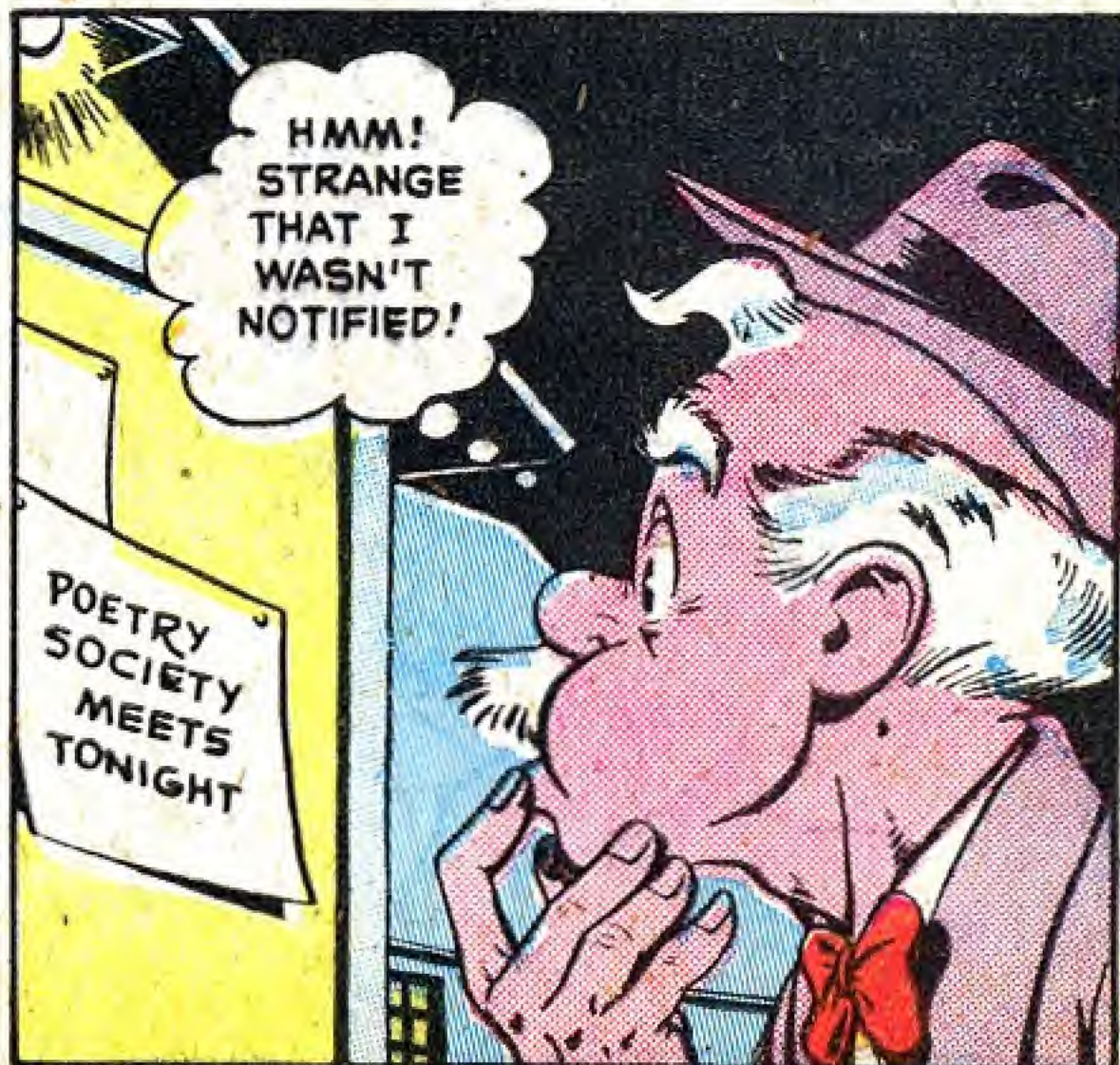
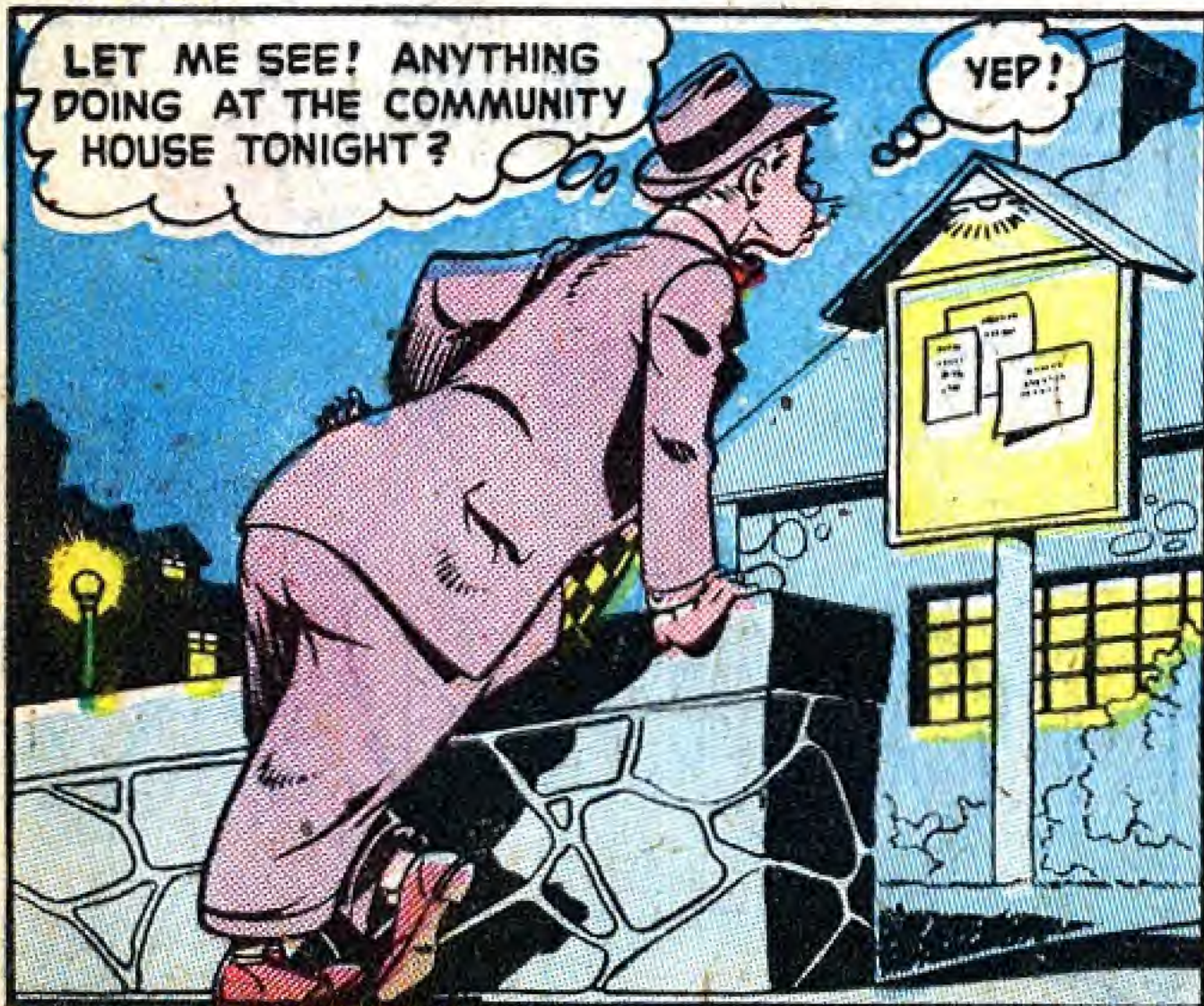


LET ME SEE! ANYTHING  
DOING AT THE COMMUNITY  
HOUSE TONIGHT?

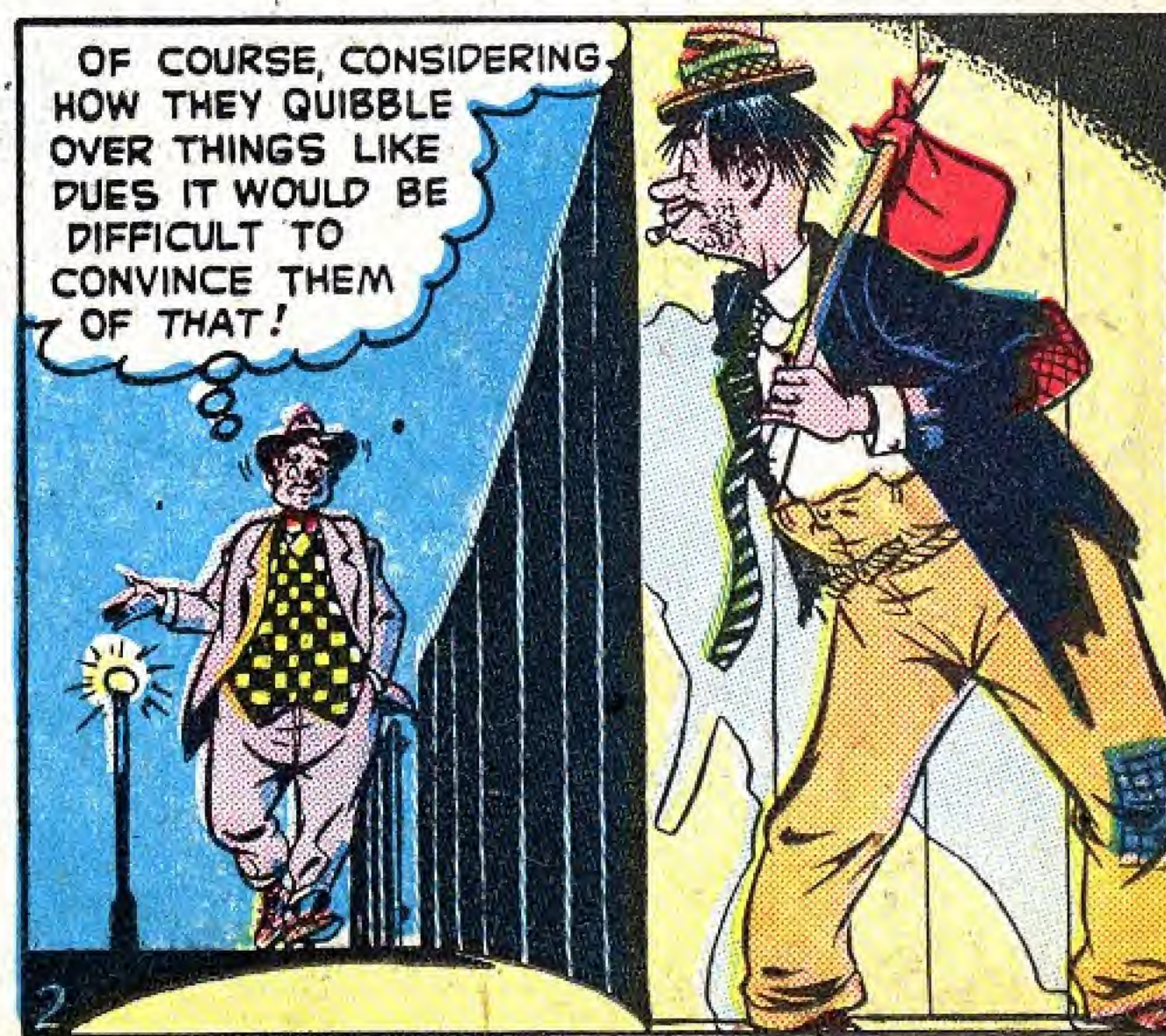
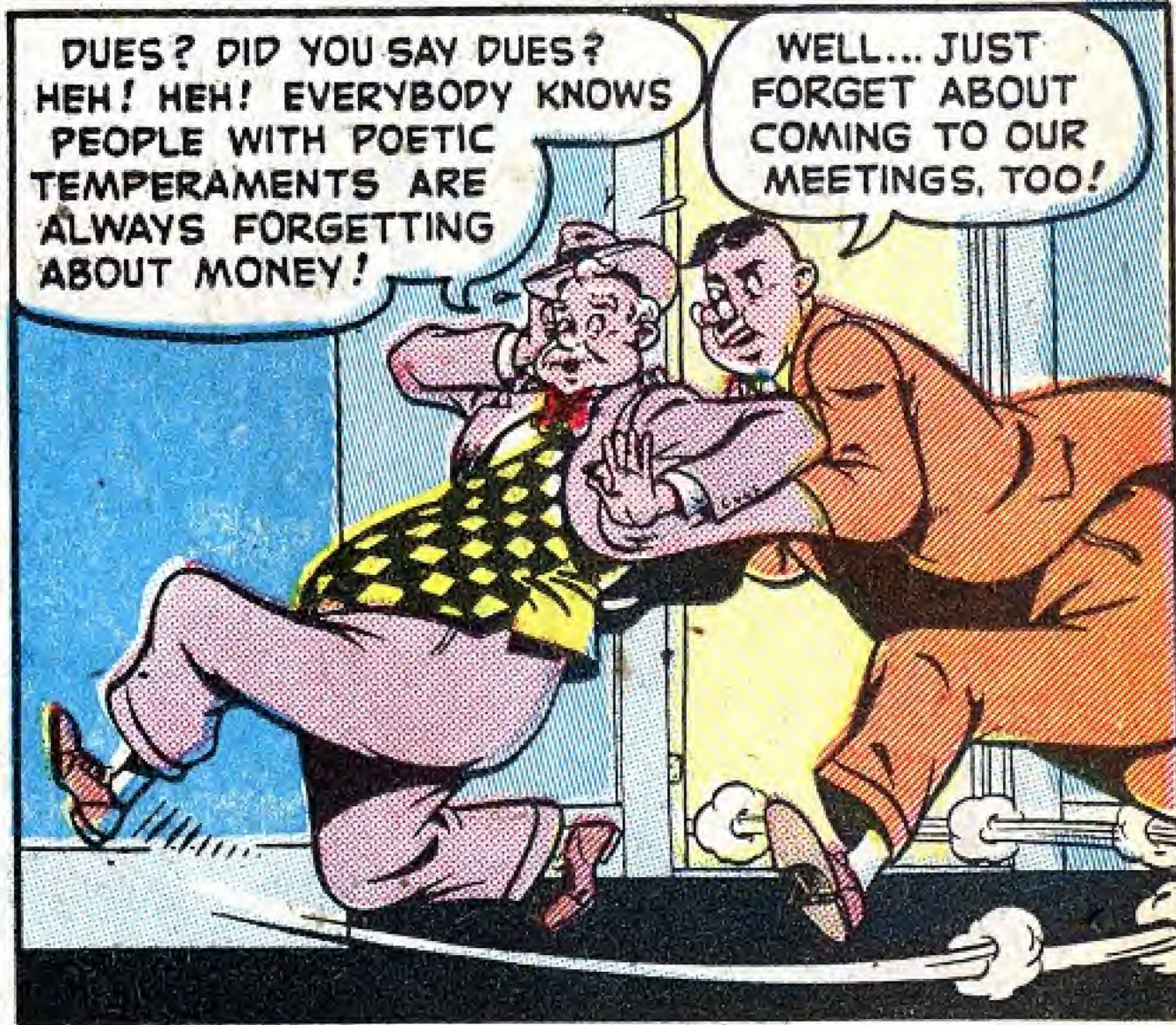
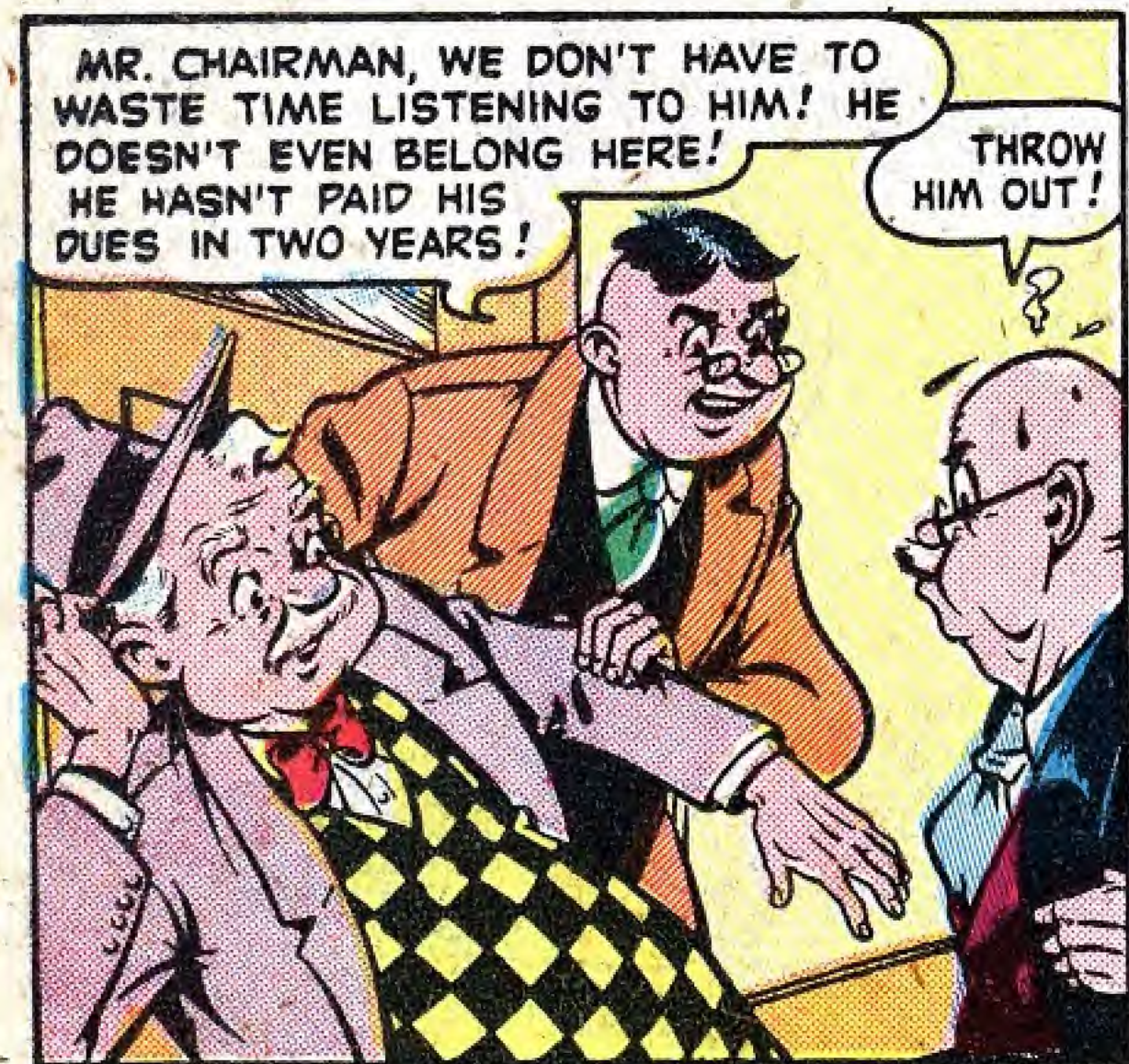
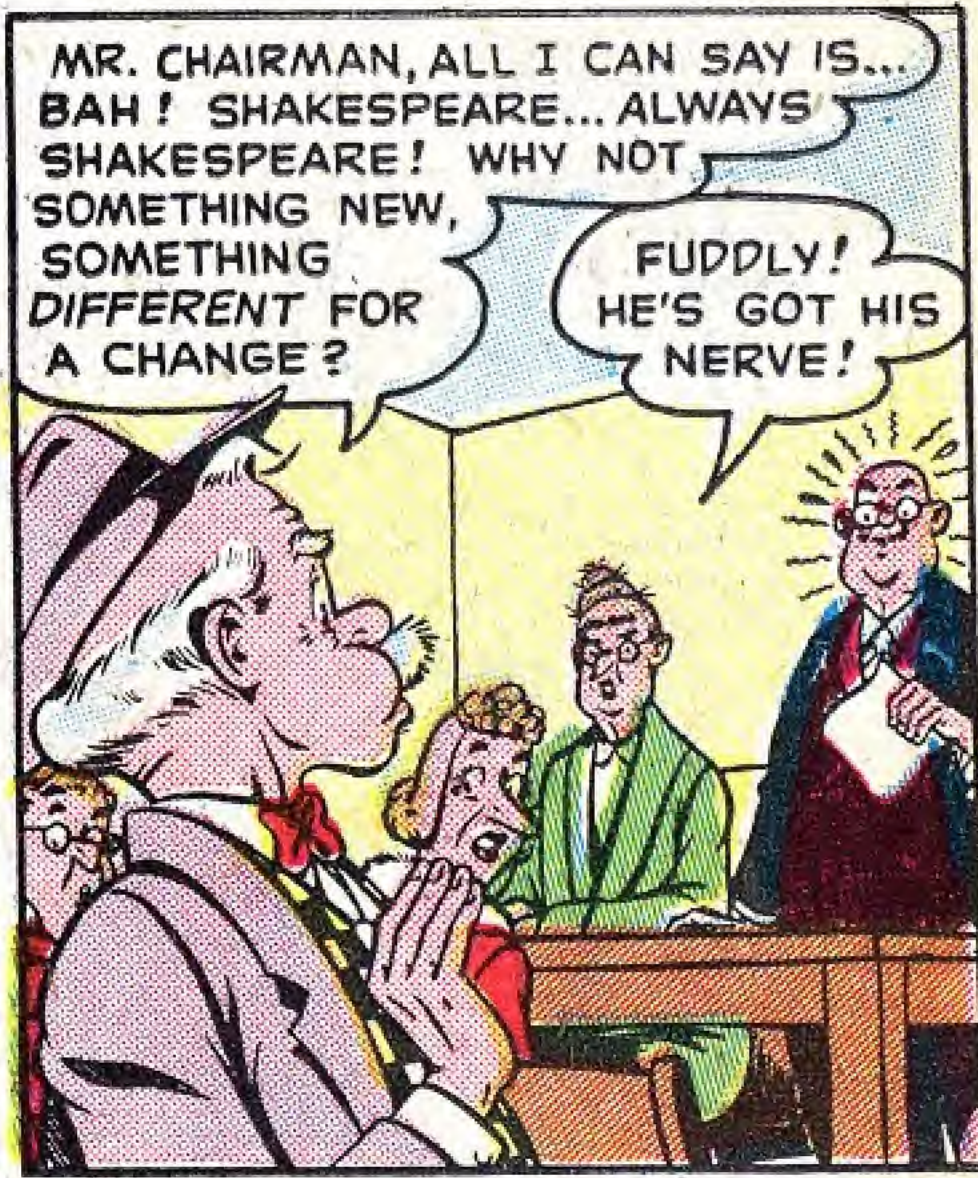
YEP!

HMM!  
STRANGE  
THAT I  
WASN'T  
NOTIFIED!

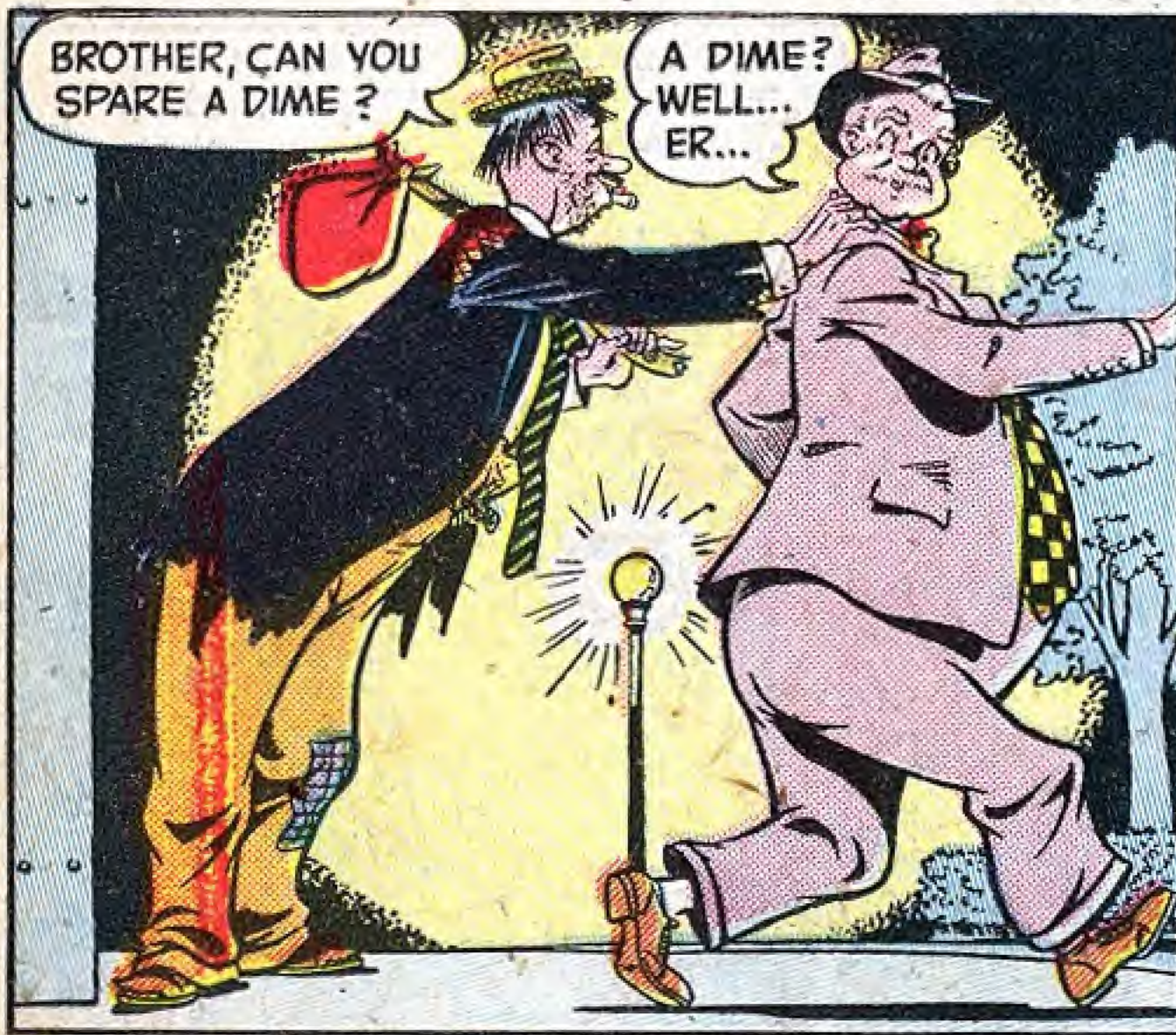
POETRY  
SOCIETY  
MEETS  
TONIGHT



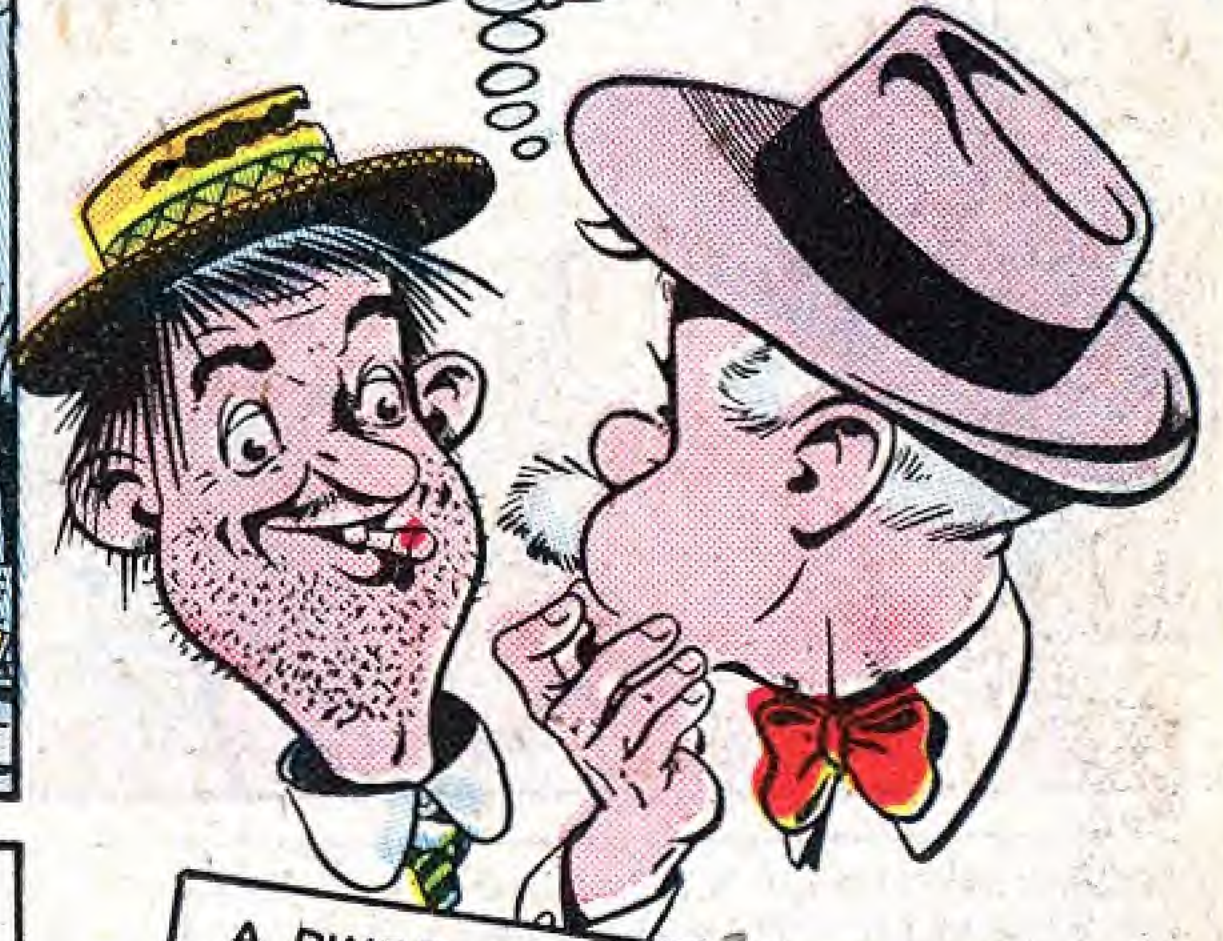






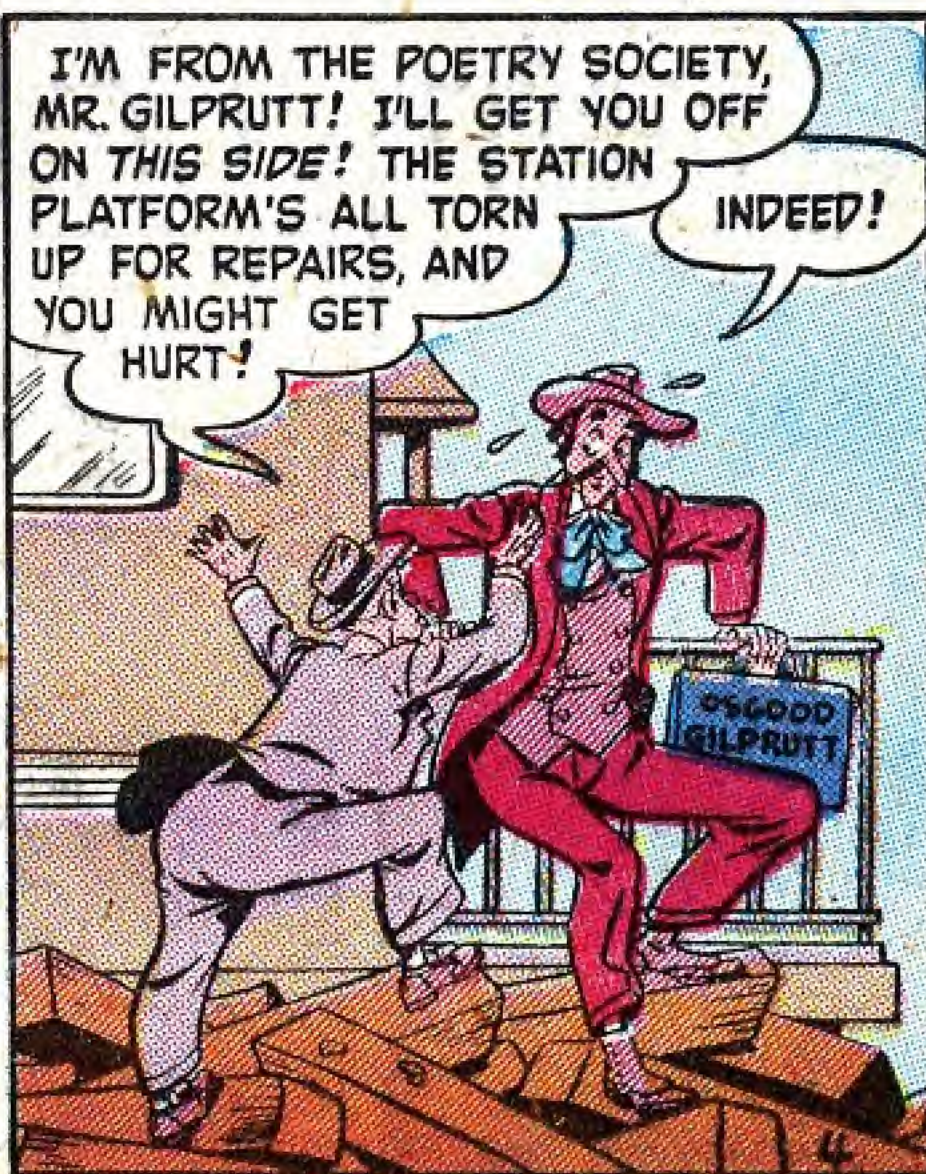
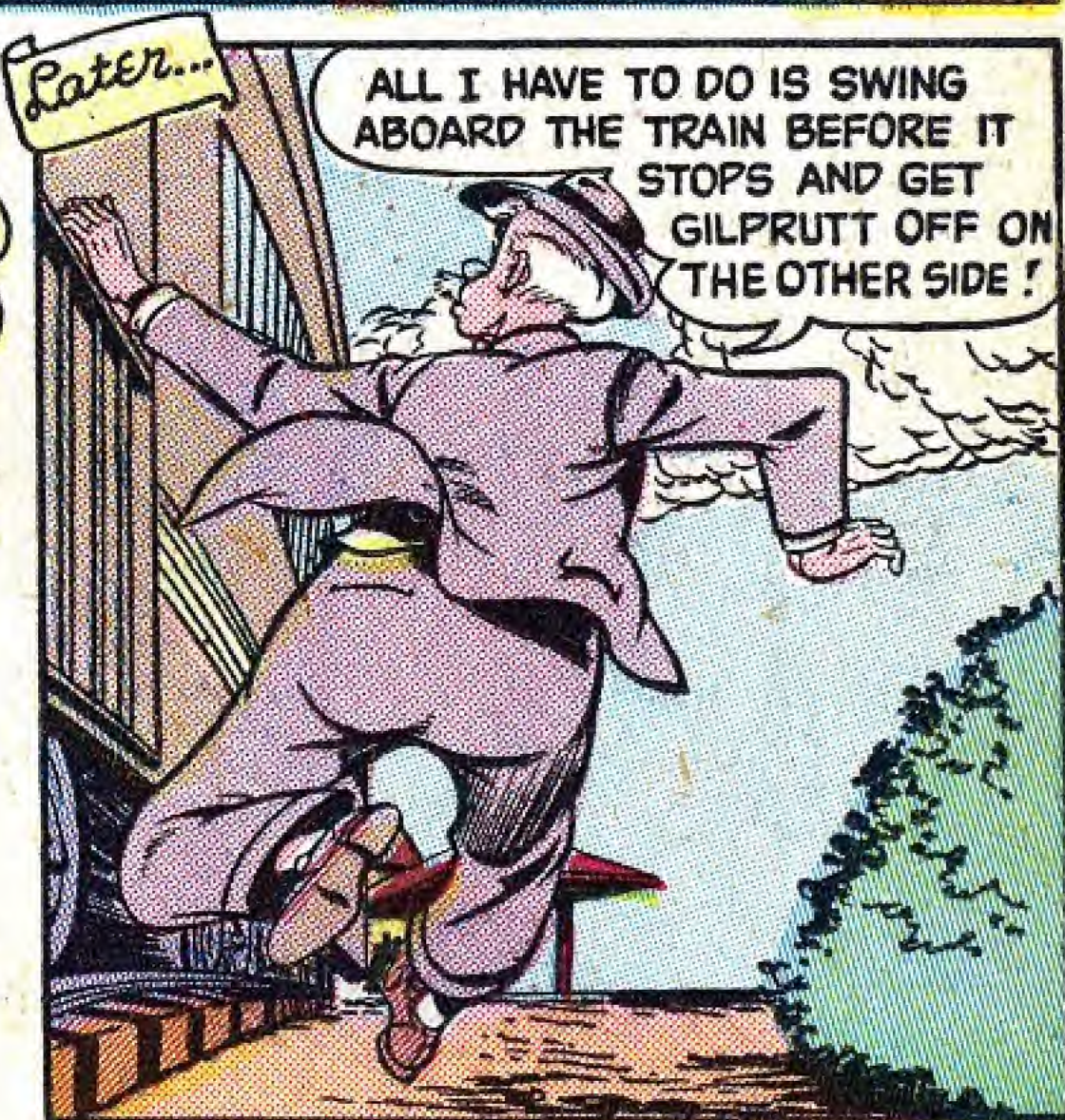
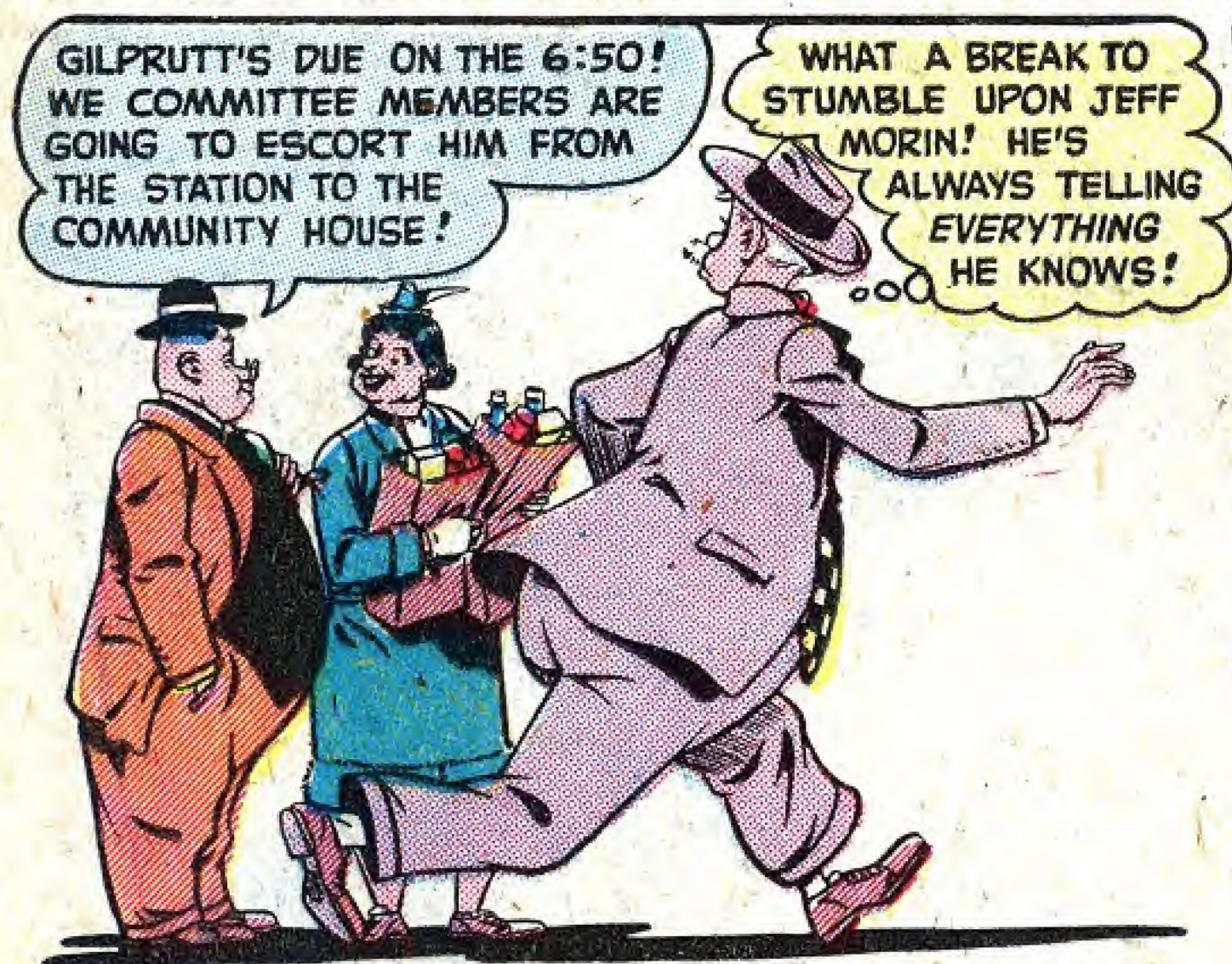
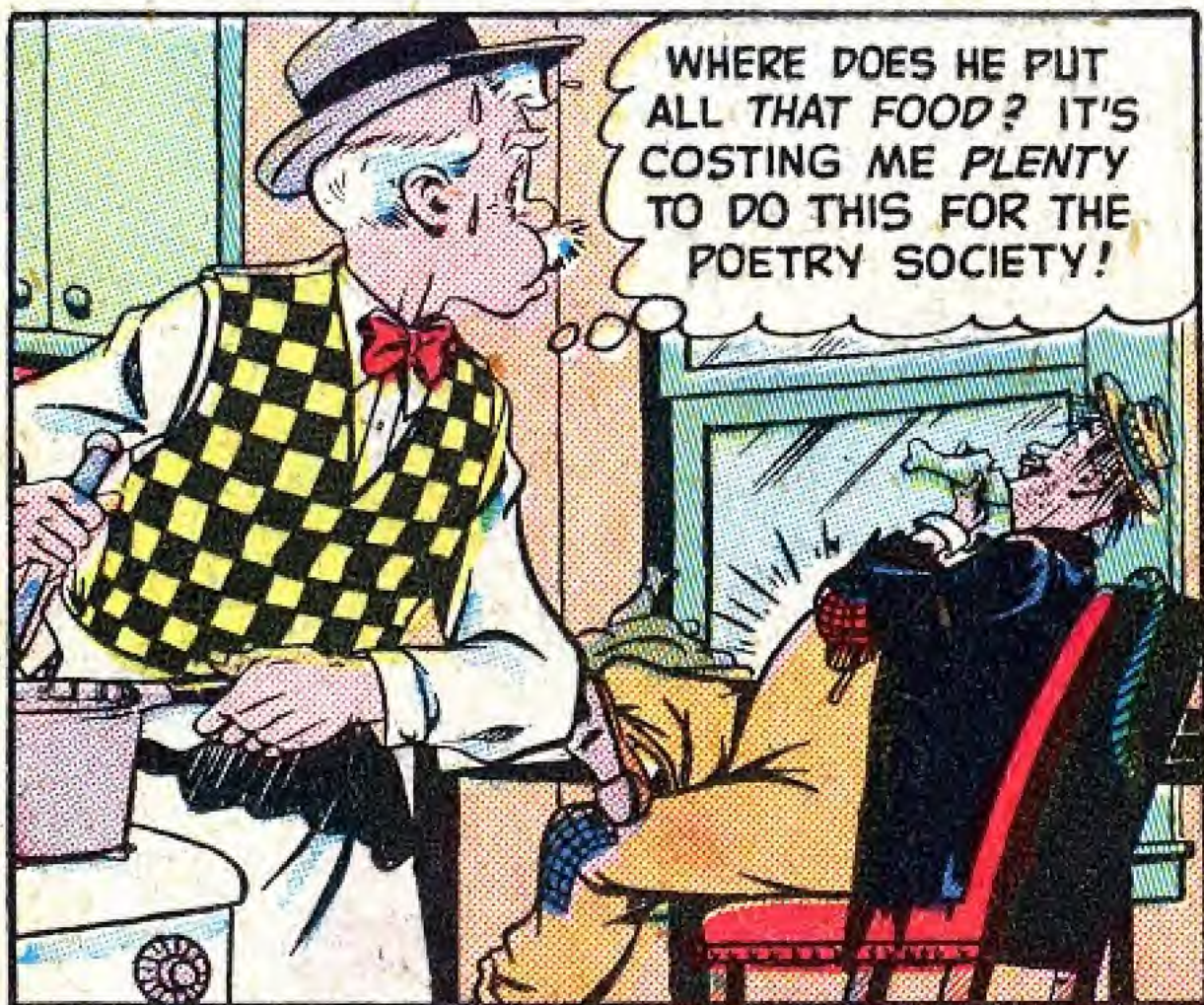


THIS FELLOW LOOKS LIKE A POET-IF I EVER SAW ONE! IF I COULD GET HIM TO READ MY POEMS TO THE SOCIETY IT WOULD BE A WAY OF SHOWING THOSE STUFFED SHIRTS THAT SHAKESPEARE'S OLD HAT!

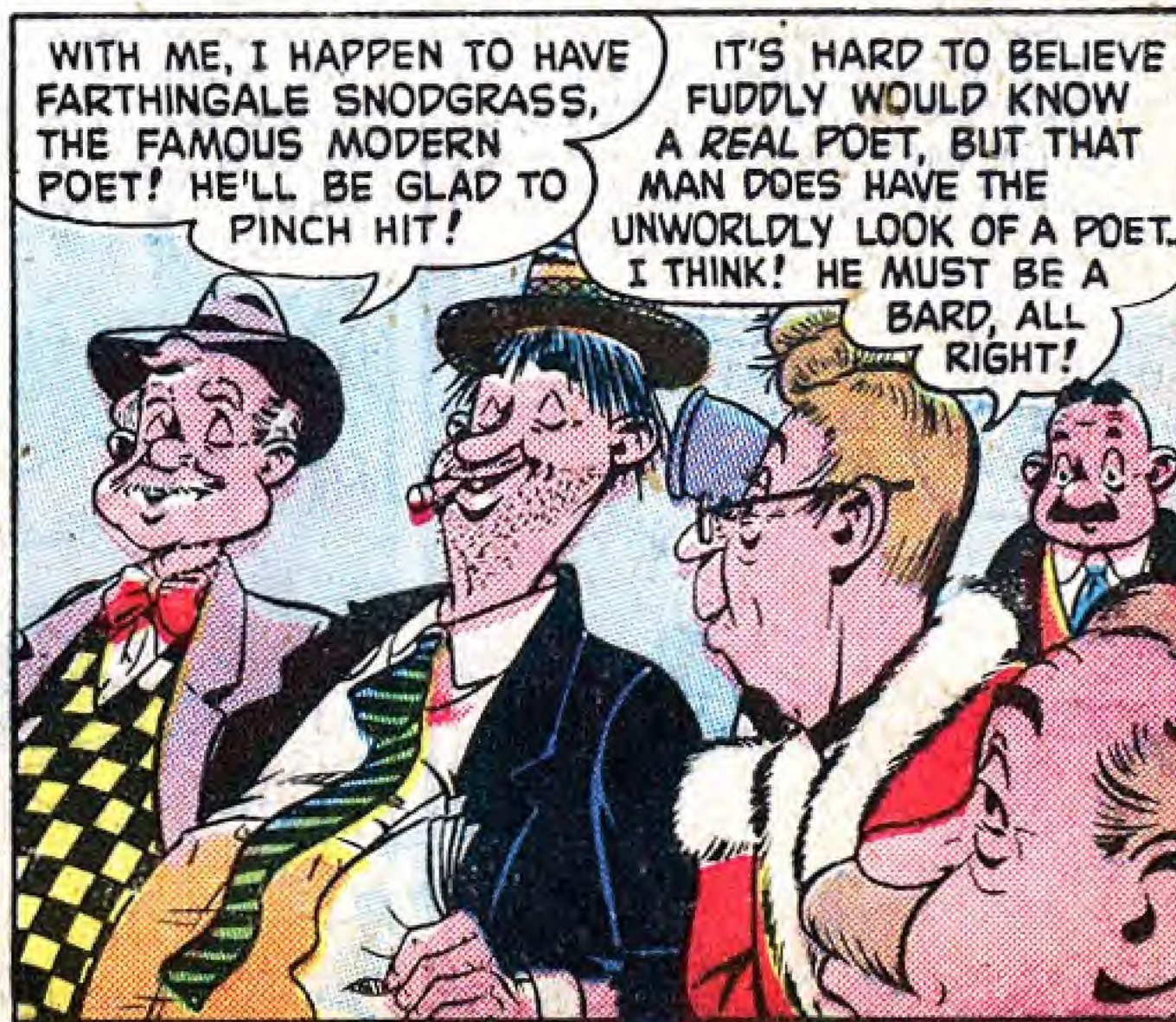
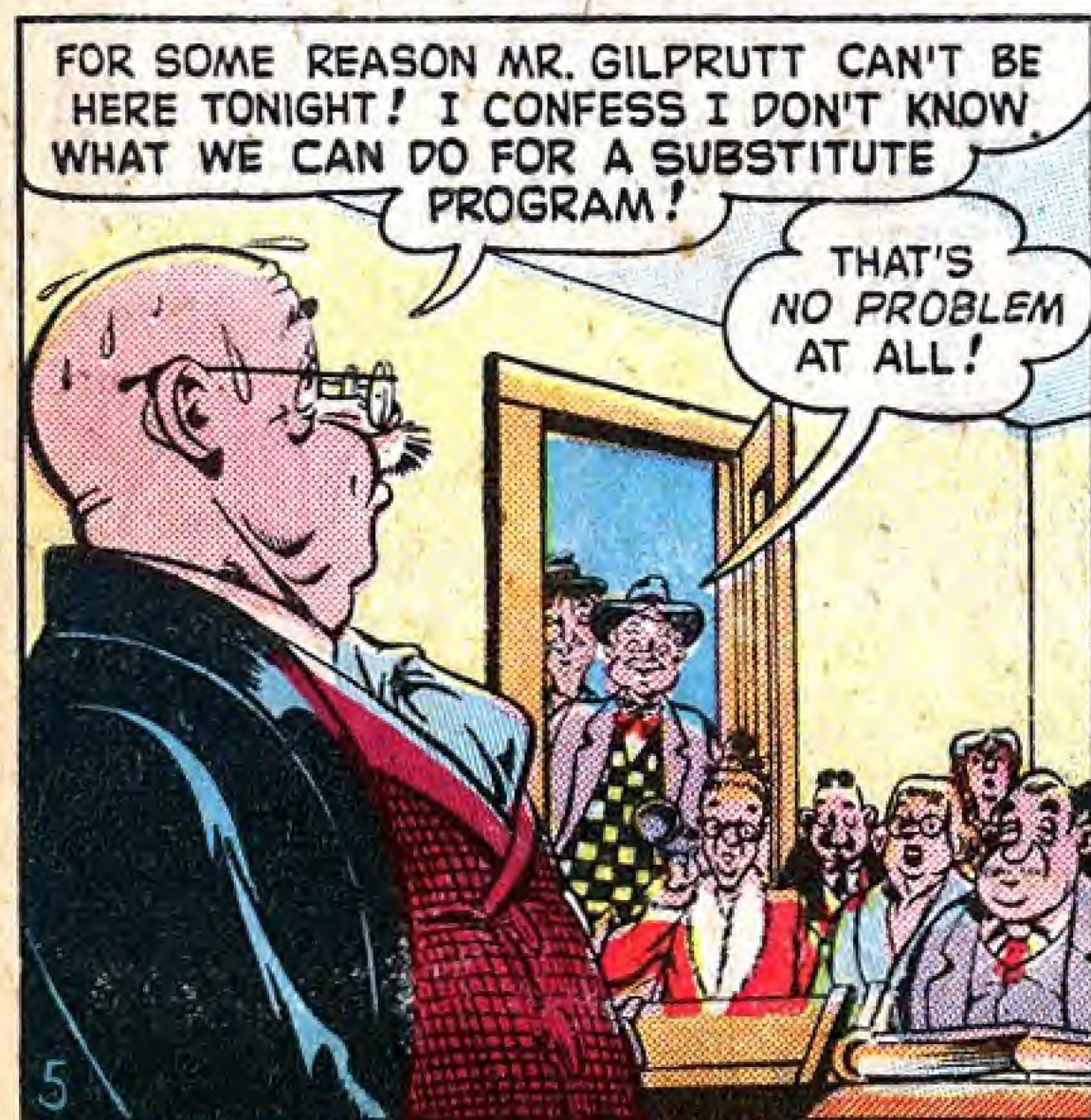
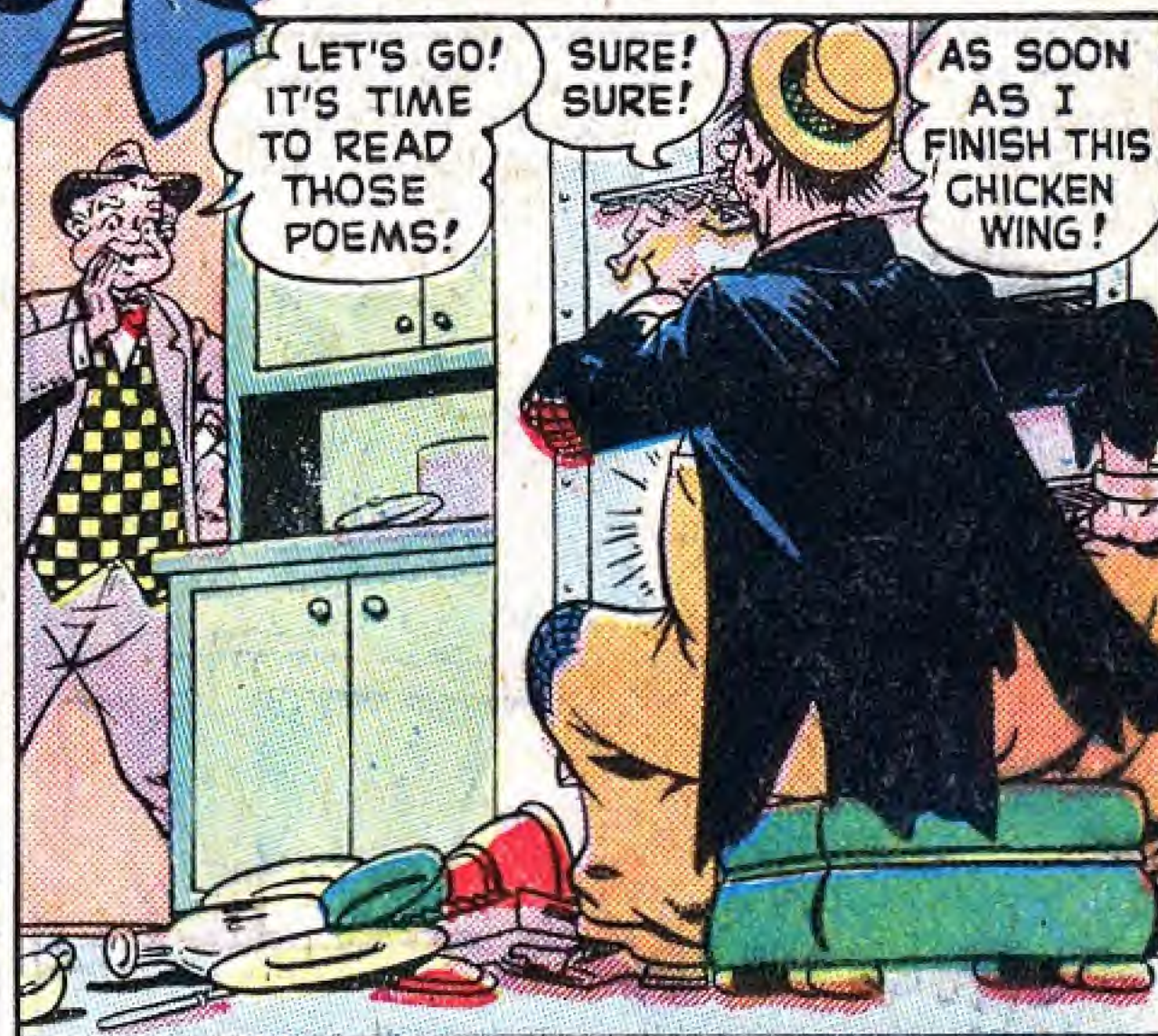




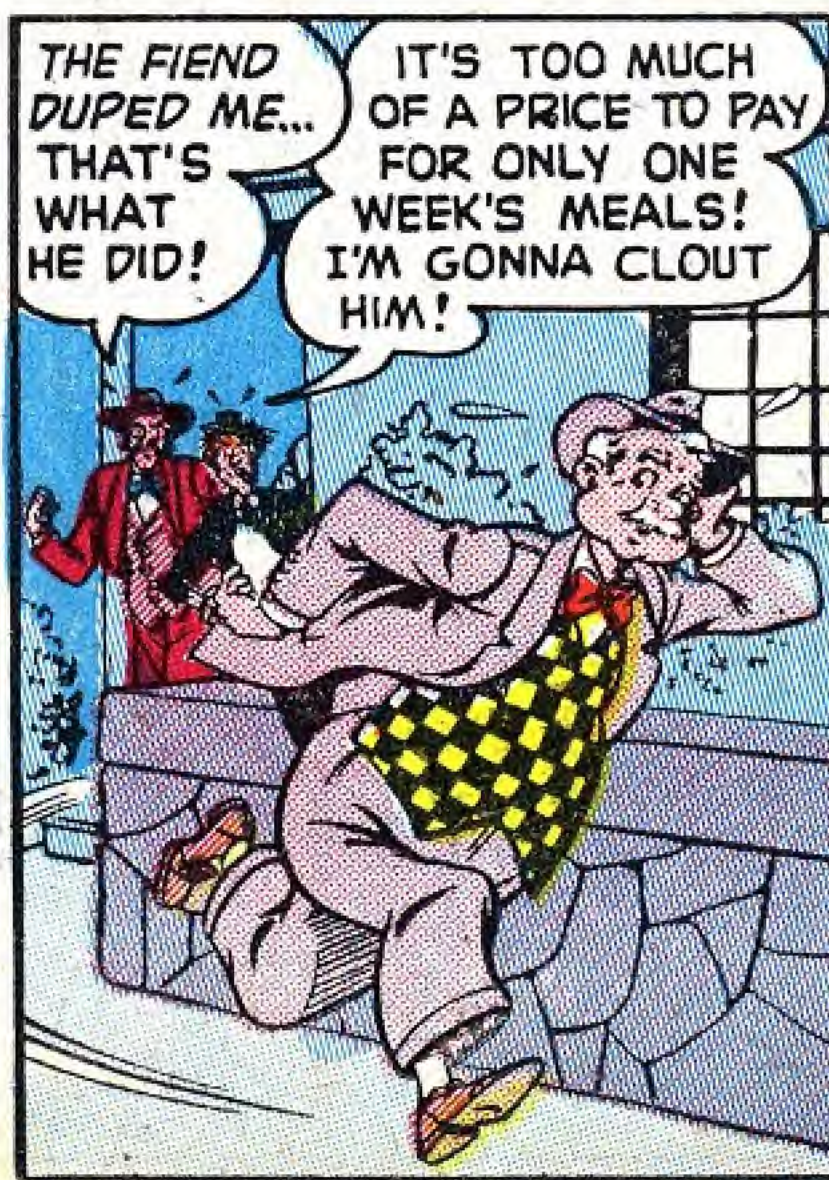
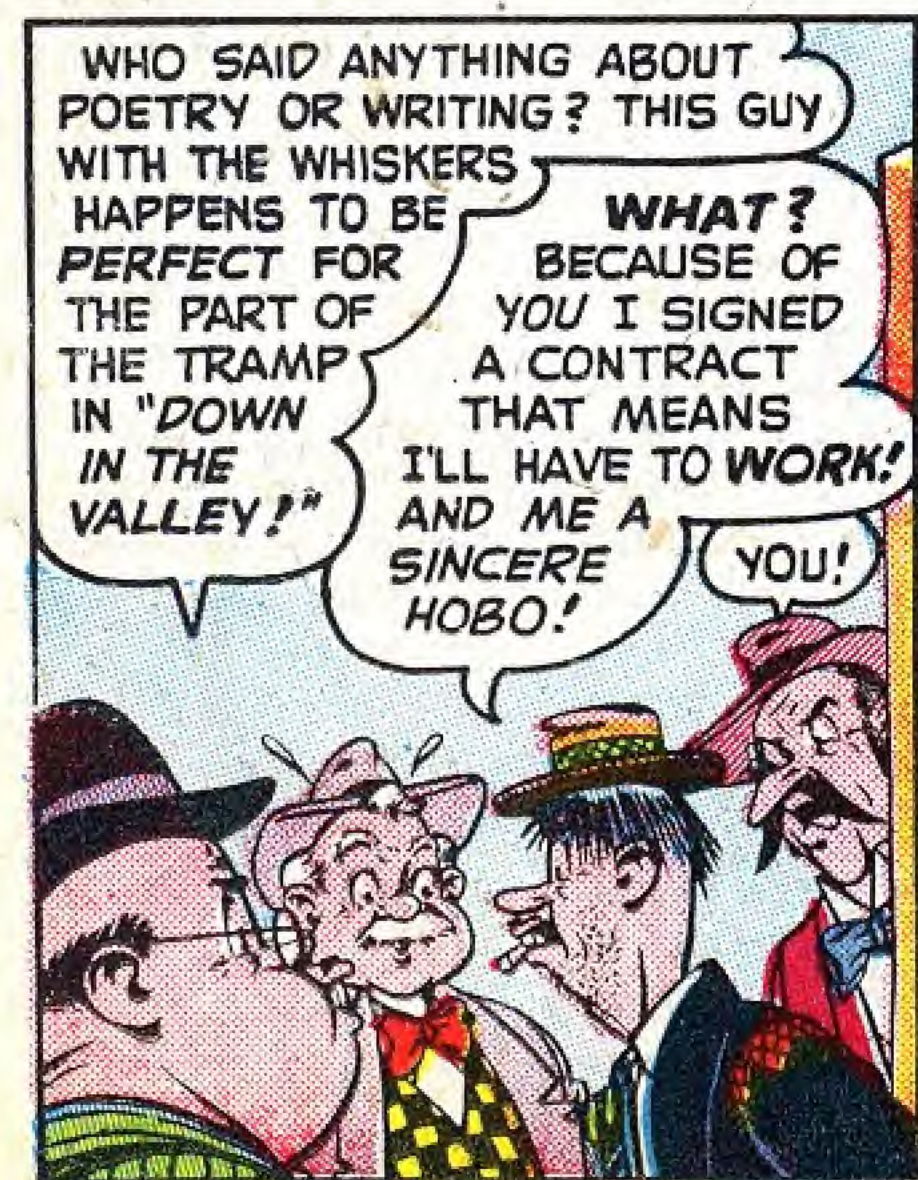
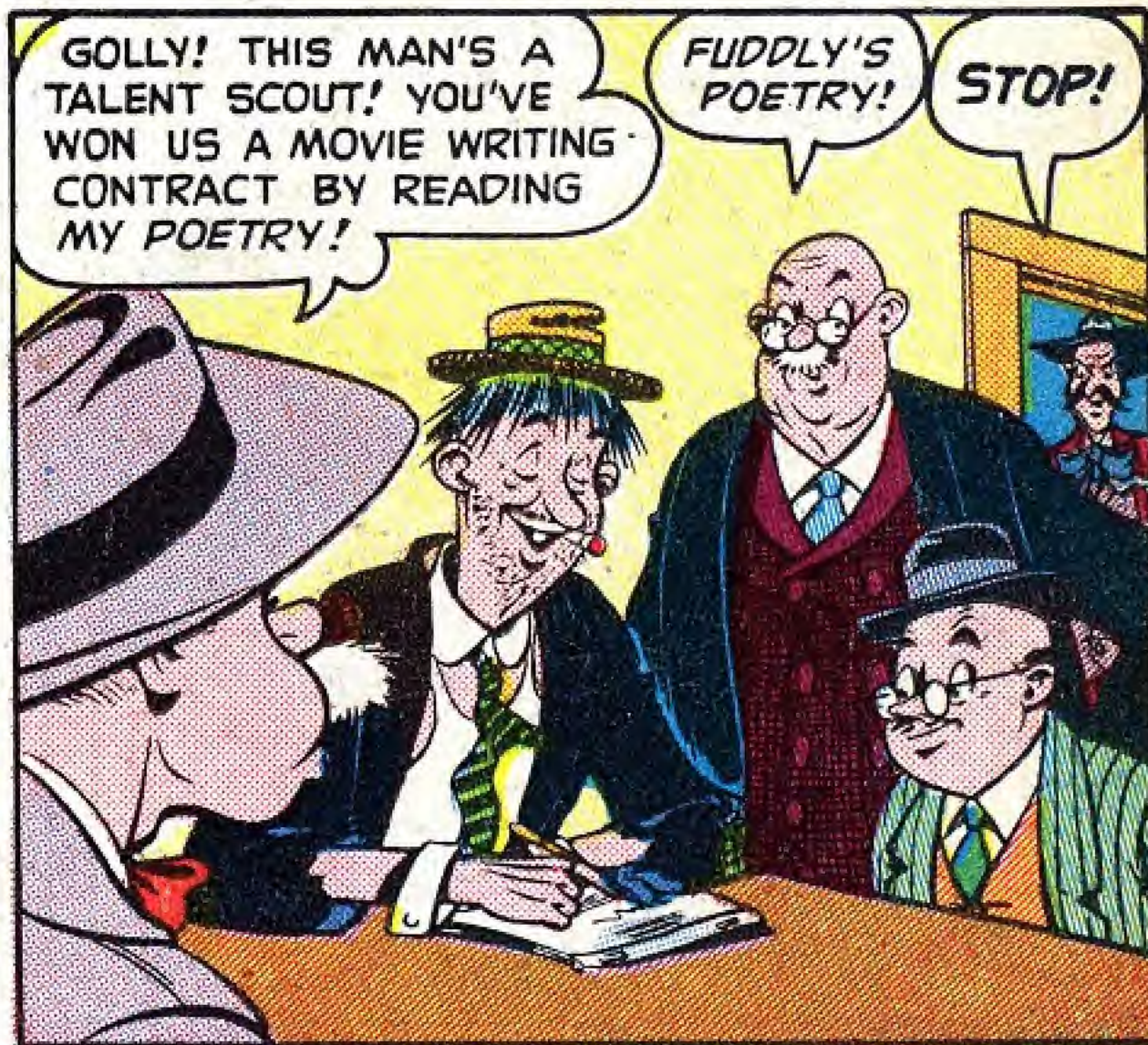
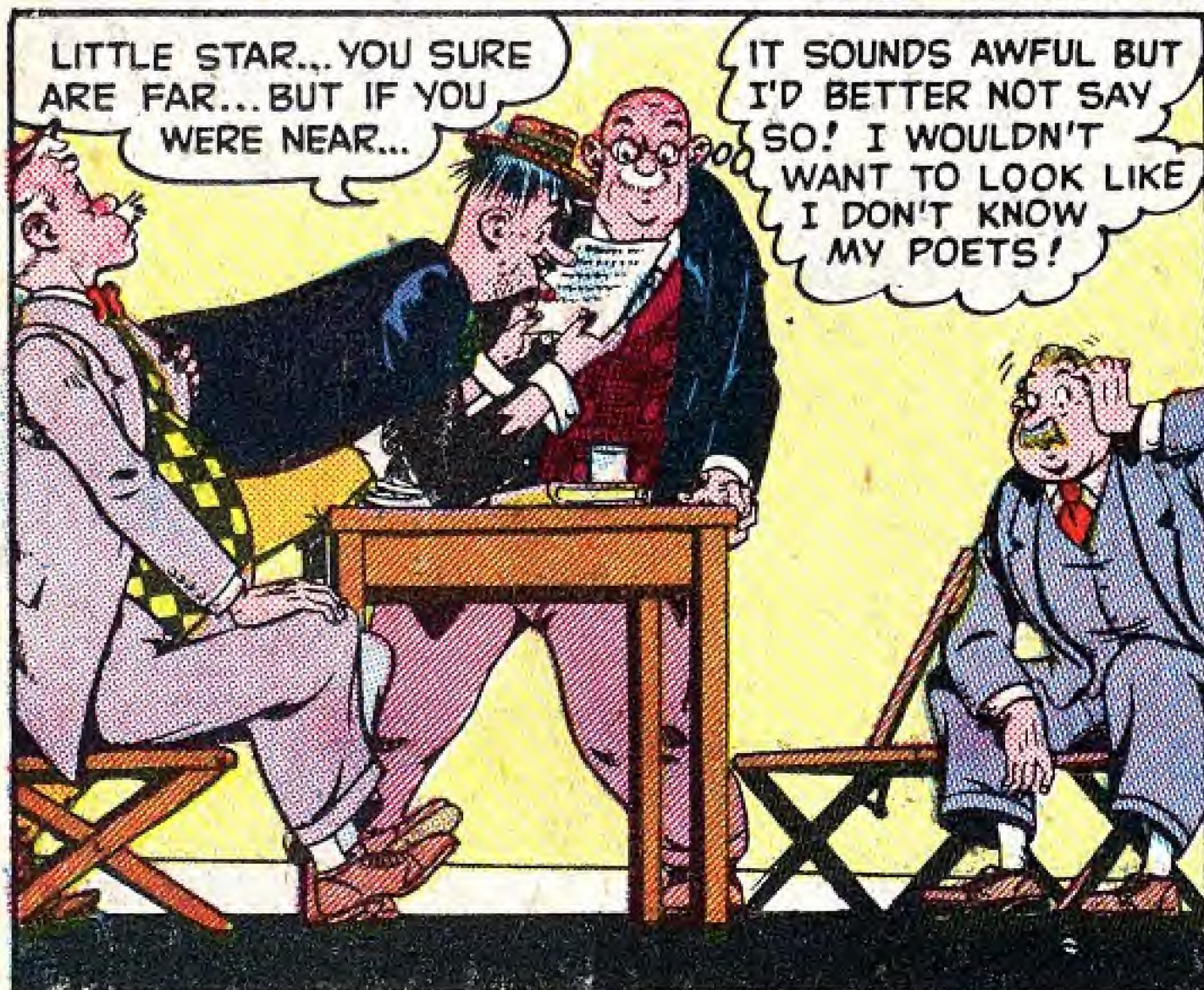
AS THE NIGHT OF THE NEXT POETRY SOCIETY MEETING APPROACHES...













# NATURE Croqueted

"NONSENSE, Kelly," snorted Uncle Gamlin. "There is no such thing as hard work to an ingenuous man. Now, with my efficient mind, I can turn the hardest labor into child's play."

"Okay," Kelly Poole said. "But I wish your ingenuous mind had my job this morning. I've been hired to cut down a tree on Penguin Avenue. It's six feet through and eighty feet high and I'm so dumb I can't figure how to make an axe work by itself."

"I'd help you," Uncle Gamlin said, "if I didn't have a job on Penguin Avenue myself. A man wants my truck to move a printing press to a new location. Well, I'll see you, Kelly. Think over what I said and use your brains on the tree-cutting job."

Uncle Gamlin started the moving truck and roared off to his job. His customer met him at the door of a shabby shack, tucked back on a weedy, tree-grown lot. Mr. Byron, the customer, was a thin, sharp-faced man with shifty eyes and a perpetual sneer. Uncle Gamlin disliked Byron on sight but the man had promised him \$50 for moving a small printing press and had shown a huge wad of crisp bills to prove his ability to pay.

"About time you got here," Byron growled and led the way in, after peering cautiously up and down the street. "Here's my press, wrapped in canvas so nobody'll recognize — I mean, so no dust can get on it."

Uncle Gamlin surveyed the wrapped machine. "Mmm," he commented. "You must do an awful lot of printing in green ink. The base of the press is spattered with ink the same color as ten-dollar bills."

Byron whirled, his face white, his hand streaking toward his hip pocket. Then he saw Uncle Gamlin's innocent face and relaxed, mopping his forehead. "Er—yeh, heh-heh! That's why I insisted you bring a closed truck and not tell a soul about this job. I'm—uh—afraid counterfeiters might steal my ink and use it to print phoney bills. That would be illegal."

"Yep," Uncle Gamlin agreed. "And it's against the law, too."

He bent to the task of moving the press, type and supplies into his waiting truck. Meanwhile Kelly Poole, still pondering Uncle Gamlin's advice about making work easy, was laying out his axe and saw beneath a giant tree not twenty

yards from the shack. He walked around the great trunk, scowling.

"I guess I'll never be as smart as Uncle Gamlin," he sighed. "I'm dogged if I can see any way to make chopping this tree down any easier."

He broke off as a sudden gust of wind whirled through the lot, sending dust and twigs showering around him. Overhead, the sky was darkening and black clouds scudded furiously in the distance. Suddenly Kelly's scowl vanished. A joyous light burst in his eyes. He snapped his fingers and raced off to the nearest telephone.

"Weather Bureau?" he cried a moment later. "Can you tell me if we're due for a wind storm soon? We are? A bad one? Swell."

He hung up and raced back to the lot, so excited over his idea that he failed to notice Uncle Gamlin's truck backed up to the shack nearby. Whistling gaily, Kelly swung the axe until he had chopped a shallow notch in the huge trunk. Then he stretched out comfortably on the grass nearby to wait.

Things happened fast, then. Sharper gusts of wind whistled out of the north and then the gusts became a roaring blast. The big tree swayed, bent, and then, with a rending groan, it snapped off at the notch. Kelly's shout of triumph was drowned in a terrific crash as the gigantic trunk landed on the parked truck, its heavier branches smashing the roof of the shanty.

"Kelly, you idiot, you stoop, you dumb-head!" yelled Uncle Gamlin, bursting from the wreckage. "You wrecked our truck, smashed my customer's expensive printing press and pinned him under the shack roof."

"But I was saving labor like you said," Kelly began, then broke off as an angry cop came storming across the lot. "Oh-oh! Now I'm in for it."

The cop ran to the wreckage and then suddenly he was jerking out gun and handcuffs. Kelly shuddered and held out his wrists, but the cop was digging under the smashed shed. "Boys, you'll get a fat reward for this. We've been trying to nail Byron, the counterfeiter, for months. How did you manage to get him with the evidence?"

Kelly and Uncle Gamlin exchanged sickly grins. Kelly swallowed nervously. "Aw," he said, "it was nothin' at all. Just an accident."



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CAN THEY REALLY  
TELL HOW SMART  
I AM BY THE BUMPS  
ON MY HEAD, MR.  
GRETZEL?

WITH **YOU**, PINKY,  
THERE'S NO TELLING!  
I SUGGEST WE  
CONDUCT A  
TEST!

PHRENOLOGY  
CLINIC

WINKLEMAN

DUMB-WITTED  
EMPLOYEES I  
HAVE HIRED, PINKY  
PARKER, BUT YOU  
ARE **TOPS** ON  
THE LIST!

GRETZEL  
TOY COMPANY

GOSH, MR. GRETZEL,  
I WAS GOING TO  
ASK FOR JUST A  
LITTLE MORE  
SALARY BUT SINCE  
I'M THE **TOPS**,  
I GUESS I CAN  
ASK FOR A  
**BIG**  
RAISE!





"SPLUTTER! RAISE? YOU ARE LUCKY I AM NOT RAISING YOU OUT THE DOOR THIS VERY MINUTE!"

GEE, WHAT DID I DO NOW?



WHAT DID YOU DO? YOU SENT A BOX OF TOY FILES TO THE STATE PENAL INSTITUTION INSTEAD OF A BOOK OF TOY STYLES TO THE PATE FEMALE INSTITUTE FOR LITTLE LADIES! YOU ARE RUINING MY BUSINESS!



I DO HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE READING MY SHORT-HAND! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO EXCITED, MR. GRETZEL...MAYBE YOU NEED A REST OR SOME-THING!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I SHOULD ESCAPE! OOOOF, MY BLOOD PRESSURE IS SOARING!



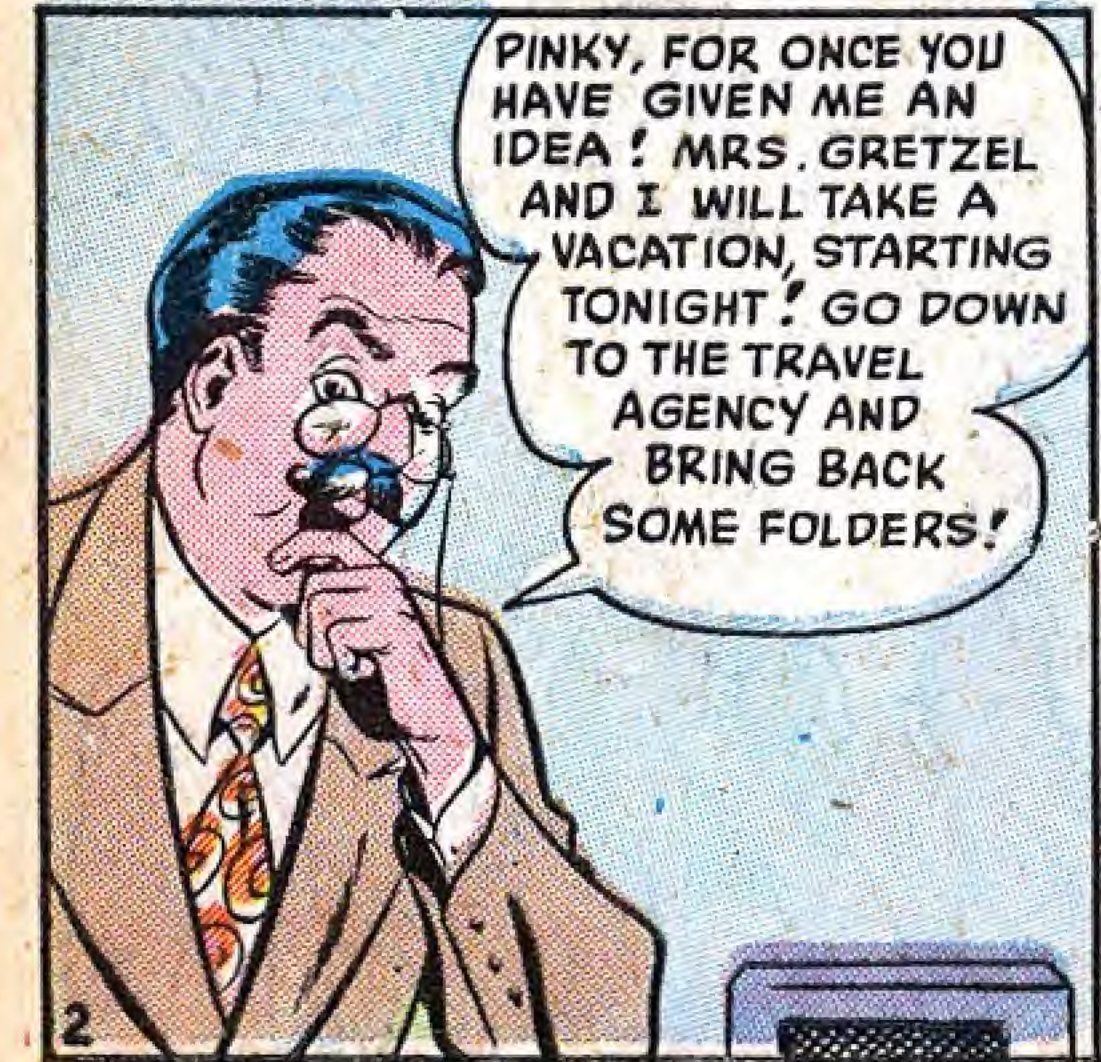
TSK! TSK! ANOTHER FAUX PAS, PINKY?

OH, GO BACK TO YOUR STOCKROOM, HERBIE! YOU AND YOUR FOREIGN LANGUAGES! YOU'RE ALWAYS CONFUSING ME!

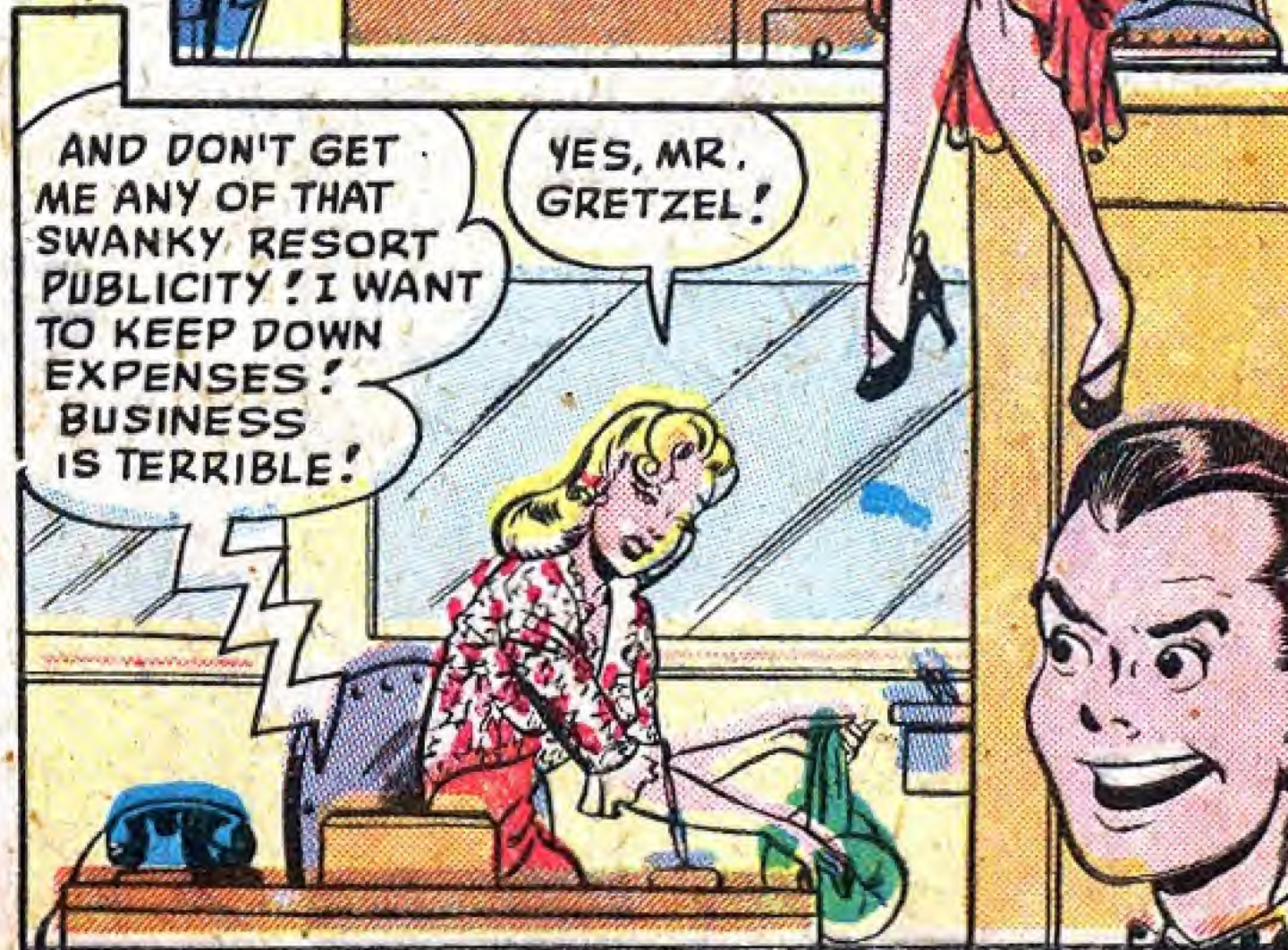


YOU WERE BORN IN A STATE OF CONFUSION!

I WAS NOT! I WAS BORN IN THE UNITED STATES! YES, MR. GRETZEL!



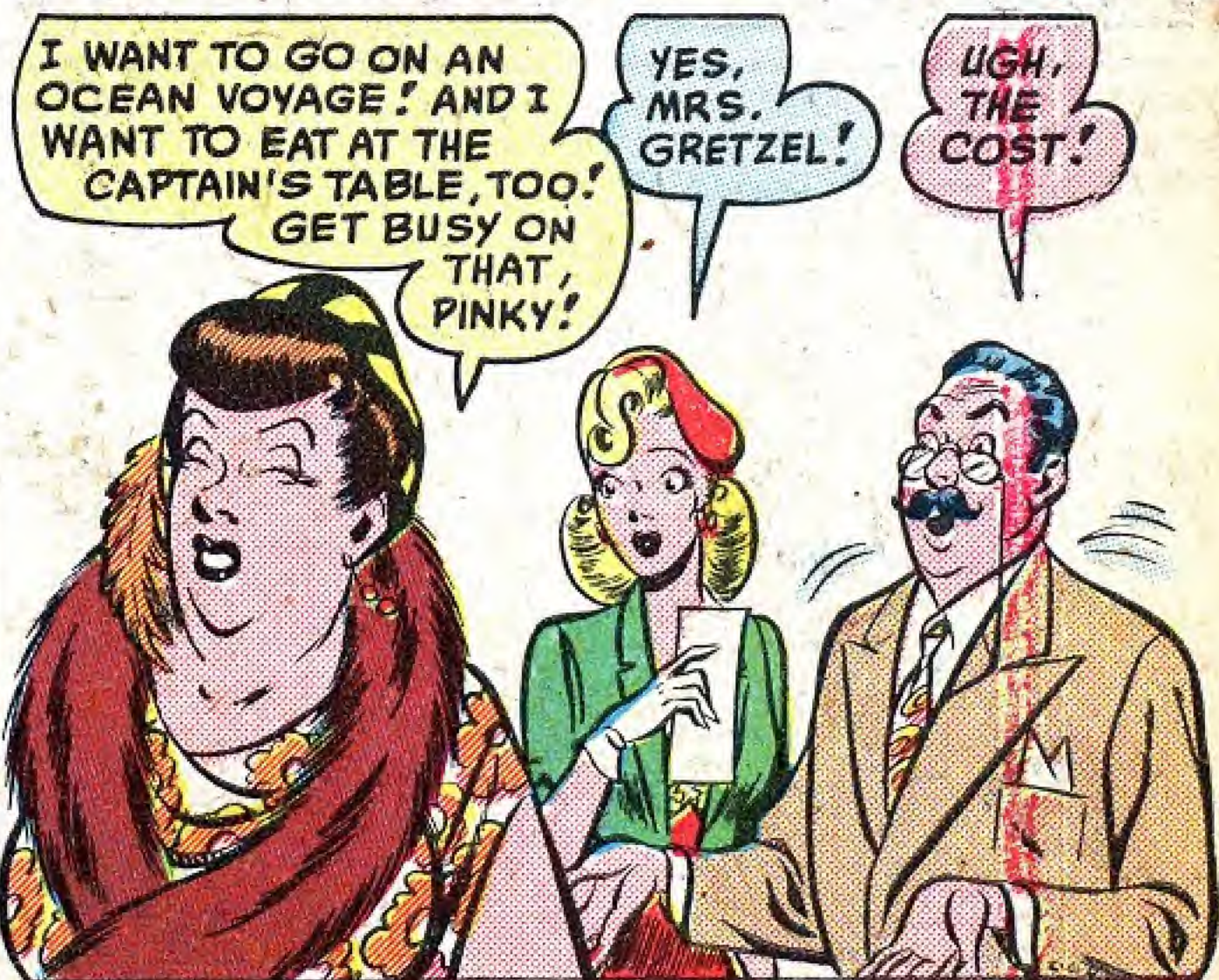
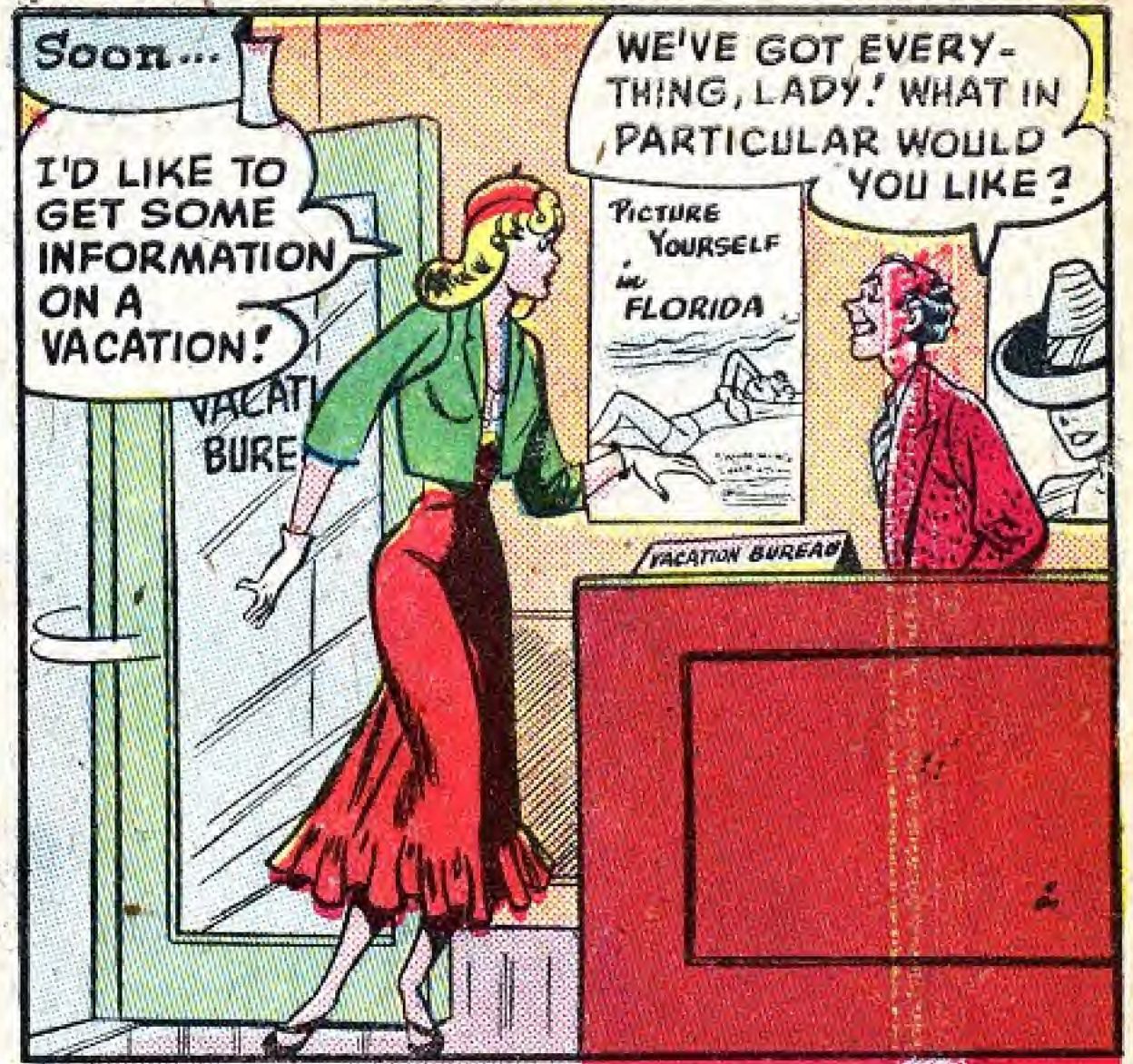
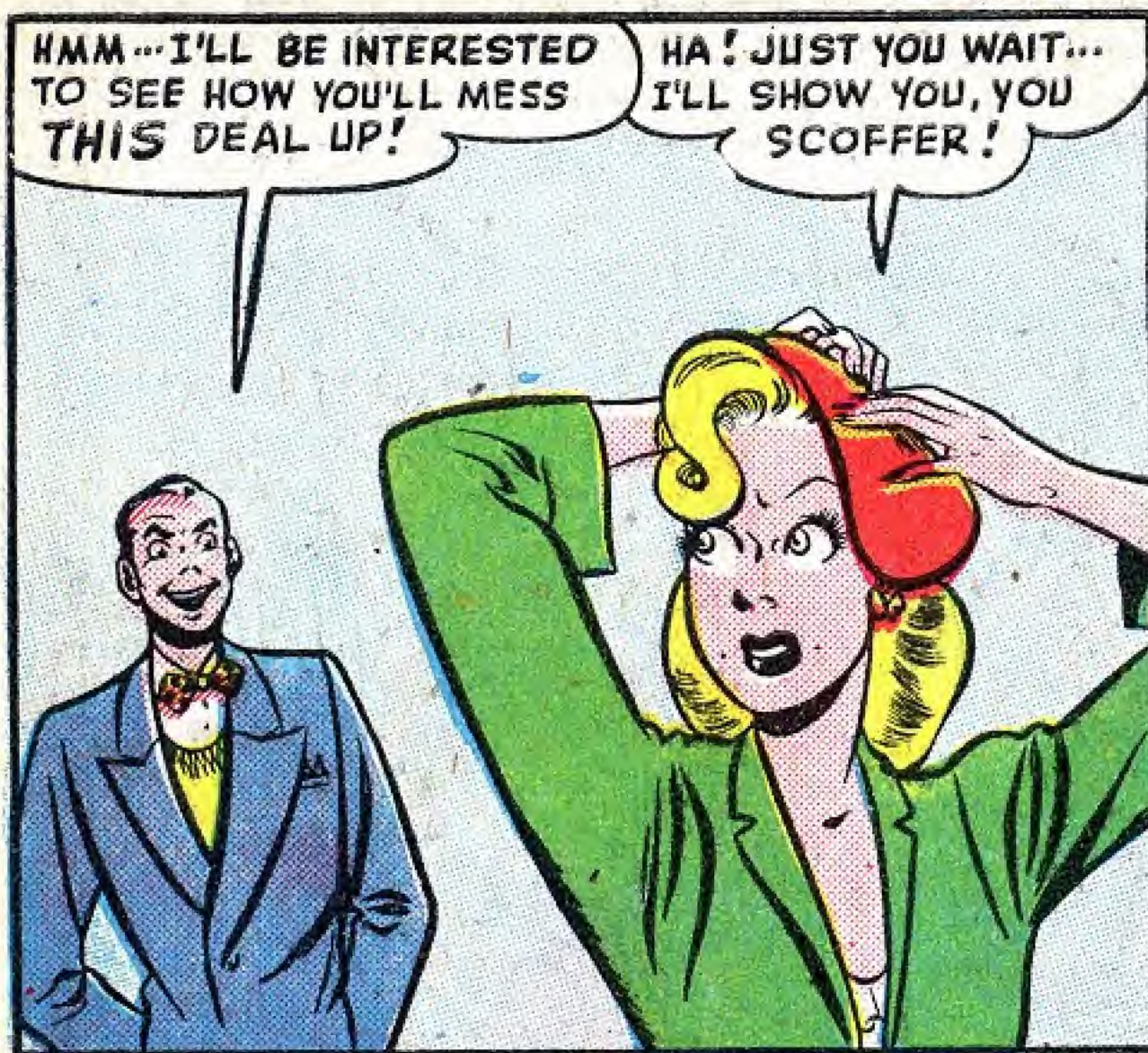
PINKY, FOR ONCE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! MRS. GRETZEL AND I WILL TAKE A VACATION, STARTING TONIGHT! GO DOWN TO THE TRAVEL AGENCY AND BRING BACK SOME FOLDERS!



AND DON'T GET ME ANY OF THAT SWANKY RESORT PUBLICITY! I WANT TO KEEP DOWN EXPENSES! BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE!

YES, MR. GRETZEL!





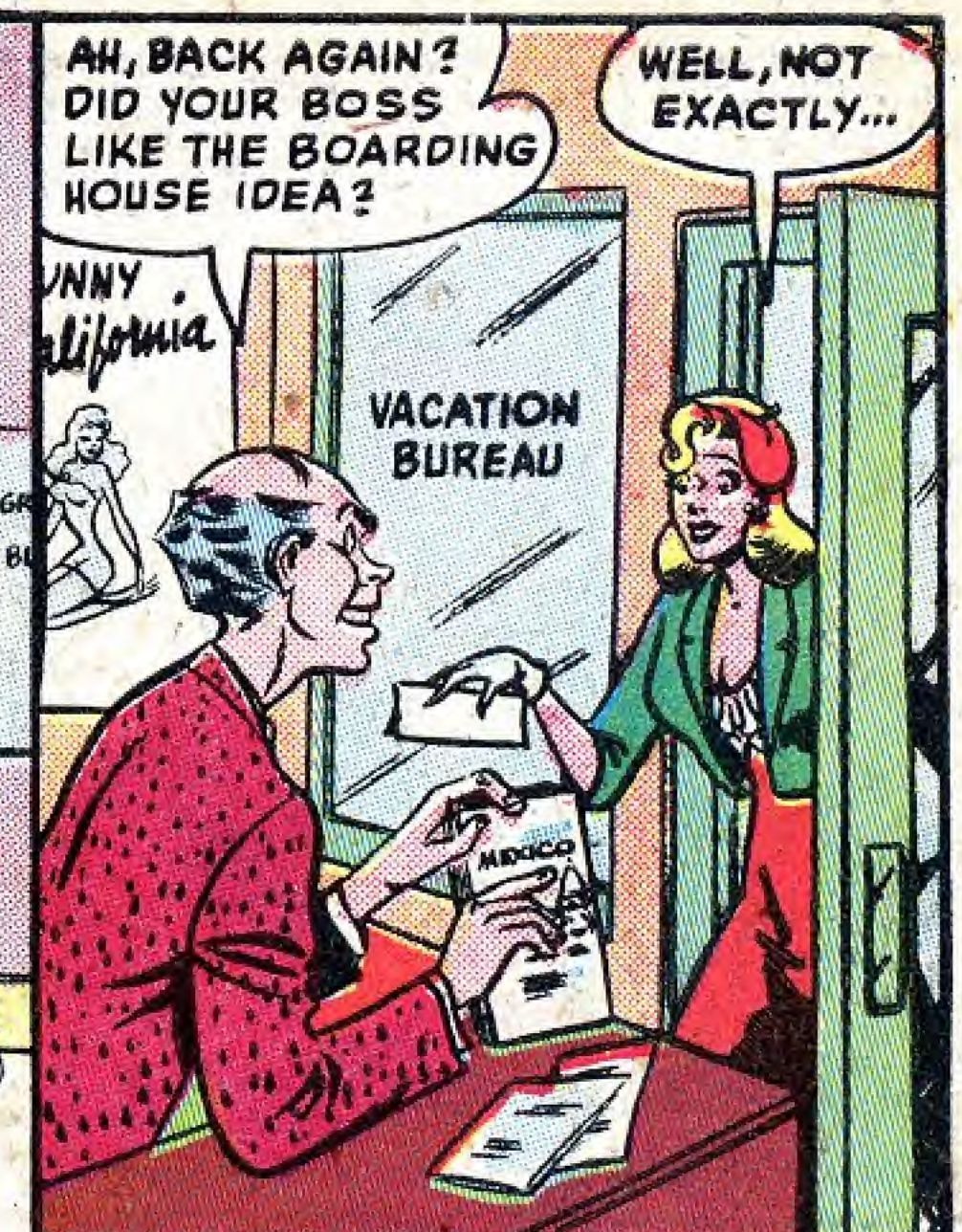




SEE IF THE VACATION BUREAU HAS A NICE, CHEAP LITTLE OCEAN TRIP, WITH A COUPLE OF EMPTY SEATS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE! BUT KEEP DOWN THE EXPENSE!



GEE, MR. GRETZEL SURE HAS PROBLEMS! I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM! I LIKE COWS, TOO!



AH, BACK AGAIN? DID YOUR BOSS LIKE THE BOARDING HOUSE IDEA?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY...



ER...INSTEAD HE WANTS A VERY CHEAP OCEAN VOYAGE, WITH TWO SEATS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE! GOSH! DOESN'T THAT SOUND WONDERFUL?

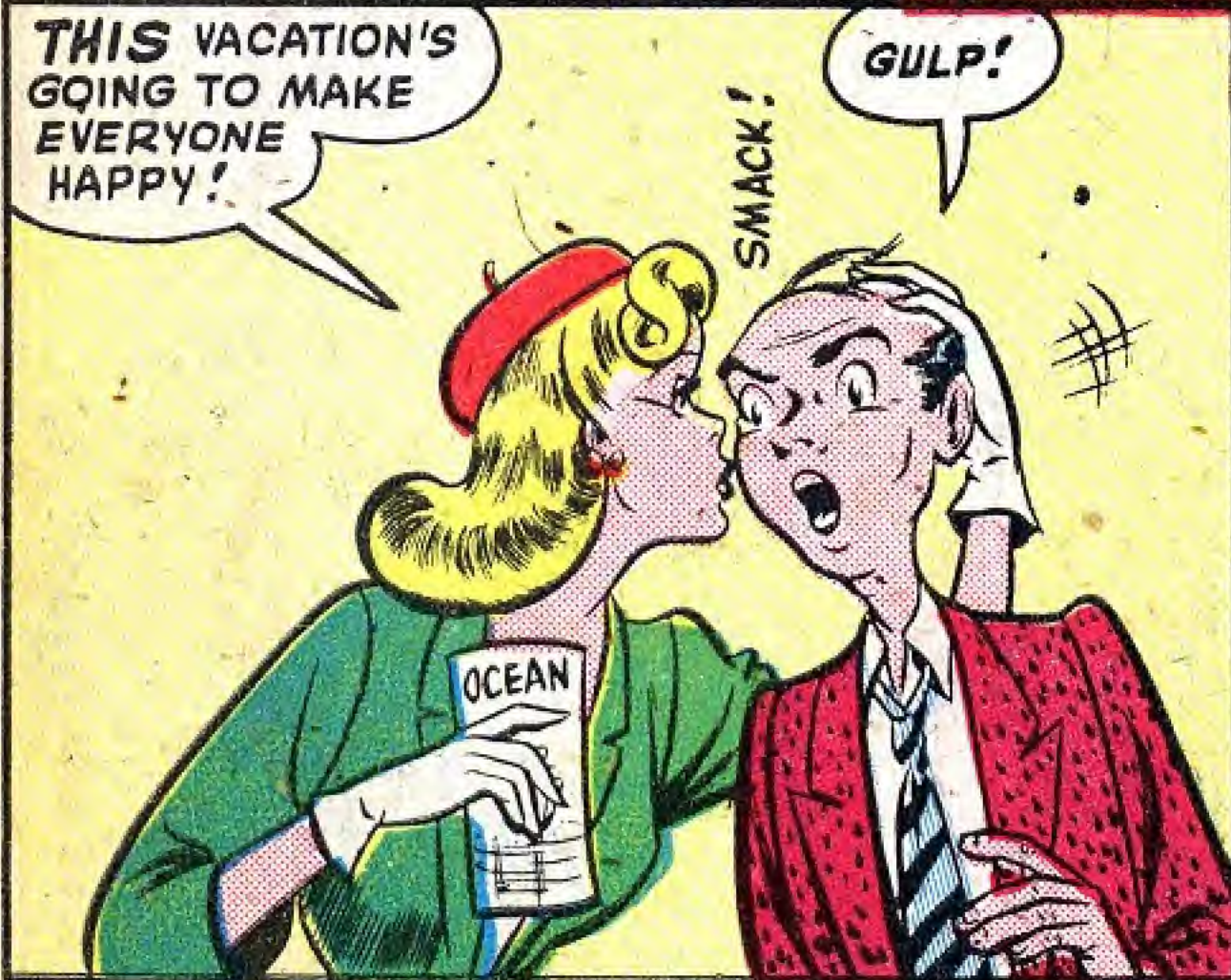
A DUMB BLONDE ASKING FOR MIRACLES! ULP! WE AIM TO PLEASE, MADAM!



Much later...

UHM... SINCE YOU WANT SOMETHING INEXPENSIVE, PLUS SEATS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE, THIS IS ABOUT THE BEST WE CAN DO!

OH, THAT'S JUST PERFECT!



THIS VACATION'S GOING TO MAKE EVERYONE HAPPY!

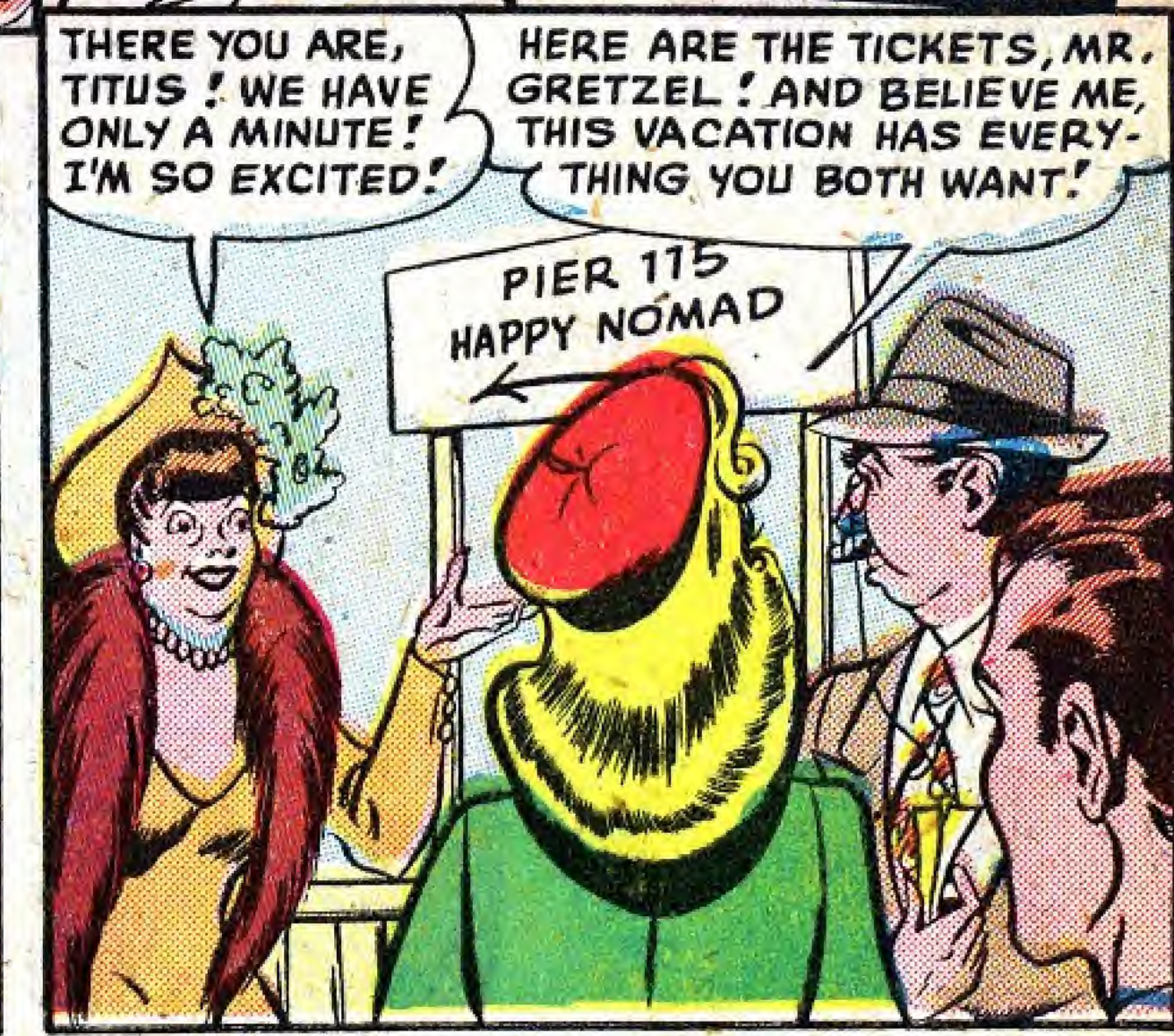
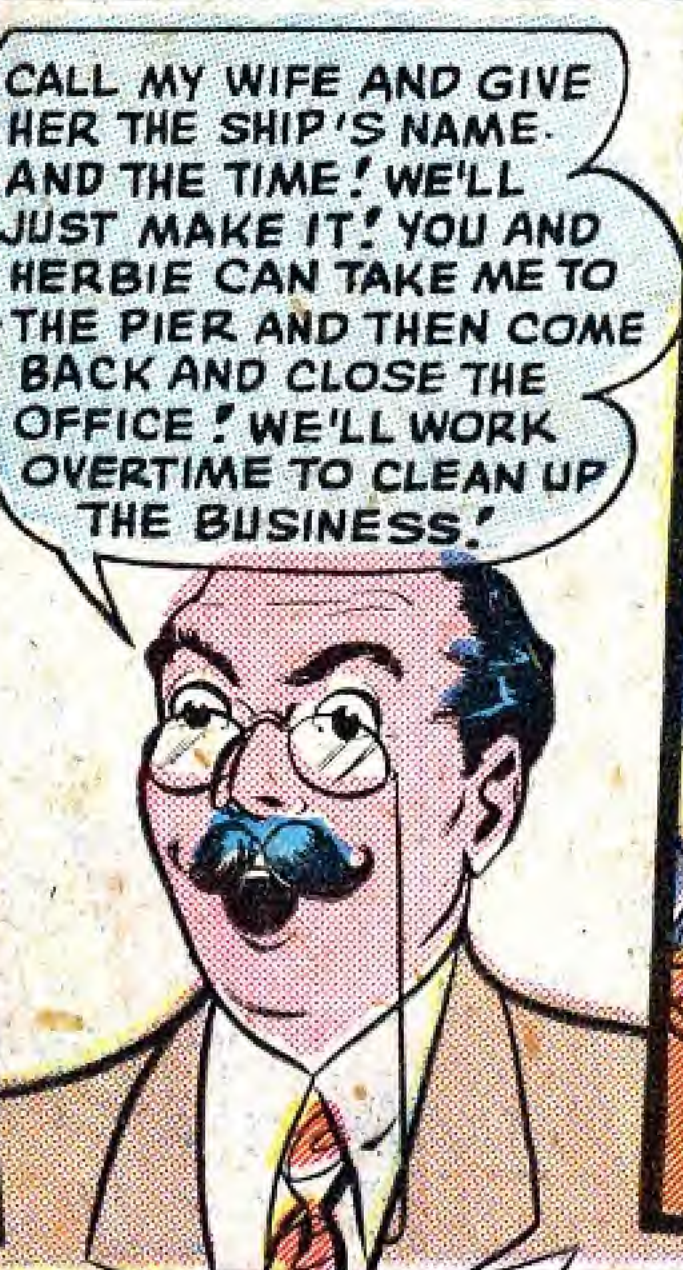
GULP!

SMACK!

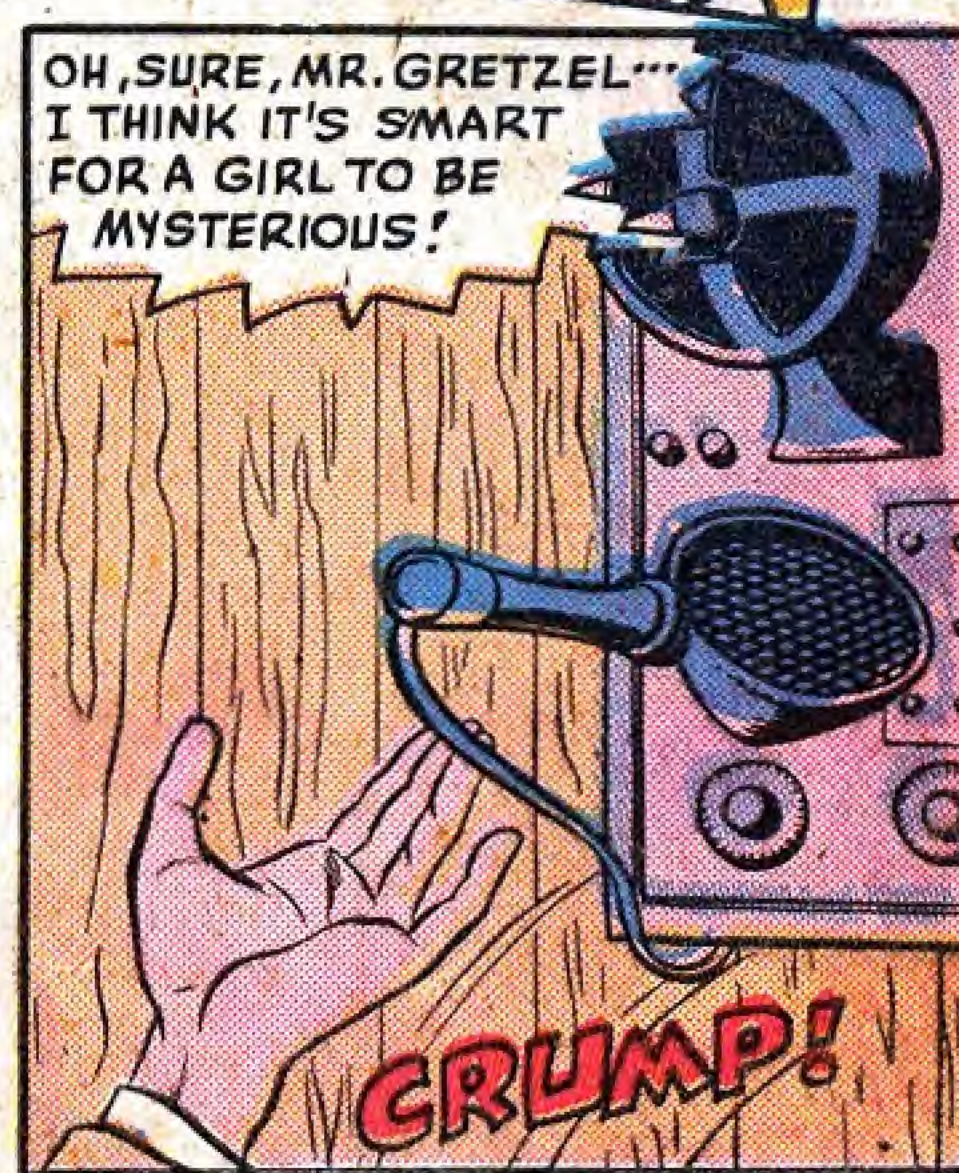
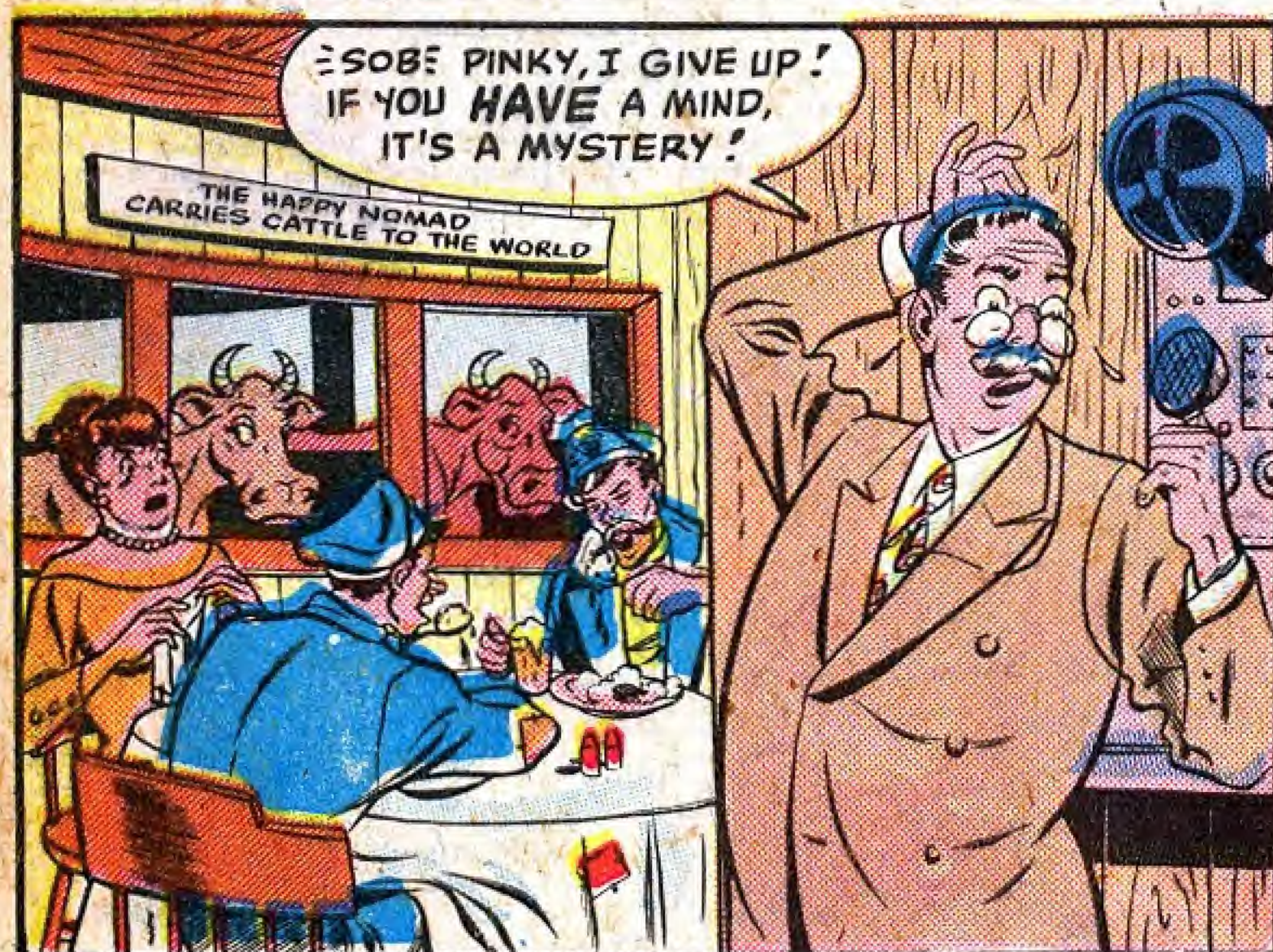
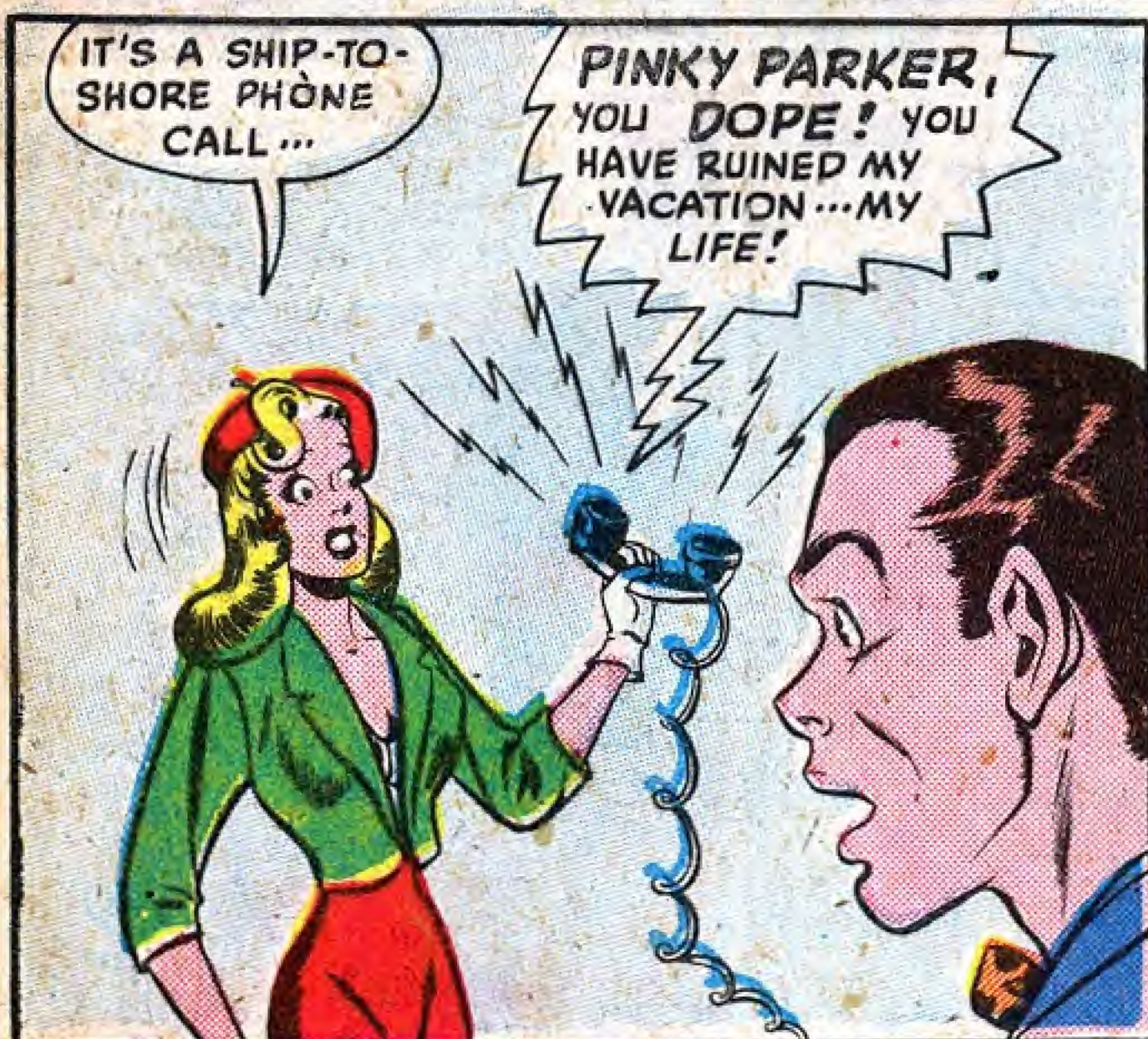


IT'S MADE ME HAPPY ALREADY! WOW!



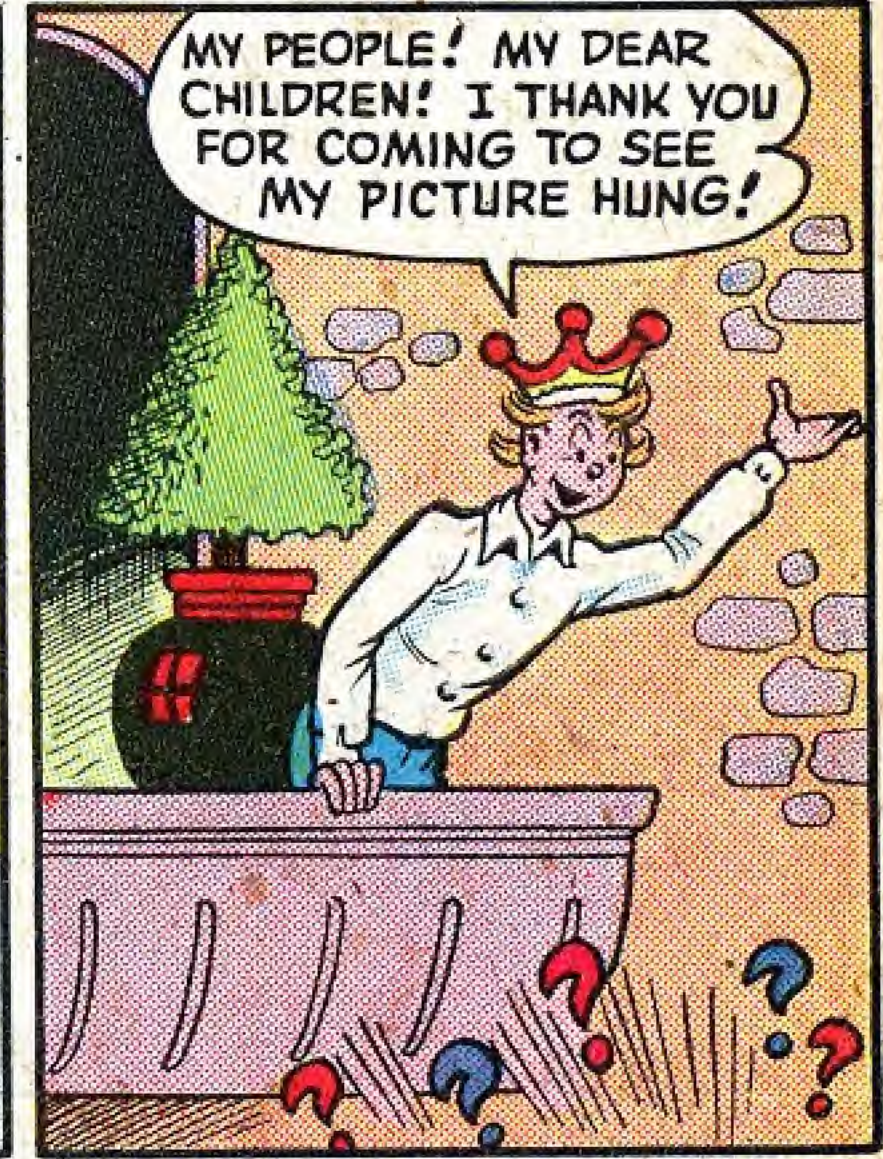
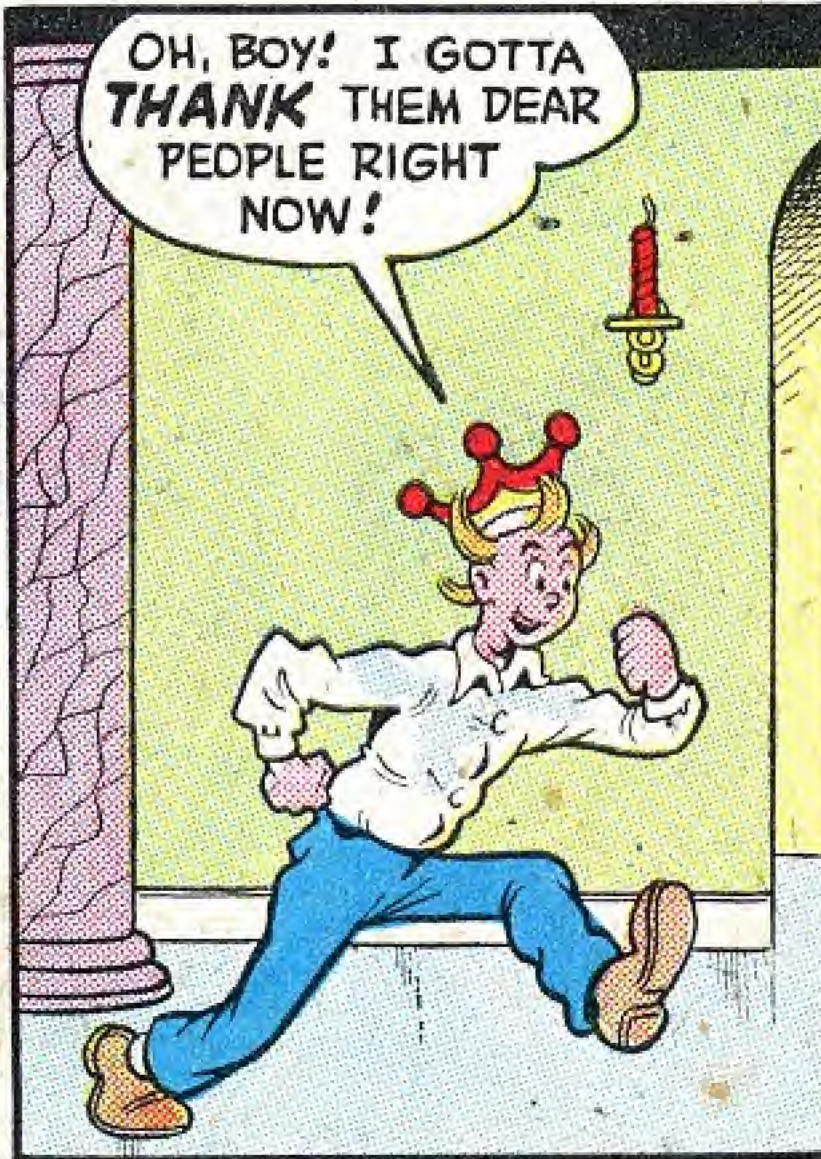








# Archie O'TOOLE





Boys!  
Jim Prentice now brings you  
THE AMAZING  
NEW 1950

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Big League Thrills...  
Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonder-  
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get big game board, playing parts  
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the electric unit and standard battery.  
You also get the fast action electric bat  
that slams the pitched balls to the elec-  
tric contacts. These are the extra amaz-  
ing secrets that give you thrills and  
enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you  
expect from a baseball game. This is a  
big game, size 16x14x1 1/4". The electric  
unit and diamond are encased in a  
strong enameled wood frame. Only  
\$3. Our guarantee "You must  
be satisfied" Use the cou-  
pon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!  
I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...  
WE GET A GREAT KICK  
OUT OF IT!

IT'S A  
HIT!

NEVER BEFORE  
HAVE I SEEN A GAME  
THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL  
OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS  
THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS  
FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES  
TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT  
- HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,  
BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

Fellas!

Get up a League!

PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite  
team. Set up a schedule, with double  
headers. Keep the scores, figure per-  
centages. Award a pennant for first  
place, just like the big leagues. Order  
a game for your club today. Send  
\$3. with the coupon. We'll rush the  
game complete with all parts and  
battery ready for your first game.  
Only \$3. postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. de-  
posit. Postman collects balance  
plus fee.



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\*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer  
and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**FOCUSING ON  
THE FIREBUG**



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-RIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

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FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



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